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NAPOLÉON III.  
EMPEROR  
OF THE FRENCH.

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NICHOLAS I.  
EMPEROR OF RUSSIA  
OB 1855





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Printed by J. St. John, 17, Pall Mall.

ADMIRAL  
LORD ST. VINCENT.





ADMIRAL HAMELIN.









MARSHAL  
ST. ARNAUD  
LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF  
OF THE  
FRENCH ARMY  
IN THE EAST.

Engraved by D. J. P. 1861





GENERAL ROSQUET









ADMIRAL LORD NELSON

1759-1805

P. D. 1796





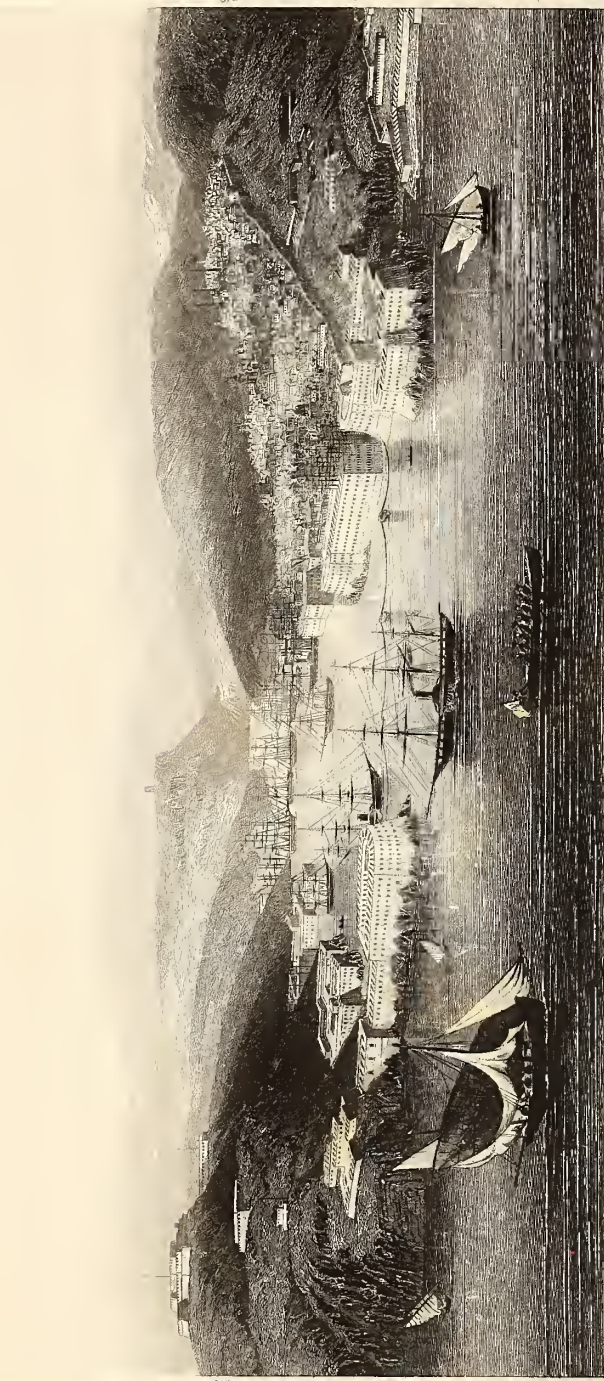
THE FLEET IN THE BALTIC,  
UNDER THE COMMAND OF  
SIR C. NAPIER, K.C.B.







CHARRITINE BARRY, A.C.



POLYMER LETTERS 24 6

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PORT CONSTANTINE 114. 1150-0

NORTH FORT TELEGRAPH BAY

SEBASTOPOL.



*Drawn & Engraved by H. Bibb.*





GOD IS GREAT.

GOD IS GREAT.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

*11. Bibho, des. et sculp.*





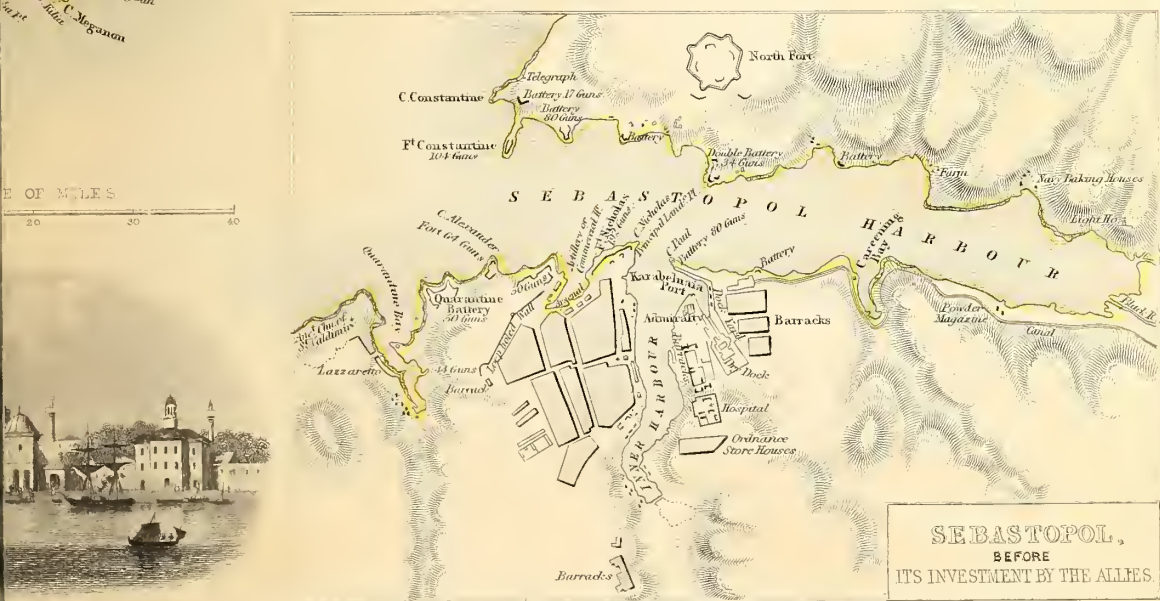








SEBASTOPOL.



SEBASTOPOL.  
BEFORE  
ITS INVESTMENT BY THE ALLIES.





gion as themselves—with their brothers—to return to the kingdom within ten days, and to intimate to them that, if they did not obey, their pay should be stopped; to form a commission to try and punish them; to prohibit all armaments in the kingdom in favour of the insurgents; not to permit armed men to pass the frontier; to dismiss certain *employés* for having excited the public mind against Turkey; to disavow, in its official organs, those who openly and publicly (*au grand jour*) demanded pecuniary aid, who prepared armaments, and were members of divers committees in favour of the insurrection; to moderate the language of certain journals, and to establish an inquiry, in order to discover the officer who facilitated the escape of the prisoners at Chalcis.

"The Hellenic government could reply to the complaints of the Porte by pointing to recent and well-known examples of other nations who were in the same relation to each other as Greece is now with respect to the Porte. But with the view of maintaining its friendly relations with the Sublime Porte, it not only did not avail itself of these examples, but it, on the contrary, promised to do all it was permitted to do by the laws of the country, and all that was in its power to do, to satisfy those demands.

"It therefore replied,\* that the proposition relative to the recall of the officers was no longer necessary from the moment those officers had demanded and received their dismissal; that not belonging to the Greek army they received no pay, and were consequently out of the jurisdiction of the Hellenic government; that the government would take care that the armaments against a neighbouring state should be prevented, and that armed persons should be prohibited from crossing the frontier so far as the nature and extent of our limits and our means permitted us to do; that an inquiry should be instituted against the accused *employés*; that it had no objection to express in its official organs all the inconvenience and injury that would accrue to the friendly relations of the two states from making collections of money for the purpose of preparing armaments for the insurgents; and that it would do with pleasure all that was compatible with the laws of the country to moderate the language of the journals with reference to the insurrection of the neighbouring provinces. The Hellenic government gave, at the same time, assurances to Nessel Bey that his wishes respecting the escape of the prisoners of Chalcis had already been anticipated; and that the result of the inquiry which had been ordered proved not only the innocence of the officers of the garrison of Chalcis, but also the

inutility of the attempts they had made to bring back the soldiers to their duty.

"It was after a reply so reasonable and so conciliatory, and in spite of those promises and those assurances of the royal government, that Nessel Bey suddenly quitted Greece, and broke off all relations with the two countries. In such a state of things it only remains for Greece, thus exposed to arbitrary conduct of the most unexampled kind, and to the most unjustifiable vexations, to make the Porte responsible for all the evils which will be the inevitable result of it; for the ruin of her commerce, of her navy, and of the fortunes of so many private persons. It is for the enlightened nations of the world to say whether, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in time of peace, any government can be allowed to abuse in such a manner its position, and to inflict such serious injury on an independent state. You will, sir, communicate verbally this despatch and the documents annexed to it to the government to which you are accredited,† and, if you are required to do so, a copy of them; and you will direct its particular attention to the conduct of the Porte with regard to us—conduct which a state of open war could scarcely justify. Receive, sir, &c.,

"ΠΑΙΚΟΣ."

The perplexity of the Turkish government, caused by the insurrection of the Greeks, was aggravated at this point by the hostilities of the prince and people of Montenegro. A singular interest attaches to this romantic land and its spirited inhabitants; and we shall therefore give a short description of them. On looking at a map of European Turkey, the reader will perceive a small tract of land lying enclosed between Herzegovina, Albania, and the Adriatic. It is Montenegro, which means the Black Mountain—a title imagined by some speculators on the subject, to be derived from the dark forests of pine-trees supposed to have once covered the country. Others, however, think that the name "Black" has been given to the inhabitants to denote the wild and intractable character of these dwellers among the mountains. The name is supposed to have been bestowed on the people in hatred, and accepted by them in defiance. The surface of the country forms a series of elevated ridges of limestone rocks, diversified by lofty mountainous peaks, and looking in some parts like a petrified sea. The Montenegrins, who are extremely ignorant and superstitious, have a singular tradition (Athens) and M. Paikos, on the subjects noticed in the circular, and are dated from the 31st of January (12th of February) to the 10th (22nd) of March, when M. Paikos announced that the passports demanded by the Turkish envoy were at his disposal.

\* The reply of the Greeks was offensively curt.

† The documents which accompany the above despatch, and which are in print, are eighteen in number. They consist of the notes exchanged between Nessel Bey (the minister of the Porte at

to account for the stony and rugged aspect of their land. They say, that when the Deity was distributing stones over the earth, the bag in which he held them burst when over Montenegro, and all the stones fell upon that spot.

Though Montenegro is but a small country, estimated at about 450 square miles, with a population of not more than 100,000 persons, yet they have ever preserved their independence, in spite of their powerful and warlike neighbours the Turks, who conquered and possessed all the surrounding country. They now acknowledge the protection of the Czar of Russia; but they do so not from any spirit of submission to that potentate, but because they mostly belong to the Greek church, and also because they regard the Turks as their natural enemies; and therefore attach themselves to a power which has opposed, and in past times humbled, the great Mussulman empire. The form of government in Montenegro was, until lately, a sort of rude republic, and its chief rulers were called Vladikas, and united in themselves the office of bishop and prince, or president. In the year 1796, the Turks invaded Montenegro with the intention of either subduing or exterminating the population. The brave mountaineers, favoured by the natural defences of their land, succeeded by a stratagem in surrounding the Turkish army, who, after a struggle of three days and nights, in which about 30,000 of them perished, were compelled to submit and retire. Since that time the Montenegrins have been free from any invasion on the part of the Turks, but savage border forays have never ceased between the two nations.

The climate of Montenegro is healthy, but it may be supposed that the soil is too rocky to be very productive. Some parts, however, are exceedingly fertile, and there the inhabitants cultivate maize, tobacco, potatoes, and other vegetables. They do this so successfully, that they are enabled to export them extensively. They value the potato very highly; and they testified their gratitude to the bishop who introduced its culture amongst them, by enrolling him in the list of their saints. Besides vegetables, they also export smoked mutton, salt fish, hides, tallow, wool, butter, honey, and other agricultural produce. The manufactures of this people are very primitive, and consist only of coarse woollens.

Montenegro has nothing that deserves so

dignified a name as a city or town; but it contains about 300 villages, each of which possesses its church. Tzétinie, the seat of the government, can be regarded as nothing better than a village. The Montenegrins are brave and hardy, tall, well-proportioned, and extremely picturesque in their costume and appearance. The women, though almost in the condition of slaves, are fond of finery, and adorn themselves with many chains and ornaments of gold. The girls wear little red caps, covered in front with a number of silver coins, lapped one over another, like scales. The Montenegrins are very fond of their weapons, which they scarcely ever lay aside; and, in the event of the Turks making an inroad into the country, nearly the whole male population rise to oppose them. Boys of such a tender age as ten are said to have taken to the field in these border skirmishes; and many a stalwart Turk has received his death-wound from a bullet discharged by such an infant hand. In war these stern mountaineers never ask for mercy, and never give it. When one of their countrymen is severely wounded, and in danger of being taken by the enemy, they themselves cut off his head to save him from the disgrace of captivity. Their bravery is tarnished by ferocity, and their primitive habits by a love of plunder. Excursions into surrounding countries for the sake of robbery, are not held dishonourable among them; and in battle they have been seen rushing forward like madmen, uttering savage yells, and bearing the blood-dripping heads of their slaughtered enemies suspended from their necks and shoulders.

On the death of the late vladika, or governor of Montenegro, some change was made in the form of government. His nephew and successor, Prince Daniel Petrovich, was installed in the chief authority without receiving the ecclesiastical investiture. Not being a priest, he is permitted to marry and transmit his dignity to his sons. The installation of Prince Daniel into his seat of authority took place on the 1st of July, 1852. The ceremonies and festivities performed by his semi-barbarous subjects on that occasion, sound oddly in the ears of the inhabitants of large and highly-civilised states. The following particulars are extracted from an account by an eye-witness of the scenes they describe. Having returned from a visit to St. Petersburg, where he had gone to obtain the sanction of the emperor to his appointment,



the prince was met on his landing at Cattaro by crowds of his subjects, who welcomed him by the discharges of their rifles, and then conducted him, with many expressions of joy, to the house that had been prepared for his reception. "The following morning," said a witness of the scene, "we commenced the journey to Tzétinie. The prince, his uncle Noviza, and some few more, travelled on horseback up the winding mountain path; the others climbed on foot, and with the agility of the chamois, up the rugged sides of the mountain, which is about the same height as Mount Vesuvius. The number of men forming the procession was so great, that the last had not left Cattaro when the first was already half-way up the mountain. The firing of rifles was incessant, as is the case on every festive occasion among these manly children of nature. On the summit of the mountain, the prince was received by fresh troops of Montenegrins, who also greeted him with volleys from their rifles. Here the mass separated. The greater number proceeded to Niegush, the birthplace of the prince's family; but Daniel and the chiefs entered the house of Prorokovich, the captain of Niegush, where they were to dine. You must not picture to yourself a great European banquet, or a banquet of any kind according to the fashion of modern times, but rather a Homeric hero's, or, if you will, a shepherd's meal—simple and frugal. In a large room, without a stove, the guests were first served with cold water, coffee without milk, and raki (a kind of spirits.) After this, a table formed of rough planks, low and as long as the room, was laid with a cloth, and round it were placed very low wooden benches. Prince Daniel sat at the head of the table; and he and those who sat nearest him were provided with the ordinary European appurtenances of a dinner-table; but further on, several guests had to share plate, goblet, and spoon, all of wood: every one used his own knife; and forks there were none. The first dish served up consisted of lamb, stewed with rice; then came boiled mutton; after that roast lamb and ham, and then cheese. On retiring from table, the greater number of the guests fired off their rifles, saying, 'We must thank our host, or it would look as if we were not pleased with the cheer, or were ungrateful.'

"Prince Daniel next proceeded to the village of Niegush, where he visited each one of his relatives, and in each cottage wine,

coffee, and melons were offered to the visitors. On the further journey from Niegush to Tzétinie, the prince was received on every mountain ridge by troops of his subjects, who, as usual, fired off their rifles as a salute. In the plain of Tzétinie, outside the village, the vice-president and several members of the senate, together with a crowd of less distinguished Montenegrins, came forward to wish him welcome; and here they were not content with rifles, but a few cannon-shots were fired in his honour. The next day divine service was performed in the church; and as the prince and the notables attended, the people crowded thither in such numbers that the church could not hold one-tenth part of them. After the service, the vice-president of the senate read to the people assembled outside the prince's dwelling, a document addressed to Prince Daniel by the Russian government, in which it was said, 'that in consideration of the petitions of the senate and people of Montenegro, his majesty, the Emperor of Russia, had consented that Prince Daniel should not enter the ecclesiastical order, but might, nevertheless, continue to be the chief ruler of the state. Prince Daniel was further permitted to select another to be bishop in his stead, who should have the exclusive direction of the ecclesiastical affairs of the principality; and he was exhorted to live in harmony with his Turkish and Austrian neighbours,' &c. After this document had been read aloud in the Russian and Servian languages, the prince distributed the orders and medals he had brought with him from Russia."

Such is Montenegro, its people, and its prince; and it seems scarcely possible that they could in any way be regarded of sufficient importance, as to play a part of some prominence in a great European struggle. Yet it was so. In the spring of 1854, two Russian agents arrived at Cetinje, in Montenegro, and communicated to Prince Daniel the wishes or commands of the czar. The result of their mission was soon manifest in the publication of the following document, in which the Montenegrin prince calls on his subjects to take up arms against their hereditary enemy:—

"Daniel Petrovich, Prince of Czernagora (Montenegro), and the Brda (the Nahias of Bielopavlichi, Piperi, Moratska, and Kutska, are so called), salutes his captains.

"I trust that we Montenegrins shall, as heretofore, show ourselves brave and courageous,



like unto the Greeks and other nations, and like unto our victorious grand and great grand-fathers, who bequeathed to us the liberty of which we are so proud. I wish to know the soldiers who were before conscribed, in order that I may learn whether I can put trust in them; and therefore captains, I command that each of you do assemble his tribe. Let each separate soldier declare openly whether he is willing to do battle with us against the Turks, those cursed enemies of our faith and laws. Captains, take down the name of each volunteer, and send in a written report to me at Cettinje. But this I say beforehand, he who is not prepared to meet death with me, let him, in the name of Almighty God, remain at home. He, on the contrary, who will accompany me, and forget wife, child, and everything he possesses in the world, let him go to the captain that his name may be entered. I say unto you again, brave subjects and brethren, let him who is not prepared to look death in the face in my company remain unmolested at home; for I well know that one man who voluntarily and courageously takes the field is better than fifty timid ones. I invite every true man who has a courageous and not a womanly heart, and is not reluctant to shed his blood for the holy cross, the orthodox faith, and his country, to share with me honour and glory. Are we not, my dear brethren, the children of these ancient Montenegrin conquerors who at one and the same time defeated three Turkish viziers, beat the French troops, and stormed the sultan's fortresses? If we do not slight our fatherland and the reputation of our ancient heroes, let us assemble and set to in the name of God. Health be to all.

"Published at Cettinje, March 16th (28th), 1854."

This address to the Montenegrins was, in effect, a declaration of war against the Porte. Small as are Prince Daniel's dominions, it is said that he is able to raise 20,000 men, and that 4,000 chosen warriors immediately swore at the altar to go forth to battle against the Turks, and never to return unless covered with glory. On their flag was inscribed the words—"For faith and fatherland;" and preparations were made to proceed at once into the neighbouring Turkish provinces of Albania and the Herzegovina, the Montenegrins believing that all the Christians in the Turkish villages would make common cause with them, and enable them eventually to emancipate those districts. Russia had cunningly arranged this predatory excursion of the Montenegrins into the Turkish dominions at the time when the main body of the Russian army was about to attempt its principal operation on the Danube.

Hostilities of a petty plundering kind soon

commenced on the part of the Montenegrins. On the 19th of April, a body of 200 of them attacked a Turkish convoy with provisions and ammunition, which was on its way from Nicksich to Grahovo. A Turkish detachment, however, coming to the rescue, the warriors of the Black Mountain were dispersed. The Austrian government were startled at this boldness, and dispatched orders to two of its generals to advance into Montenegro and occupy it, if the people of that country made any further military demonstration. It was also stated that the Austrian minister at Athens informed the Greek government, that if it was unable to maintain order, Austria was prepared to do so. Prince Daniel certainly displayed great courage in bearding his powerful neighbours. He fortified Cettinje, and prepared to resist any attack that might be made on his mountain stronghold. On the 20th of April, he held a grand review of his forces in the presence of many Russian officers. Austria, however, decided on not attacking Montenegro; but it was understood that if he did not remain quiet, that the Austrian government would draw a military cordon round his territories, and starve him into submission.

Events in the meantime were tending to check the progress of the insurrection. Several engagements, or rather skirmishes (the details of which possess no interest to the general reader) took place, and terminated favourably for the Turks. The insurgents were defeated between Janina and Previsa, with the loss of 100 men. The savage leader, Grivas, was also defeated near Metzovo, and compelled to seek for safety, with a band of his comrades, by flight into Thessaly. A correspondent, writing from Janina, says:—"The ravages made in Thessaly, both by the Albanians and the Greeks, equal, if they do not surpass, everything perpetrated during the first revolution. Not plunder alone, as in Epirus, but murder, rape, destroying and burning are the order of the day. More than 700,000 sheep (seven hundred thousand—I write it out) have been carried over the Greek frontier. Incredible as this number seems at first sight, it will not surprise you if you hear that all the neighbouring mountaineers of Macedonia, Albania, and even Epirus send their flocks and their cattle during the winter to feed in the plains of Thessaly. This wholesale robbery cannot be left unpunished; and it is really high time that

the infamous government which countenances and encourages such predatory expeditions should be brought to its senses, and compelled to disgorge the plunder. The word *patriotism*, so often misapplied, has never been so fearfully abused as in this movement. I assure you it is revolting to hear the details of their crimes from the inhabitants of the villages which had to suffer from them."

Another engagement took place at the village of Peta, which was carried by assault by the Turks, in the teeth of 800 of the insurgents, on the 26th of April. The conflict scarcely lasted an hour before the insurgents took to flight. With the seizure of Peta, it was trusted that the insurrection in Lower Epirus, at least, would be terminated; because it had been the centre of the movement there, the seat of the provisional government, and the chief point of communication with Greece. When the affair was over, Fuad Effendi, the leader of the Mussulman force, went to the Albanian irregulars, or Bashi-Bazouks, and kissing their banner, encouraged them by saying, "You have behaved to-day like regular troops, and as such I shall look upon you henceforth." Eight flags were taken; they were all blue, with the Greek cross in the middle in white, except one, which was black, with the sign of the cross in white. The loss of Peta was a great blow to the Greek rebels, for it demoralised their men, and rendered union amongst them in the struggle against the Porte difficult, if not impossible. The Turkish government behaved with great clemency and moderation; and Fuad Effendi issued the following tranquillising circular, addressed to the clergy, the chief men, and the inhabitants generally of Epirus and Thessaly. It is an invitation to obedience, and a generous promise of pardon:—

"We announce that Peta, the stronghold of these ill-intentioned persons, who, having lately entered into these lands, disturbed the tranquillity of the inhabitants, exists no more. It has been destroyed to-day in one hour by the bravery of the imperial troops, and those of the above-mentioned individuals who could save themselves have dispersed, having, for the most part, gone to the place where they came from.

"I call, therefore, upon those among you, the inhabitants of the villages, who having been deceived by these people, have risen in insurrection and seemed hitherto connected with the same—some from fear of the authorities,

others forced by the disturbers, and others influenced by their mischievous counsels—knowing now the fate of the village of Peta, to come to yourselves, think of the position in which you are, and return to the right way, straying from which you were running towards your ruin.

"You who fear to suffer from the severity of the authorities, banish all fear from your hearts; you who were forced, call upon the imperial forces for help; and you who hope still to succeed in realising your vain hopes, think seriously and look at the evils which your error is likely to entail upon you. In one word, all those of you who, in whatever way, have participated in the insurrectionary movements, hear the paternal voice which calls you to embrace peace, tranquillity, and prosperity, and hasten to demand the pardon which we are ready to accord to you for all that you have done, willing or unwilling.

"We give you the period of a week, within which you must send to us two persons from every village to tender your submission to the imperial government; be sure that I myself, and with me all the civil and military authorities in this place, will receive you with that benevolence and clemency which are in accordance with the high will of our most merciful sovereign, and you will enjoy in full tranquillity and security the fruits of obedience and submission to your legitimate government.

"But, if even in future some villages disobeying these our summons should remain in insurrection, in that case I shall find myself in the most regrettable necessity to adopt such strong measures as will certainly be followed by immense evils.

"Let the inhabitants of those villages, whom the disturbers do not leave free to do their own will, but whom they force to insurrections, let them take up arms against those enemies of their tranquillity, let them beat and drive them away. Such conduct will be considered by us as the greatest proof of their submission and fidelity towards their government.

"Knowing this, hasten to do that which is counselled to you, for the love of your families and the welfare of your fatherland.

"Given in Arta the 13th (25th) of April, 1854.  
"FUAD."

But the excited feelings of the inhabitants of independent Greece were not to be easily calmed down. Under colour of patriotism, piracy was making fresh progress in the Greek seas. Bands of ruffians, recruited among the dregs of the population, and provided with perfectly regular papers delivered by the Greek government itself, infested the Archipelago in fishing-vessels, and committed depredations indifferently upon the trading-ships of any nation, the owners of which



were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. In the meantime, the frontiers of Macedonia were invaded by a band of about 2,000 Greek adventurers, led by Shami Karatossa, ex-aide-de-camp of King Otho. Their progress was marked by shameful acts of robbery and violence. In one place they are reported to have burnt to death 150 Turks—men, women, and children—who had taken refuge in a church. A cause that was stained by such frightful acts as these, deserved neither sympathy nor success. The Greeks, however, had not a monopoly of cruelty. Three Greek emissaries, who were seized in Albania endeavouring to excite the Christians to insurrection, and sowing discontent among the Mussulman soldiers, were put to death by the horrible process of impalement. Two of these unhappy wretches died speedily, but the third lingered during the whole day.

Prince Daniel of Montenegro, though not carrying out those warlike movements talked of in his proclamation to his people, was yet a dangerous neighbour both to Austria and Turkey. In the hope of rousing other Turkish provinces to insurrection, he issued the following eloquent and inflammatory address to the Christians of the neighbouring state of Herzegovina. Without doubt, these persons had suffered much wrong at the hands of the Mussulmans; but it is equally without doubt that Prince Daniel was the salaried servant of the Czar of Russia. At any other time our sympathy in such a struggle would be with the Montenegrins and their Christian neighbours; but we must withhold it when they would prostitute the name of liberty to strengthen the despotism of Russia, and to assist in prostrating the empire of the East before the grim power of northern tyranny. We subjoin Prince Daniel's address, which were it not for his avowed connection with Russia would, with the exception of some passages, find an echo in the mind of every freeborn man:—

"We, Daniel I., Prince of Montenegro, send our fraternal salutation to all Christians in the Herzegovina.

"You have heard that the Emperor of Russia, the father and protector of all Christians, is waging war with the Ottoman Porte. It is not for his own private advantage, but once for all to free the unfortunate Christians from the yoke under which they have sighed for the last 400 years. You have also heard how the Greeks, oppressed by the Ottomans, have taken up arms

against their task-masters, and, fighting day and night, are making good progress in their enterprise. And you also, brother Servians, will shortly shake off what the diplomatists have imposed on you by their treaties. Let this, then, be the guiding-star which your fathers had in vain looked for after the day of Kosovo. The moment is come at which every Christian who is oppressed by the Porte must rise against his tyrant, and he who does not take advantage of it has nothing to expect but eternal remorse and shame. In the name of humanity, then, rise, and annihilate your oppressors; spare neither life nor property, lest you should be cursed by posterity and despised by the present generation. Remember, enchained warriors, the ill treatment to which your ancestors were subjected, who died at the stake, were strangled, or starved. Remember that you are the despised slaves of a horde of barbarians, who tread under foot your nationality, customs, habits, and religion; who massacre your innocent children, and do violence to your women, and everything else which is sacred in your eyes.

"Where are your temples and sacred bells—where the holy halls which once echoed your hymns, and the praises of the one God? Where are your majestic convents—those sacred institutions in erecting which the Servian princes spent their treasures? Look at your unfortunate brethren, who are daily forced either to renounce their faith, or to lose their heads, which are exposed on the bulwarks of cities full of crime and stained with blood! Regard yourselves; you stand disarmed, like women, despised and in despair, without security for life or property, obedient to the blind will of an insatiate tyrant. Listen, then! I am prepared to assist your glorious exertions with all the means in my power. Ammunition, gold, and provisions will with true brotherly feeling be shared with you, if, with confidence and without trembling, you will rise as one man against those worst of men, the Mussulmans. If we die in such a good cause, we shall have lived long enough. I hope that in the systematic torture to which we have been subjected for 400 years, we have atoned for the sins of our fathers. Providence has given to the present generation the glory of shaking off the unbearable yoke.

"The hour has struck. Unity and mutual confidence will make the enemy tremble. Let me know your views, and I shall be prepared to shed my best blood for your liberation. Until the moment that I call on you to take up arms, every movement must be kept secret, in order that you may not be surprised and conquered by your oppressors, whose last hour has come. May you be happy, and confide in my patriotic feelings.

"DANIEL I., Prince."

Austria was strongly interested in the



tranquillity of Montenegro, on account of the proximity of a portion of her territories to that country. She therefore sought and obtained permission from the Porte to pour her troops into the Turkish province of Herzegovina, if it should be necessary to act against Montenegro. In speaking of this circumstance, a correspondent from Vienna remarked:—"We shall probably bear little or nothing more of the raid of the Montenegrins in the Herzegovina, now that they are liable to be attacked by the Austrians on the north-western, or Grahova side. It is rumoured that the Porte is now endeavouring to induce the Servian government to renounce Russia, and to place the principality under the protection of Austria. The Servians are not likely to consent to this, as they are well able to protect themselves; but, as far as Austria is concerned, Russia will take the will for the deed, and place it to the account which, at some future day, will have to be settled between the two powers. The engagement entered into by this government to keep Montenegro quiet, and, if necessary, to attack the freebooters in their stronghold, is an offence which will never be pardoned by Russia. The intervention in Wallachia and Moldavia is bad enough, but to meddle with Montenegro, which at no distant period was to have assisted in establishing the power of Russia in the Adriatic, is far worse. All these matters being taken into consideration, Russia is not a whit more likely to come to a satisfactory arrangement with Austria than with the Porte and the Western Powers."

The Western Powers, anxious to terminate the disturbances in Greece and the Greek provinces of the sultan, dispatched an ultimatum to the government of King Otho, and demanded a reply to it within four days—that is, by the 22nd of May. The terms of it were, that Greece was to observe a strict neutrality in the war between Turkey and Russia; to recall all its officers and *employés* concerned in the insurrection, and to institute a judicial examination into their conduct. King Otho was also informed that if, as the result of his aiding the insurrection in Thessaly and Epirus, "the throne of Greece should crumble away, and the present dynasty give place to another form of government, the responsibility of such results will rest with those whose mistaken views and unjustifiable conduct will have converted into enmity the friendship which England and France would

wish to maintain with Greece." The connection of King Otho with the insurrection was clearly proved by many circumstances. Among other things was an intercepted letter from General Tsavellas (one of the rebel leaders) to M. Bentlan, Otho's private secretary, asking for *further assistance*. In this letter, he recommends that two battalions of the frontier guards should be sent to Anino, and allowed, or rather ordered to desert and join the insurrection; at the same time continuing to receive their pay from the Greek government.

Further light is cast upon the complicity of the Greek government with the insurrection, by the following extract from a letter by the fierce leader, Grivas. In this communication, which afterwards fell into the hands of the British legation at Athens, even that savage man deploras the cruelties committed by the patriots (so called) upon the wretched villages of the districts which they desired to rouse into active insurrection. "While in Epirus," he says, "I beheld so many of our soldiers indulging in every sort of violence, that I was compelled to dismiss them, and I have now about 400 chosen men. Were I to write to you the atrocities which have been committed against the property and honour of the Christian population by our soldiers, both in Epirus and Thessaly, you would be struck with horror, and would curse the day in which this new struggle had first begun. The government ought either at once to take up the struggle, appointing publicly the proper persons to a regular army at a regular pay, or let us sit down quietly at home, so that we may not be the cause of the destruction of our fellow-Christians."

The governments of France and England, however, did more than address an ultimatum to the Greek court. They resolved to put an end to its dangerous intrigues by sending a military power to the Piræus. For this purpose a force of about 6,000 French troops, under the command of General Forey, together with a regiment of English infantry, were dispatched to the Piræus, which they entered on the 25th of May, and at once landed, having previously taken possession of the Greek gun-boats in the harbour. This act was not one of hostilities, but rather directed to avert hostilities.\* To use the able language of the

\* Lord John Russell, in answer to a question put to him in the House of Commons respecting the object of the occupation of Greece, after alluding to

*Moniteur*—"France and England did not declare war against Greece. They desired to withdraw the Hellenic government from the fatal influence to which it had yielded, and to offer it a last hope of security." Great was the excitement in Athens, and the dismay among the partisans of Russia. The Amazonian Queen of Greece was thrown into such a state of frenzy, that fears were entertained that her passion might be followed by insanity. She even declared that she would mount on horseback, place herself at the head of the Greek troops, lead them across the frontiers, and call the Christians of the sultan's districts to arms. This dangerous woman, however, either on the representations of her more prudent husband, or on further and more sober reflection on her own part, abandoned her mad design.

When the troops of France and England landed on the soil of Greece, King Otho lowered his tone. On the 26th of May, he announced his acceptance of the proposals of the allies, proclaimed that he intended to observe a strict neutrality in the affairs of the sultan, and changed his ministry. At the head of his new cabinet was M. Mavrocordato, president and finance minister, who was regarded as one of the most upright men in Greece. It was generally admitted that if that country could be saved from the confusion to which the madness of its own people was hurrying it, Mavrocordato was the man who could render it that service. His chief associates were M. Palandrios, minister of the interior; M. Pericles Argyropoulos, minister of foreign affairs; M. Kalergi, of war; and M. Petoalis, of justice. It was trusted that this ministry, acting with the advice, and receiving the assistance, of the allied powers, would restore tranquillity to Greece, and rid it of that band of adventurers who ravaged the neighbouring territories of the sultan, and

the intercepted letter of General Tsavellas, observed: "That is only one of the very many instances which show that the members of the Greek government, instead of acting with that good faith which the government of Turkey has ever shown since the recognition of Greece as an independent state, have been endeavouring, contrary to the faith of treaties, and contrary to the obligations of a neutral power, to raise insurrections against the sultan, and to carry fire and sword into his territories. Such being the case, the governments of France and England have thought it necessary to send a force to occupy the Piræus. If the King of Greece disapproves (as we have been repeatedly told) of those attempts to violate the duties of a neutral power, the King of

brought disgrace and calamity upon their own country. King Otho was known not to be attached to his new ministers; but he submitted, though rather gracelessly, to necessity: Mavrocordato was popular, and Greece was reported to be quiet. Epirus, at least, was so; but in Thessaly fresh disorders were feared.

These fears were soon fulfilled. On the 12th of May, and the four following days, the Greek insurgents obtained a victory at Calabaca, in Thessaly, over a Turkish force consisting of two battalions of Arabians, under Selim Bey; 1,400 Albanians, under Ismail Bey Phrassari, Artem Bey, and other chiefs; 500 Rediffs, and two squadrons of cavalry. The engagement commenced with a cannonade, at daybreak; at mid-day the two armies came to close quarters, and the shock of battle lasted until nightfall. Both sides fought with a desperate bravery: the Albanians were thrice driven back reeling to their entrenchments; and, on the approach of dusk, the Turks retired from the field, leaving eighty dead behind them. Skirmishing was renewed on the 14th; but the heavy rain prevented a general engagement. On the 15th, the fighting continued again to the disadvantage of the Turks. That day the Greeks received a reinforcement of 400 volunteers from Thessaly; and on the 16th, after a desperate combat, which lasted two hours, the Turks were driven back to their intrenchments with great loss, and left a considerable booty, in the way of arms and military stores, to the Greeks.

General Hadji Petros, one of the leaders of the Greek insurgents, gives the following account of this affair—an account which, coming from a Greek source, should be received with some abatement. But as the Turks are silent on the subject, we must necessarily receive our information as to particulars from the triumphant party;

Greece will find *protection* in the forces which have been sent, and the means of compelling his people to observe those duties. If, on the other hand, the protestations which we have received from the Greek government, should turn out not to be sincere, *those forces might prove useful in another way*. As has been stated in the French *Moniteur*, there is no intention of declaring war against Greece; but we mean to take care that the government of Greece shall not be secretly or avowedly an ally of Russia in the present war; and we have taken means, which I trust will be sufficient, to prevent a covert or avowed war against Turkey by the King of Greece." It must, we think, be admitted that the interference of the allies was requisite.



and also take it with what colouring they please to impart to it. "We exterminated yesterday," said Petros, "the Turks whom we had kept surrounded for the last ten days. We have killed 500 of them; wounded many; and made 200 prisoners. We have also given chase to 200 Arabs and Albanians, commanded by Halim Bey and Metzö Malijowa, who had come to their succour. Vanquished and starving, the Turks who escaped took flight last night (May 21st), and abandoned five pieces of cannon in good condition, two stands of colours, munitions of war, clothing, the whole of their stores, their wounded and their tents; of which we took possession. But the greater part of those who fled were drowned in the Peneus, and the others are dispersed. Thus, with the aid of Divine Providence (?), the most formidable camp of the Turks is annihilated, and the insurrection will gain ground. Having been informed to-day that Nenel Pasha has destroyed Derendah by fire, I have just sent a corps of Macedonians, amounting to 900 men, and I hope that God will again bless our arms."

The Greek government endeavoured to spoil any further triumphs of Hadji-Petros, by instantly recalling him from Thessaly—a mandate he refused to obey. On the 22nd, the Turks regained the reputation they had so recently lost, by turning the tables against the Greeks, and defeating 2,000 of the insurgents at Sikstria, in Epirus. Part of the discomfited army returned to Greece, and the remainder fled to the mountains. Before the month had expired, Karatassos, another Greek chief, was defeated by the Turks in Macedonia. A letter from Salonica, dated the 31st, gives the following account of this reverse of the insurgents:—"After a first check, Tehami Karatassos removed his headquarters to Gonitza, where he occupied, with six or seven hundred men, the three country houses belonging to the convents of Mount Athos. He had, upon this point, his depôt of provisions and munitions. He had also placed a corps of about 200 men in the villages of Larigori, Paléocori, and Novocelo. The Turkish troops attacked the Hellenes at Gonitza, and took that position from them after a combat of several hours. The supply of provisions and munitions of Tehami Karatassos, and his equipments—comprising, among other things, 700 cloaks, arms, and two standards—fell into the possession of the Turks. They have sent here some

guns, the two standards, the seal of the Hellenic chief, and some of his papers, among which are minutes of despatches to the Hellenic government. The insurgents had 280 men killed. According to the accounts sent to the Pasha of Salonica, the chief (Tchami Karatassos) and the greater portion of those who fled, retreated to the territory of Mount Athos. Two suspicious-looking schooners were also seized by the Turkish cruisers—one at St. Nicholas, and the other at the little port of Daphne, in the Gulf of Monte Santo. They have been taken to Volo, the centre of the naval station."

The emissaries of Russia were extremely anxious to prevent the restoration of tranquillity. To accomplish their sinister object they endeavoured to excite suspicion among the Greek army as to the real object of England and France in occupying the Piræus. They were so far successful, that the minister of war was induced to issue the following circular to the officers on the subject:—

"The enemies of public order, the instruments of interests opposed to those of the Hellenic nation, dare to assert that the allied army which has landed in the Piræus has views hostile to you. You are bound to contradict those malignant statements, and to explain clearly to the sub-officers, and through them to the private soldiers, that England and France, who have bestowed on Greece so many benefits, and who have not, for a single instant, ceased to protect her, have, by sending the allied army, no other object in view than to preserve our country from the fatal consequence of a policy which has been condemned by all Europe. Regarded thus in an European point of view, the presence of the allied army, far from threatening any attack on our independence, will on the contrary guarantee, in the midst of the war in the East, the Hellenic kingdom against any attack from without. Were it otherwise, a principle of honour would have prevented me from associating myself with the government. One of the most important objects of the policy of the ministry to which I have the honour to belong is to win for Greece the sympathies and esteem of all the great powers of Europe. Such policy is the only means of improving the present, and of preparing for the future. Whoever does not act on the same principle is the enemy of his country."

"KALLERGI, Minister at War.

"Athens, June 14th, 1854."

Fuad Effendi, whose humane proceedings in Epirus contributed so much to the suppression of the insurrection there, led a portion of the Turkish troops into Thessaly, to



assist the forces already there in putting an end to the disturbance. He also issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of that province, inviting them to return to their allegiance and to receive the pardon of the sultan. "Understand well," said the document, "that the powerful allies of our powerful sovereign, inspired by a sound and humane policy, and wishing to arrest the evil at its source, have forced the Hellenic government to make an engagement to prevent its nation from giving assistance to the perturbators. Consequently, those Hellenes who are now among you, who only fight by using your families as ramparts, will soon be forced to take to flight; and, in abandoning you, they will only leave you the melancholy remembrance of the evils and calamities which they have occasioned you. Reflect well upon the situation in which you are placed. Appreciate our paternal counsels at their just value, and you will separate yourselves from those malefactors who are very dangerous enemies of your welfare, and even of your existence. Hasten to come and ask for that pardon which we are ready to grant to you, for all that you have done, voluntarily or involuntarily."

Hadji-Petros yet remained in arms in Thessaly, but he was defeated on the 18th of June, at Kalabak, by Fuad Effendi, and retired in disorder towards the Greek frontier. The insurgents left two flags in the possession of the victors, and about one hundred dead upon the field. Kalabak is described as being in Thessaly what Peta was in Epirus; that is, the heart and home of all insurrectionary movements. Fuad Effendi behaved with the greatest energy and humanity. Not only did he discountenance cruelty, but he also threatened to have any of his soldiers shot if they committed the barbarity of mutilating the bodies of their enemies. The conduct of the Christian Greeks formed a dark contrast to that of this Mohammedan chieftain. In an abandoned Turkish camp, on the slope of the hills before Kalabak, fifteen places were found disfigured by the ghastly

remains of burnt human bodies. They were discovered to be those of the wounded Egyptian soldiers, whom Selim Pasha had been compelled to leave to their fate. That fate was death by fire, at the hands of the Greek insurgents. In some places the stakes were discovered to which the unhappy creatures had been bound.

In order to terminate the disturbances, the new Greek ministry issued a decree of amnesty for all the officers who had gone to join the troops invading the Turkish provinces, provided they returned to their own country within a month. To make this decree known to those who were still in Thessaly, a government agent was sent there from Athens, to acquaint the Greek chiefs with the late changes, and to induce them to return, in compliance with the orders of the new government. To give greater weight to the measure, Mr. Merlin, the British vice-consul at Athens, and Mr. Guerin, the French consul at Syra, accompanied the Greek commissioner, Colonel Packmore. The trio were highly successful: the insurgent chiefs, seeing no hope for their mad project, in most cases returned to their own country, and accepted the pardon offered them. The new government of Greece was also anxious to renew friendly relations with Turkey, as the commerce of the former country had suffered greatly in consequence of the ill-timed and unhappy outbreaks that had taken place. Still Greece was in an excited and unsettled state, with its roads thronged with robbers, and its seas with pirates. The adventurers, who had made a trade of patriotism and insurrection, were in many instances without the means of life, and resorted to open violence to procure them. The government of the country also was divided against itself, the new ministry did everything in its power to discountenance any further attempts to invade Turkey; while the court continued its exertions to renew the agitation and revive the frightful scenes lately enacted in Epirus and Thessaly.\*

\* A correspondent from Athens observes: "The court derives its chief strength in this opposition from that system of personal and dynastic policy which it has succeeded in establishing, and so long maintaining in all branches of the public service, notwithstanding the written provisions of the constitution to the contrary. It has prepared thus for its aims a number of mercenary tools, who have embarked their fortunes in King Otho's barge, and sail with it in fair and foul weather. They are all, without exception, men compromised in some way or other by

The following petition, addressed by the their former careers—most of them in money matters—consequently completely in the hands of the court, who may annihilate them. Every day brings new proofs, of the most startling nature, to what degree corruption had invaded every branch of administration: every minister had his regular tariff for the purchase of places; and I hear it is quite curious to see the astonished countenances of those who get places under the new administration without being expected to pay for them." Well may we mourn over the degeneracy of modern Greece!

insurgent chiefs to the council of ministers, throws some further light upon the nature of the insurrection, and of the selfish views of many of its promoters. King Otho had received large sums from the Russian government for carrying on the insurrection; a great portion of which money he placed in his own pocket and kept there.

"Returned to independent Greece by order of her government, we wish, before all, to express our thanks to it for having saved the nation from the wrath of the two protecting powers, and for having restored to us the rank which we formerly possessed.

"The only aim which we proposed to ourselves in crossing the frontier and in treading on the sacred soil of our fathers has been the deliverance of our brothers from the Ottoman yoke; besides this, we have been induced to do so by the following motives:—

"The former minister of war, Charles Soutzo, assured us positively, in the name and after the express orders of his majesty the king, that the government was firmly resolved to aid the revolution with all the means in its power; that the Western Powers would look at it favourably; that principally the states of Germany, on account of the connexion of kindred (*relations de parentés*) which exists between their sovereigns and our own, would furnish us with all manner of material aid, and that they would protect us in case the Western Powers should change their opinion about this new strife; and that, finally, the intention to aggrandise Greece, and to liberate our brothers, was evidently proved by the fact that several millions of money were in the hands of the government.

"If the insurrection has, unfortunately, had a bad result, it is due to the perfidious tendency of the government to direct exclusively the movement after the plan which it had fixed upon from the beginning, by concentrating all power in its own hands, and by relying (*appuyant*) on one of the European powers alone.

"It is worthy of remark that, while the government lavished on some persons money and ammunition, and reinforced them with all means in its power, it behaved towards us, who fought without any regard to personal influence, having only in view the public interest, without money, as if it had proposed to itself to take on us an ignoble revenge. You must add to this, that the government, which ought before all to have consulted the protecting powers of Greece, without whose consent nothing could be hoped, has undertaken this movement against their wish, falsely pretending, as we said above, that we had their full consent and approval.

"It has divided the considerable sums which it has received from abroad among its creatures, —among persons having no influence with the people who were to be revolutionised.

"It has sent ammunition in abundance, and even some cannons for the siege of fortified places; it has intrusted them to people utterly incapable and without any past (*antécédent*), who had declared themselves chiefs, against the opinion of the country; endeavouring in this way to annihilate all personal influences, it has succeeded, by its faults and false measures, to bring about the dissolution of the whole movement, and the ruin and death of many of our brothers in the neighbouring provinces.

"Many families from these provinces, in consequence of the ill-success of the insurrection, have taken refuge in Greece, deprived of all means of subsistence. The soldiers who went with us and their families are likewise in want. We request you, therefore, to give, as soon as possible, the necessary orders to make exact inquiries into the amount of money received from abroad, or from other sources—into the employment of this money, what sums have been expended, and what sums still remain—in order that from these latter these unfortunate suffering persons may get some relief; for it is horrible to think that these brave people, who have done nothing but obey the voice of their country, having been deceived by the Greek government, should be now verging on despair.

"We request you to make known to us the result of the orders which you will have given in this respect, in order that, on our side, we may tranquillise those who suffer, and moderate the impatience of their just demands.

"We remain, &c.,

"By delegation of those who have followed us in our quality as chiefs of the insurrection in Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia.

"THEODORE GRIVAS.

"D. TAZANI KARATASSOS.

"PAPAKOSTA TZAMALAS.

"Athens, June 19th (July 1st.)"

On the same day that this petition was presented to the Greek government, Redschid Pasha, the minister of the sultan, addressed a note to the British and French ambassadors on the subject of the Turco-Greek question. It expressed a desire on the part of the Porte to forget the past, and to give fresh proofs of its moderation by again permitting, but temporarily and conditionally, Greek ships to navigate the waters of the Ottoman territory under their flag, and to enter its ports and carry on commerce. The conditions were, that Greece should indemnify Turkey for the losses suffered in consequence of the invasion, and that guarantees should be given that such aggression would not be repeated. If the Greek government refused, within two months, to admit these legitimate demands,



of the Porte, the concession made to the Greek commercial ships was to be withdrawn. Redschi Pasha addressed the note containing these communications to the allies, in the hope that they would employ their influence with the Hellenic government, as protectors of that state, to induce it to accept them.

The losses suffered by the Turkish state, in consequence of the ravages of the Greek patriots or brigands, were estimated at 120,000,000 piastres, or about £1,000,000 sterling. The Porte did not demand the immediate payment of this sum, but it desired that the indemnity should be admitted in principle by the Greek government. The Greek court and sovereign appeared to submit; but they carried on innumerable petty intrigues to perplex the new ministry, frustrate the intentions of the allied powers, get rid of the troops in the Piræus, and bring back the state of hostilities with the Ottomans which had been just terminated. Still, though Greece was not tranquil, yet the insurrection was over, and there seemed but little chance of King Otho's dependents

again invading the Turkish provinces during the continuance of the war. Even that troublesome little potentate must at length have been convinced that further struggles to revive the long-past glories of Greece, or to emancipate the Greeks who lived in Turkish provinces from the rule of the sultan, was hopeless. In September, King Otho's government sent a messenger to Constantinople with an acknowledgment of the many offences of Greece against the Porte, and an appeal to its generosity. They also proposed to sign a treaty of commerce with the Porte, as an indemnity for the debt which Greece had contracted with Turkey in consequence of the late insurrection and invasion. This treaty of commerce defined the boundaries of the two states; and thus, by forcing King Otho to acknowledge the existing limits of Turkey, it removed one great cause of jealousy and ill-feeling. Altogether, this uncertain conclusion of the Greek insurrection reminds the reader of the last chapter of Dr. Johnson's little moral romance of *Rasselas*—that is, the end, in which nothing is finished!

## CHAPTER XV.

THE WHITE SEA; EXPEDITION THERE OF THE MIRANDA AND THE BRISK; BLOCKADE OF THE EXTREME NORTHERN PORTS OF RUSSIA; DESTRUCTION OF THE MILITARY MONASTERY OF SOLOVETSKOI AND THE TOWN AND FORT OF KOLA.

OUR history would be defective if we were to omit giving an account of the spirited cruise of the *Miranda* and the *Brisk* in the waters of the WHITE SEA; in which remote locality they insulted and attacked the most northern shores of the Russian empire.

It has been aptly observed that the war against the czar has brushed up and extended our knowledge of geography. We have had to look abroad from our busy little island, peopled, as Lord Byron observed, with—

“Those haughty shopkeepers, who roll

Their goods and edicts forth from pole to pole,”

and to gaze upon remote and romantic regions. The East is becoming rapidly familiar to us; and we are almost as well acquainted with Constantinople as we are with Calais, and with the Crimea as with

the Isle of Wight. Even the Black Sea, with its sudden storms, wild shores, and classical associations, can be realised by the club-room reader as readily, in his mind's eye, as can the familiar waters of the British Channel. But we must call attention, for a brief space, from the Black Sea to the White one. From the east to the far north. The White Sea!—the very words have a strange mysterious sound, as if they denoted some silent, dead, solitary, spectral sea, whose waters were tideless and misty, upon whose ripples sunbeams never played, and whose grim shores never received the impress of human footsteps.

But a truce to imagination: it is our task to keep to rigid formal facts. The White Sea is a real, tangible one, and not a phantom mass of unreal waters, or delu-

sive mists. It is, in fact, a vast gulf of the Arctic Ocean, or Northern Icy Sea, and extends south and south-west into European Russia, between Lapland and Archangel, covering an area estimated at 45,000 square miles. On the north-west it forms the Gulf of Kandalesk, and on the south the gulfs of Onega and Archangel. It is deep and navigable for large vessels, except at the mouth of the river Dwina, where there are large sand-banks. The greater part of the White Sea is frozen over from October until May. The naval audacity required to carry an expedition into this remote and bitter region, may be guessed at by those who will take a map of Europe and trace the long, dreary track (through the waters of the North Atlantic, past the Shetland Isles, and the straggling coasts of Norway and Lapland) that the vessels had to go! Few nations would have conceived the idea of sending its ships on a warlike mission to such a region, and still fewer mariners could have executed the bold design. Truly, our British naval officers have not forgotten that their Saxon ancestors held proudly to the bold title of "Sea-kings!"

The *Miranda*, a screw steam-ship of 250 horse-power, together with the *Brisk* steam-sloop, commanded by captains Lyons and Seymour, left the Downs on the 21st of May, and sailed for the White Sea. Their object was to blockade the ports of those waters, and thus close up all the naval outlets by which Russia could communicate with the rest of Europe. They were, however, not to enforce the blockade immediately, because a considerable amount of property, which had already been paid for by French and English merchants, was lying both at Onega and Archangel, and would have been lost to its owners if it could not be exported in neutral vessels. These vessels were found in great numbers in the northern ports; and no less than 350 ships (most of them Dutch) were boarded by the *Miranda* in the White Sea. The blockade, therefore, was not put into actual force until the 1st of August; but it was understood that it would be carried out with greater severity in future.\* Three

Russian vessels, however, laden with flour, fish, and oil, were captured and forwarded to England. The expedition also destroyed a military battlemented monastery on the island of Solovetskoi, which was mounted with guns and defended by a battery and troops, under the command of the abbot. After doing other damage to Russian property, the English vessels attacked and destroyed the little town and fort of Kola, situated at the mouth of that river; and though possessing but about a thousand inhabitants, considered the capital of Russian Lapland. Notwithstanding the scantiness of its population (chiefly attributable to the severity of the climate), Kola possessed a fort, with well-armed batteries, a garrison, a governor, and a dépôt of government stores. These were all destroyed; and the town, in consequence of the obstinacy of the governor, shared the same fate. In less than an hour after the English vessels opened their fire of shells and red-hot shot, the guns of the enemy were dismounted, their batteries demolished, and their city in flames. One tower alone of the fortified cathedral stands erect; the rest of Kola remains a heap of shattered walls and blackened ruins.

Before the attack on the town, Captain Lyons sent Lieutenant Buckley to the shore with a flag of truce, and a summons to the authorities immediately to surrender the forts, garrison, and town of Kola, with all arms, cannon, and ammunition, and every article of whatever description belonging to the Russian government. If these demands were not acceded to, it was recommended that all women and children should immediately leave the town. The lieutenant was met by a boat containing an officer, who represented himself as a magistrate of the town, and declined allowing him to land. The Russian officer, being unable to read the English summons, proceeded with Lieutenant Buckley on board the *Miranda*, in order to have it explained to him. Captain Lyons translated the summons into French, and having received the assurance of the Russian that he perfectly understood it, delivered it into his hands. The officer replied,

\* A correspondent from one of our vessels in the White Sea, makes the following observations:—"Without a blockade of Archangel our presence in this sea is next to useless. The quantity of grain, meal, flour, &c., which will be imported thence this year (1854), will be positively enormous, and a stoppage of it would be felt in the heart of the empire. You can have no idea of the extent of this

traffic. From far and near, within a circuit of 400 miles of Archangel, the produce of the country is sent in; and as the craft which embark it bring remittances, either in bills or specie, to pay for it, just fancy what a blow would be struck at Russian commerce by a strict blockade, and what a quantity of money would be removed from circulation." Unhappily, half measures are the bane of England.



that the governor of the town was absent, yet that an answer should be returned to the summons in half-an-hour; but that he might at once assure Captain Lyons that the terms would not be accepted.

"I waited," said the last-mentioned officer in the despatch forwarded to the admiralty, "till daylight the following morning, when, no answer having been sent, and observing that the battery and other defences were manned, and everything prepared for action on shore, I hauled down the flag of truce, and opened fire on the battery, stockade, and loopholed houses, which was instantly returned by guns and musketry. The guns were shortly dismounted, and the battery reduced to ruins; but, although our shells burst well into the loopholed houses and stockades, an obstinate fire of musketry was kept up from various parts of the town; this allowed me no alternative, and I was obliged to destroy it. It was soon in flames from our shell and red-hot shot, and burned furiously, being fanned by a fresh breeze. The ship, at this time, became critically situated; the violence of the tide caused her to drag the bower and stream anchors, and the two kedges laid out to spring her broadside; and the passage being too narrow for her to swing, she grounded at less than three hundred yards from the burning town, fragments from which were blown on board: however, by keeping the sails, rigging, and decks well wetted until the ship was hove off, no bad consequences ensued."

We have not the materials for any very explicit narrative of these events, the official despatches being meagre and uninteresting; and therefore think we cannot do better than give the following account of the proceedings of the *Miranda*, written by one of her own officers:—

"*Miranda* left Sheerness on the 3rd of May, under sealed orders; anchored at Spithead on the 4th, at six, P.M.; left Spithead on the 6th, at one, P.M.; on that day chased several vessels, and proceeded again under sealed orders; returned to Spithead again on the 15th; on the 17th victualled the ship; on the 19th left Spithead; anchored in the Downs on the 21st; at two, A.M., weighed anchor and run through the Gullstream; proceeded north on the 24th; at eight, P.M., ran for Lerwick harbour; anchored at eleven, P.M., on the 26th; left Lerwick harbour on the 8th of June; anchored in Hammersfort Bay, having worked through the Sound, on the 10th of June; steamed through Rolfsø Sound for sea; on the 19th of June, chased and captured the Russian schooner, which was

afterwards released. On the 22nd of June, stood in for anchorage under Cross Island; left Cross Island on the 24th; on the 26th, anchored (with a strong current running towards Archangel) off the mouth of the river Dwina; at ten, P.M., in Archangel Bay, we were employed in boats boarding several vessels. On the 5th of July we weighed and proceeded for the Murman Channel off Dwina River, leading towards Archangel Bay; on the 9th, anchored near Tetrina, got under weigh, and proceeded for anchorage at Cross Island; on the 18th, rounded the island of Solovetskoi; when about 1,000 yards distant from the shore, our first lieutenant observed a number of soldiers with several field-pieces in the woods. His glass and eye are first-rate. A gun was fired to dislodge them, which they quickly returned with shot, grape, and canister—a sharp shower. Lots of them struck the ship. We kept up a sharp fire from the starboard broadside guns. The enemy retired into the brushwood in their rear. We then anchored off Solovetskoi monastery at about midnight. On the next morning, the 19th, saw the soldiers employed throwing up temporary batteries. Our ship, with the *Brisk* in company, hoisted a flag of truce, and fired a blank gun. The *Brisk* sent a boat on shore with a flag of truce. The Russians sent a boat off to meet the flag of truce. The boat then returned on shore. At twenty minutes past eight weighed anchor, hauled down flag of truce, and opened fire on the enemy's battery with long gun, firing shot and shell, which was pretty smartly returned by the battery, and also from two towers of the monastery, and musketry from the shore. The *Brisk* also opened fire soon after. About twenty minutes past nine, a round shot from the battery killed King Marshall, an ordinary seaman and man of colour, formerly a Krooman, from Sierra Leone. Another shot wounded Stephen Hart, fracturing his right arm close to the shoulder. We then opened fire from 12lb. howitzers, and also from the tops and gangways, to dislodge the enemy from their cover of trees and bushes. At twenty minutes past eleven the enemy were seen deserting their batteries. They shortly again returned to their guns, and were again driven away by the precision of our firing. We then commenced shelling the monastery from our pivot gun, at the same time keeping up a heavy fire from our broadside guns, also with small-armsmen on battery and cover. We then proceeded, easily steaming up the inner passage, to outflank the battery, and also to close on the monastery. We then commenced firing red-hot shot on the monastery; silenced the fire of the enemy at about six, P.M., on the evening of the 19th. On the 31st, landed at Shayley Island, destroyed all the public buildings by fire, together with nine guns found on shore. We coaled on the 29th of July near

Cross Island. On the 23rd of August, our master, Mr. George Williams, succeeded with the boats to buoy a passage up to Kola. At thirty minutes past six, A.M., we anchored off Kola in five fathoms water. We shortly after observed a flag of truce coming off from the fort; we hoisted flag of truce in return. Our third lieutenant, Mr. C. W. Buckle, went away in the gig to meet the flag of truce with a letter in which, we understood from the quarter-deck officers, an immediate surrender of the fort, garrison, and government property was demanded. We could see the different forts with the men at their guns. We were kept at quarters during that night. No answer being returned in the morning, we hauled down flag of truce, and opened fire with grape and canister, to dislodge musketry from the batteries and stockades. Our ship was got up within 250 yards of the battery. Our first lieutenant, Mr. John F. C. Mackenzie, and Charles W. Manthorp, mate, accompanied us in command of the shore party. On landing, our gallant first lieutenant headed our party of blue-jackets and marines, who trotted up sword in hand to dislodge the enemy from the ruins of the batteries and to seize their guns immediately. Upon our pulling in shore, the enemy opened a sharp fire upon us from the different parts of the towers and the monastery. Our ship continued fire to cover us. It was about thirty minutes past two when we landed, headed by Lieutenant Mackenzie, who was the first into the battery, which we found completely destroyed by the ships' fire. The enemy were going off beyond double quick time. We took on board one of the battery guns, which had been broken by a shot from our ship; all the other guns were completely buried in the ruins. All the government stores were destroyed. Our first lieutenant did honour to his little clan of the *Miranda*. During our fighting the enemy had been busily employed taking up all the buoys our master, Mr. Williams, had laid down for coming up the river, and he had all his work to go over again, to buoy the channel for our going down again. By half-past seven, A.M., on the 24th, we had destroyed the whole of the town. It was a tremendous scene of destruction; the buildings, stores, and monastery all in flames; and each bell, as their stupendous beams burnt through, fell to the bottom of the tower, tolling its last knell. There were seven bells. We made Flamborough Head light on the 22nd of September, and called at Yarmouth. We have a Russian boy, about ten years of age. He was taken out of a fishing lugger which had been deserted by her crew. The poor little fellow was found locked up in the hovel called a cabin, and if not taken must have been starved to death. It appears he had neither mother nor father. The crew of the *Miranda* have been remarkably healthy.

These particulars were communicated after the return of the White Sea squadron to Sheerness, where, on the 25th of September, she received orders to proceed to Portsmouth to make some slight repairs to her machinery preparatory to her sailing for the Black Sea. Our readers will, however, probably feel an interest in perusing the following letters from a juvenile officer serving in the squadron, and written before its return:—

“Her majesty's ship —, White Sea, July 6.

“The — is now anchored off the bar of the river Dwina. The Russians have been making a great display of their force for the last two or three days, such as firing guns and rowing their gun-boats about, and their steamers getting up their steam, but none of their fine vessels have yet showed their figure-heads on this side of the bar. For the last one or two days we have kept ourselves in readiness to weigh at an instant's notice; the two steamers always keep their fires banked, so that they may be able to get up their steam quickly and take us in tow, should it fall calm, and the gun-boats, taking advantage of the calm, come and attack us. The day before yesterday was quite calm, and oppressively hot. It was as hot as a summer's day in England, and every one was crying out for duck trowsers and white waistcoats, and some wanted to bathe. To-day the sun is hot, but there is a little breeze to oppose it, which makes it very comfortable, and nice and cool, but in no way cold. I forget now whether I told you of our little prize—a little schooner which we found on the coast in our way here. She is a beautiful looking little thing, but, unluckily, very leaky; we are trying to stop her leaking now by caulking her afresh. All the caulkers of the three ships have been at work on board of her for the last three days, and have almost finished her. We have got the skipper and mate on board us as prisoners; the rest of the crew are on board the *Miranda*. It does not look as if we should see much service if we continue in this way, standing still, and doing nothing. July 7.—Last night, about ten o'clock, without any one expecting it, the captain ordered the hands to be turned up, and the ship to be got under weigh, and the *Brisk* to take us in tow. Before long we were going through the water at the rate of five or six knots an hour, with fore and aft sails set. At ten o'clock this morning we cast off from the *Brisk* and made sail, and at about one, P.M., we arrived at a place called Cross Island. Our prize, the *Volga*, is anchored close alongside of us, and the *Brisk* a little way ahead. We have sent the boats away to get some water, but they have not returned yet, and it is coming on to blow. It is now six o'clock, and the boats have returned, except one (the pinnace) and



she is a long way off astern to leeward, on the opposite side of the ship from which the wind blows, and she is drifting further away. Saturday, July 8.—It is twelve o'clock, and the pinnace has not yet returned. She has been cruising about all night, and I should think the crew were very tired and cold, for it is blowing so hard that we have struck our topgallant-masts and yards. Six o'clock.—The pinnace has not yet returned, and we have sent the *Volga* to look for her. She is now running before the wind with only her jib set, and she has just loosed her foretop-sail. We have very good fare here. At Hammerfest, we laid up a good stock of reindeer meat, and it is not all gone. We get hot rolls for breakfast every morning, have pea soup for dinner every other day, and gooseberry tart every Thursday and Sunday, with plum pudding on Thursday and rice pudding on Sunday. We have also got lots of wine, but all our ale is gone, and we cannot get any more. Will you please ask them all to write a small note if they can hear of any ship leaving England for the White Sea?

“Cross Island, July 19th.

“We are still at anchor between Cross Island and the main-land of Russia, but we expect to sail hence to-morrow; where, I do not know, but we rather expect to a place called Randalax, where I believe there are some large forts. I hope we shall, as I want to have something to do, instead of having to come home and say that we have done nothing. On Monday, July 18th, we sent ten seamen and ten marines, with some officers, to the *Brisk*, and ten seamen and ten marines to the *Miranda*, and the captain went on board the *Brisk*. As soon as the captain got on board, the two steamers got under weigh, and went towards a place called Salretski, which is strongly fortified; this they bombarded; they commenced firing at eight, A.M., and finished at four, P.M.; but, as the walls were ten feet thick, they could not make very much impression on them, so they left it and went to some other places, and the last one they went to they burnt, and took ever so many cows, calves, sheep, &c., and brought them on board the ships. We are going to have our first veal dinner to-day since I left England. We have been living on fresh salmon for the last five or six days certainly, but we have not had any fresh mutton or anything of that sort. The *Brisk* came back the day before yesterday, and the *Miranda* anchored yesterday, but in the evening she left again, and went out cruising so as to burn some of her coal, and to be able to fill up again with some coal brought from England by a collier for the steamers. The collier is almost empty now, having filled up the *Brisk* and *Miranda* once before, and, having about 100 tons over, and wanting to get rid of it, the *Miranda* has gone out to spend some of her's, and then fill up with

what remains in the collier. Our pinnace and that of the *Brisk* are ballasting the coal brig with stones, &c., and they continue going to and from the brig all the day long, except when they are having dinner.”

We subjoin the following Russian account of this expedition extracted from the *Gazette du Gouvernement d'Archangel*. If it does not supply much intelligence that can be relied upon, it will at least excite astonishment at the different views which may be taken of the same event. It must, however, we suspect, at least as far as all its high colouring is concerned, be regarded as a specimen of that kind of historic romance writing for which Russian journalists have lately acquired so extensive a celebrity.

“The recent naval proceedings of the English in the Baltic and Black Seas are sufficiently notorious, and in the opinion of all enlightened men, no matter what may be their country, are little calculated to reflect honour on the nation or its flag; but now, in the White Sea, they are found carrying out the same system of operations. Towards the early part of last June, English ships of war were encountered in that sea by the captains of foreign vessels and by our own sailors. On the 14th of that month, two English steam-frigates, and one sailing frigate arrived at the bar of the port of Archangel. Since then they have cruised about those waters in various directions, committing acts wholly unworthy of brave and honourable seamen.

“Thus we have found them stopping even the craft loaded with fish, in order to possess themselves of such poor spoils, after which they burnt or sunk the fishing-boats themselves. As to the masters and the crews of larger vessels (when their bravery exercised itself upon such), they have been left to gain the shore by traversing the swelling waves in frail boats and without provisions. They have also seized various vessels laden with corn, and bound for Norway from ports in the White Sea, in violation of the solemn pledge made by their government to that of Sweden—a pledge which guaranteed entire liberty of commercial intercourse between Russia and Norway, the latter, as is well known, receiving from us all her supplies of wheat.

“Whenever they have seen defenceless villages on the coasts where they were cruising, they have made a pastime of pouring in shot and shell. Witness, for example, the village of Luzma. Not only so, but, without any sense of shame or decency, they have directed their piratical cannon against the monastery of Solovetskoi, known throughout all Russia, and held in the highest veneration. On the 6th and 7th of July, two steam-frigates poured a shower of

shells on this abode of meditation and prayer, some of the bombs being of 40 lb. and 80 lb. weight. On the first occasion, it is true, the bombardment was not of long continuance. The assailants soon launched a boat, carrying a flag of truce, and bearing a written demand for the surrender of the convent, with its guns, arms, standards, and military stores, not forgetting the garrison—that is, the invalids—who were its inmates. But the Archimandrite Alexander, the superior of the convent, who had formerly filled the office of a military chaplain, and who, up to 1853, had been archpriest of the Marine Cathedral of Solombal, sincerely loved and respected by all who knew him, was not wanting in his duty as a faithful son of Russia and a worthy chief of that illustrious monastery. He rejected the dishonourable requisition of the enemy, and defended himself bravely according to the extent of the means at his disposal. After the rejection of their summons, the English commanders, for nine consecutive hours, maintained a tremendous fire on the sacred edifice, which was so protected by Providence as to sustain only inconsiderable damage. A battery, hastily constructed on a headland in the vicinity of the channel, and mounted with three 3-pounders, compelled the steam-frigates to quit their anchorage, and thus prevented them from making any further attempt to injure the convent, the walls of which were ancient and strongly built.

“It is evident that nothing but covetousness incited the English in this attack. Everybody has heard, through the description of travellers, of the great wealth of the convent of Solovetskoi, and the English crews hoped for a splendid prize if they could succeed in taking it. They would, nevertheless, have been egregiously mistaken in their calculations, for precautions had been previously used to place all the treasure of the convent in a place of safety.

“Nevertheless, the enemy did not go away entirely empty-handed. Four of the ship’s crew landed in the little isle of Zaiatchy, one of the Solovetskoi group, and having forcibly effected an entrance into the wooden church, they broke open the sacred door of the altar, tore the consecrated cloth which covered it, plundered the poor-box, and also took away three small bells from the steeple, with which they regained their ships, which then left the channel, and steered towards the Gulf of Onega. On the 8th of July these same vessels were signalled in sight of the village of Liantskaia, sixty-five versts from Onega. The only enemies they found here were five old men. All the other inhabitants had disappeared. Having killed two oxen, eight sheep, and several chickens, the English threw the old men three Russian gold pieces, of five roubles each, and, loaded with provisions thus derisively paid for, they returned to their ships, which, on the evening

of the same day, presented themselves before the Isle of Kiy, fifteen versts from Onega. In this island the English heroes covered themselves with new laurels. They burnt the custom-house, and also the buildings in which the *employés* and servants resided. By the light of this conflagration they directed their triumphant march to the convent of St. Croix, founded in that island by the venerable patriarch Nicod. In this ancient but poor convent they found nothing in the shape of booty, but, to recompense themselves for their ineffectual attempt against Solovetskoi, they wished by any means to carry away something from St. Croix. They took, therefore, from the treasury ten gold pieces of five roubles each, also several articles appertaining to the poor brotherhood, and joined to this glorious booty a bell weighing six pounds, half-a-dozen old brass cannon, completely useless, having been kept for 200 years as antique specimens, and fifteen rampart muskets of a similar kind. Such were the precious and glorious trophies taken by the English in their campaign against the monastery of St. Croix. Soon, however, they awoke to a perception of the merits of the cannon, and, as if indignant at their blunder, they broke one in pieces, threw three into the convent well, and the remainder into the sea.

“Nevertheless, it must not be believed that they can always thus act with impunity against the inhabitants of the coasts. Desiring one day, in the village of Pouschlakhta, to make up the complement of the fresh provisions which they had taken in that of Liantsa, they were disembarking under cover of their guns, and commenced, as is their usual custom, by opening a discharge of musketry upon the peasants. These latter, however, to the number of twenty-three, directed by two old soldiers who had re-entered the military service, and commanded by the government secretary of Volkoff, in conjunction with the chief of the district of the domain of Kholmogory, were not intimidated, but, on the contrary, so well returned the enemy’s fire, that five were killed on the spot, independently of the wounded, while our compatriots were uninjured. At length, the smallness of their number having been discovered, they were obliged to beat a retreat, which they effected with order, retiring step by step, but still maintaining a resolute defence. The English, too fatigued to pursue them further, to revenge themselves for this resistance, set fire to the village, consisting of forty houses and a church, and then regained their ships, carrying with them a great portion of the effects of the inhabitants. The next day they burnt, near the village of Luzma, three fishermen’s vessels laden with wheat—a worthy finale to all their naval exploits of this description.

“Such are become the glorious actions of English sailors in these days!”



## CHAPTER XVI.

STATE OF THE TURKISH ARMY IN ASIA; THE TURKS ADVANCE ON THE FORTRESS OF GUMRI; GREAT BATTLE AND RETREAT OF THE TURKS TO KARS; FURTHER REVERSES OF THE TURKS; CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES DURING THE WINTER; CRUISE OF ADMIRAL LYONS ALONG THE CIRCASSIAN SHORES, AND DESERTION OF THEIR FORTRESSES BY THE RUSSIANS; INFORMATION CONCERNING THE CIRCASSIANS; BATTLES OF OZURGHETTI, OF BAYAZID, AND KURAKDERE; DESCENT OF SCHAMYL FROM THE MOUNTAINS; DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS BY THE CIRCASSIANS.

IF the reader will turn back to Chapter V. of this work, he will find an account of the commencement of hostilities between the Turks and the Russians in ASIA; of Schamyl, the hero and self-styled prophet of the Caucasus; of the capture of Fort St. Nicholas by the Turks; and of the defeat of the latter at the battles of Akhalzik and Baschkadylar. This division of the narrative we now propose to resume.

After the battle of Akhalzik, which occurred almost simultaneously with the massacre at Sinope, the Turkish army in Asia was in a frightfully demoralised and confused state. It consisted, in fact, merely of a great military rabble, and it was even reported that General Guyon, otherwise called Kurschid Bey (a talented English soldier of fortune, who had greatly distinguished himself in the Hungarian war) had been murdered by his own troops. The army was badly officered, and the greatest corruption prevailed in every branch of its service. "The pashas present with it," says a well-informed writer, "were numerous and needy; contract bakers and butchers formed connexions with them on terms of mutual advantage; and the unfortunate soldiers were not only left unpaid (to which they are accustomed), but they were left without food or clothing." The same writer, speaking of Europeans in the Ottoman service, adds: "The task of the most well-meaning officer is difficult enough. He is perhaps desirous to drill a squadron of cavalry into a condition to meet the enemy. But such an improvement would involve some exertion on the part of other officers, who are fond of their ease, and care little about anything else. The troublesome improver is therefore soon made to feel that he had best be quiet. If he lets things take their course, his superiors will obtain his pay for him; if, on the contrary, he bestirs himself, it is hinted that he will soon receive an order to retire altogether. 'Why should you trouble yourself and us?' he is asked. 'It is true the

horses are dying, but there are more to be had; and many of the men have no saddles, but perhaps they ride better so. Go and smoke.' All but a few persevering spirits have abandoned hopes of improvement, and the energies even of these are wasted in intrigues and quarrels amongst themselves. A bad system and bad examples corrupt all who are brought in contact with them. The profligacy of all ranks of officers is such, that even men of the world, who make no pretences to morality, are disgusted and repelled. The energy and intellect of those in command, both Turks and Europeans, are destroyed by a practice which has grown up to a fearful height. The eating of opium, which prevails to a great extent in the East, is universal at Kars, and many hours of every day are passed by the officers in a state of delirious torpor. When the best men of the army are so depraved, what can be expected of the rest!"

A detachment of the Turkish army had left its head-quarters at Kars, and marched towards Gumri (otherwise called Alexandropol), on the borders of Georgia, with the intention of besieging the powerful Russian fortress there. This fortress was newly built, and provided with everything; while the Turks had not a single piece of heavy artillery. Their army, however, consisted of 25,000 irregular infantry and cavalry. They remained for twenty-five days at Pahandir, about an hour-and-a-half's march from the fortress. During this period the Russians issued from the fortress, and a fierce engagement took place, in which the Russians were worsted, and compelled to retire within the walls of the fortress.

The severity of the rapidly-approaching winter induced the Turkish army to retire from Pahandir, with the intention of returning to Kars. On the second day of the retreat, the commander-in-chief and several other general officers rode on to Kars, leaving the troops under the command of Ahmet Pasha, at the village of Yediclair,

half-way between Gumri and Kars. There the poor soldiers remained under tents, though almost destitute of food to sustain nature, and of wood for fires, although it snowed very hard. For five days the passive Turks bore this misery, when they were aroused by the approach of the Russian army from Gumri. About mid-day on the 1st of December (1853), it made its appearance near the Turkish camp. The Russians had with them forty pieces of cannon, and they took up their position in two lines, putting the greatest number of their guns into the second line.

Though surprised, Ahmet Pasha was self-possessed. His army was speedily formed into three divisions, and the centre placed in line along the bottom of a ravine. The engagement began with a cannonade; and the Russians gaining the heights, mowed down their adversaries terribly. The Turkish artillery behaved admirably under these trying circumstances; loading their pieces and taking aim with the greatest coolness. A shell having fallen in the middle of a battery, the officer in command ordered the men to stand on one side until it burst, but not one man would leave his place; and they all continued their movements of loading and pointing their guns with as much nerve and composure as if they were on a parade. After about an hour's cannonading, the Turkish soldiers, half-maddened at being swept down so remorselessly by the Russian artillery, rushed forward on the enemy with fixed bayonets. The Russians fell back on their second line, which received the Turks with a very hot fire of grape-shot, and drove them reeling back. For

\* The following highly interesting remarks on the condition of the Turco-Asiatic army, and the causes of its demoralisation, are extracted from the letter of a correspondent from Constantinople, dated March 20:—"The condition of the Turkish army occupies the attention of all here who are to join its ranks or those of its allies. The widely different fortune which its two branches have met with,—that of Europe having successfully withstood renewed attacks and weakened the *prestige* of the most dreaded army in Europe, that of Asia having been reduced to a rabble at the first onset,—have led people to consider in what its strength lies, and opinions on the subject are pretty well made up. As to the common soldier, the stalwart but slouching Mussulman of twenty-two or twenty-three, it does not require a military eye to recognise in him the materials for an admirable soldier, nor, on the other hand, to be assured that there is something wanting, which a better discipline and a higher example would impart. The stout bold-looking youth, with keen and glancing eye, who yet cannot stand sentry for ten minutes without leaning his back against a door-post, and setting his

an hour, however, a furious hand-to-hand fight was continued, and numbers fell on both sides, neither of which gained much advantage over the other. The Turkish general then gave orders for a retreat, which was conducted in a disorderly manner. Taking advantage of the confusion, the Russians fell on the retreating infantry in front and flank. By this means they were enabled to capture four-and-twenty guns, which they turned against the Turks, and thus converted a confused retreat into a flight. The Turks also lost all their baggage; a part of their ammunition; had upwards of 700 men killed and 1,300 wounded. The Russians, however, suffered very severely, and retreated to their fortress, leaving about half of the captured guns on the field, as well as a battery of their own. These guns were seen by the Turkish soldiers who went over the ghastly field in search of their wounded comrades; but, as detachments were not sent until the third day to bring them in, it was found that the Russians had made better use of the time, and had carried them into the fortress of Gumri during the night. The Russian general, Elia Bey, was mortally wounded during the battle, and died on being carried off the field.

When the Turkish army re-entered Kars, it was little better than a military rabble. The men gave themselves up to plundering, and the confusion was so great that it was two days before anything like order could be restored. The soldiers had lost all confidence in their officers; and it was felt that without the guidance of European officers, they had but little chance against their better disciplined opponents.\* It was feet apart in a manner neither military nor picturesque, is just the man to defend a redoubt with heroism or run from it with poltroonery, according to the example set by his officers and his confidence in their skill and valour. In the want of men fit for command lies the real weakness of the Turkish army. According to the statements of all European judges, the chief difficulty which impedes active operations is the fact that neither in military nor moral qualities is the officer superior to the private. The social state of the empire is partly the cause of this military deficiency. There is not, as in other countries, a middle class from which to choose at least a majority of the officers. It has long been recognised by tacticians that something more is requisite for command in war than a mere knowledge of military details. In the perilous extremity or the sudden crisis, the moral superiority which education imparts exerts an influence which can never be attained by one who has no higher culture or aims than those whom he leads. Even democratic countries have shown little willingness to select their officers from the class which forms the staple of the army, and such promotion is,



to General Guyon that the Turks were indebted for the restoration of tranquillity. The command was surrendered to him, and he became the director of everything. He addressed himself to the thorough reorganisation of the army; and, amongst other necessary measures, distributed the contents of the military chest to pay the soldiers. The selfish pashas, caring more for their personal aggrandisement than for the freedom and honour of their country, were reserving it for themselves. They had left the pay of the troops twelve or eighteen months in arrear, though they had mostly taken pretty good care of themselves. The soldiers appeared to have great confidence in General Guyon, and promised to do their duty under him.

Soon after the retreat of the Turks from Gumri, they suffered another reverse near the fortress of Akiska. Ali Pasha, who commanded the Turkish forces on that occasion, had eight battalions. The force of the enemy was about equal; but Ali disposed his troops so badly, that two battalions stood the concentrated fire of eight of the enemy's battalions. During this time Ali Pasha's other troops were stationed at various places from one to two hours' march from the field of battle, and could not be brought up and concentrated before the two battalions actually engaged were almost annihilated. A calm and skilful commander might even then have retrieved the fortunes of the day; but the Turkish leader lost his presence of mind, and instead of vigorously attacking the enemy to revenge himself for the loss of his two battalions, he abandoned his command and fled to Ardahan, leaving twelve or fourteen cannon, all his ammunition, and a number of prisoners in the enemy's hands. The Turks seeing themselves deserted by their

perhaps, rarer in America than under the 'cold shade' of our own purchase system. But here officers and men are alike. The subalterns receive the rations and share the quarters of the common soldier—all eat, smoke, and sing together, and a familiarity exists which has invariably bred contempt. It is undoubted that, bigoted as the soldiers are, they are eager to be led by European officers, and the confidence of the more able generals in the native captains and lieutenants is as small as that of the men. The complaints of Omar Pasha are well known, and similar accounts are brought from Erzeroum. The men though four months in arrear of pay, and woefully destitute of discipline, are healthy and full of spirits. The army, though smaller than could be wished, is recovering from the disasters of December, and may soon take the field with fair prospects; but the hopes of all are damped when they witness the inefficiency

leader, fell into confusion and retreated with headlong speed. So apparent were the errors and cowardice of Ali Pasha, that he would have fallen a victim to the vengeance of his own soldiers, if he had not hid himself.

It was the misfortune of the Turkish army in Asia not only to be badly officered, but also when they had a leader of courage and ability to command them, to have him removed. The soldiers were becoming strongly attached to General Guyon, and hopes were entertained of a highly successful campaign in the spring. At this time Reis Ahmed Pasha, an incompetent officer, was appointed commander, and General Guyon's authority terminated. He was fortifying Kars as well as the means at hand permitted, and preparing for a more energetic and better-conducted renewal of the war in the new year. Even the Russians seemed more cautious while he commanded, and his removal from authority produced serious apprehensions of future failures and calamities.

The winter passed without hostilities; the Turkish troops remaining at Erzeroum and Kars. The Russians seem to have had their hands too full to molest them, or well-conducted attacks during that inclement period might have been attended with fatal results. With the return of spring, the Russians, unable any longer to defend the coasts of Abasia and Mingrelia, on account of the blockade of Sebastopol, abandoned all their sea-coast forts between Batoum and the Sea of Azoff, leaving them in flames.

The reader will remember that one of the results of the destruction of the Turkish ships at Sinope, by a Russian fleet of overwhelming power, was that the combined French and English squadrons (consisting of nine English and seven French ships-of-

and indolence of those who should be an example to their inferiors. 'Except Guyon and some Hungarians there is no one to trust,' says one who has been an eye-witness of the proceedings; and if this be the case in the tranquillity of the camp and the routine of drill, what will be the event when the army is again opposed to an enemy rendered confident by former victory? The Turks are said to fight with bravery, every man for himself, until either forced or directed to retire, when the officers are found inadequate to a movement requiring judgment, coolness, and precision, and the retreat becomes a rout. It is important that at least a few men of superior *morale* should be introduced into the composition of the Ottoman force. Three or four European officers in each brigade, possessed of some knowledge of engineering, would be invaluable. Indeed, a more direct interference with their army is desirable."

the-line, besides steam-frigates) received the orders of their respective governments to enter the Black Sea, which they did on the 5th of January. While this noble force breasted the surging waters of the Euxine, the Russian fleet was shut up in the harbour of Sebastopol, and that dreaded fortress virtually blockaded. The Porte immediately took advantage of these circumstances, by sending to Batoum a convoy with 15,000 men to reinforce the Turkish army in Asia. The Turkish ships also carried a supply of gunpowder for those brave allies of the sultan, the mountaineers of the Caucasus, and followers of the warrior-priest Schamyl. The Russian forts along the Circassian shores of the Black Sea were not yet abandoned, that event being the result of the cruise of the British fleet, under Admiral Lyons, in that direction. The difficulty, therefore, was to convey the gunpowder to the hardy warriors of the mountain and forest. Courage and resolution, however, will accomplish anything short of miracles. An intimation having been conveyed to the Circassians that a supply of powder had been brought for them in the Turkish ships, a scheme was arranged for carrying it off to the mountains, notwithstanding the chain of Russian forts that lined the coast. On the firing of signal-guns along the shore, a thousand fierce horsemen, bristling with arms, suddenly made their appearance; dashed along like madmen, spurring, steaming, and foaming; swept between the Russian forts, and each man having strapped upon his back a bag of powder, turned his horse's head, and the whole troop sped back again, and disappeared among the mountains like a troop of spectres, no doubt leaving the Russian sentries very much astonished at this sudden and off-hand performance;—some of them, perhaps, more than half-disposed to doubt its reality, and in their wild credulity to exclaim—

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,  
And these are of them."

The French and English admirals (Hamelin and Dundas) sent a division of the fleet, under the command of Admiral Lyons and Captain de Chabannes, to the coast of Circassia. The cruise was crowned with signal success. One fort only—that of Redoubt Kaleh—offered any shadow of resistance. That shadow (as the reader will soon see) passed away literally in smoke—the smoke arising from a burning town,

fired by those who could not defend it. An account of the operations of the fleet is contained in the following pictorial and playful letter, which the party receiving it forwarded for publication in a leading journal. It contains so much interest, on account of its brilliant descriptions of a locality highly favoured by nature; rich—gorgeously rich—in classical associations; and honourable for the heroism of his hardy children, the brave idolaters of Freedom, that we cannot resist the temptation to insert it here. It deserves a far better fate than to attract notice for a day in the columns of a newspaper, then to be buried in a pile of similar productions beneath a layer of venerable dust, and finally sold for waste paper, to meet a cruel dismemberment at the butterman's or trunk-maker's.

"Her Majesty's ship —, off the  
Circassian coast, May 15th.

"We are on the way to Suchum-Kaleh, but Admiral Lyons has kindly permitted the officers to have a run on shore and explore the blown-up Russian fortress at Gagri.\* We found its remains standing at the entrance of a tremendous gorge, in the centre of which a mountain-stream runs, rendering Gagri the most healthy of the Russian Circassian posts. The hills, which spring in a steep slope from the sea, are on their lower parts covered with magnificent foliage, occasionally broken into large grassy spaces of a park-like appearance, and these are now decked in all the beauty of spring. Towards the middle of the mountains the trees are more bare, and a little beyond have no foliage at all. Then the species change from elm and oak to pine and larch, which at first runs with and lights up the other trees beautifully, and afterwards in a thick black fringe have all the top to themselves. Mountains such as these occupy either side of the gorge, their tops a mixture of black pine and snow. Towering beyond, in the centre of the whole view, are huge peaks of unbroken and perpetual snow; the whole is a glorious combination of summer and winter—beauty and grandeur. The fort of Gagri had evidently been evacuated in a hurry, as the Russians had left their ordnance stores there. I counted thirteen 9-pounders quite new, and there are also several 10-inch mortars and howitzers, besides many piles of shot and shell in the best condition. Their principal missile seems to have been case-shot; the whole place was strewn over with old canisters and iron balls of this description; one storehouse was entirely filled with the latter, to be fired from the 10-inch mortar. The fort is a square, with bastions at

\* See Map of the Black Sea, comprised in this work.



the angles, and there is a block-house at some distance from it up the valley to command the passage. We did not anchor, and our stay did not exceed half-an-hour. A number of Circassians were sitting on the remnants of *chevaux-de-frise*, and welcomed us gladly, but advised us not to go far up the valley, as their brethren on either side, not knowing what to make of us, would probably fire. They had collected in some numbers as we left, and as we shoved off all fired their rifles together, as a parting salute, which we acknowledged by tossing oars to them. As the Circassians do not understand any sort of warfare but their own, all the military stores should be taken and given to the Turks to make strong their towns upon the Black Sea. The evacuation had been so recent that fragments of books and other small wares were strewed around. After leaving Gagri, we passed the town of Paposi, and skirted the coast of Imeritia; its occupants are Christians of the Greek church, and favourable to Russia, their chief receiving 20,000 dollars a-year. Some people theorise that local scenery influences the minds of those who dwell amid it; if so, these people should be the noblest nation on earth. The mountains have retired from the water's edge, and between them and the sea is a plain some miles across, upon which the trees and verdure are luxuriantly beautiful; smoke arises here and there, as if agriculturists were at work, and distant houses of wood are bathed in the brightest sunlight. This is summer—winter approaches half-way up the mountains, its boundary again marked by firs, and pines, and stray snow-patches in the ravines; again, there is a splendid black forest of firs, many miles in length, along the mountains; above this fir-tops are seen struggling through the snow; above is winter indeed in all its dreariness and fierceness. The immense quantity of snow is perfectly dazzling; it lies in one thick unbroken mass extending high up into the heavens, except where abrupt precipices and rocks will not allow it to remain on their perpendicular surfaces; and peak upon peak, as fantastic as the most insane artist could desire, follow in rapid succession. In steaming along the coast we passed a Russian monastery embowered in trees; one monk alone had taken up his quarters there, as it had not been finished; it is now deserted; its circular green top, crowned by a gold cross, has a pretty effect.

"In passing Paposi five guns were fired thence as a salute, a gun to each ship (*Agamemnon*, *Charlemagne*, *Hightflyer*, *Sampson*, and *Mogador*), which was duly returned by the *Agamemnon*, which ship bears the flag of Rear-admiral Sir E. Lyons. We have had some curious effects of mirage; the *Agamemnon* increased greatly in height, now becoming all white, then all black, and then surrounded by a thin white stripe, which continually changed its position; the

*Charlemagne* appeared to sink lower and lower in the water, until nothing remained but her hammock nettings; after which proceeding she suddenly grew to twice her height, and then diminished once more. We are rapidly approaching Suchum-Kaleh; there is a glorious view of snow and rock; the former on the more distant mountains appears to descend almost to their bases; but, notwithstanding snow and ice, we have below here tremendously hot weather. The masses of snow are partially lit up by the sun; in other places they are partly concealed by cloud; it is difficult sometimes to draw the boundaries of heaven and earth, for as the evening draws on, both are fast melting into one. One giant peak of porphyry, which shows the perpendicular rock, presides over the glaciers beneath right regally.

"May 18.—On nearing Suchum-Kaleh, we perceived the walls were covered with men in the Circassian dress, eight of them bearing flags of all devices and colours, but nearly all having upon them the star and crescent. A beautiful bay, thickly wooded around, forms the entrance to Suchum; in the centre of this we found seventy fathoms of water. The wind blew from the shore, and brought with it a delicious perfume of flowers, and from the appearance of handsome detached houses scattered around, one sees that Russians and Georgians have lived together on friendly terms. About two miles from the town rises a small hill, covered with buildings; and farms, well constructed in every respect, nestle at its foot. I began exploring Suchum yesterday at ten o'clock. On the one flank is a battery of gabions and fascines, having eight guns towards the sea (six of them remaining there, though jammed up with shot.) In the centre is a furnace of brick, built with the amiable intention of heating shot for our reception, for our prisoners tell us that the whole of the sea defences have been recently constructed. At the other flank is the old Genoese castle, surrounded by a thick wall of great strength and extent. Here are all the government stores; twelve or fourteen guns, ranging from 18 to 30-pounders (the latter are handsome and serviceable pieces of ordnance), repose upon the walls unspiked. Large stores of flour and wheat were still burning with a horrible smell; and shot and shell of all descriptions are strewed over the ground. Between these two ports is a long street, containing shops and houses of wood and stone; from the centre of this street a spacious road leads to the country. It is well planted with trees upon the walks on either side, behind which are cottages built in excellent taste, and covered with roses and jessamine. We visited the general's house; his coach-houses, stables, and kitchens excited our admiration. A little beyond are botanical gardens. I never saw roses in such profusion as here; the hedges are

formed entirely of them, and they are in full flower; their scent fills the whole place. After nearly all the ships had foraged enormous bouquets, we climbed up to the houses on the hill I spoke of; these proved to be an enormous hospital, beds still remaining there. We sat underneath large trees in front of the building and emptied our pocket-flasks with much gusto, for the heat was tropical. Here I sketched a Circassian, and gave him the performance, which caused roars of laughter and '*Mashallahs!*' We soon got to know how it happened that the town had not been destroyed like the neighbouring places. It seems the Russians marched from the town overland to join the army in Asia; but, being too weak in themselves to make the journey, obtained a large escort of Georgians, the price of their service being the town of Suchum, the Georgians having stipulated that nothing should be destroyed except military stores. Their terms were accepted, and a Georgian detachment remained behind to take care of the place until their brethren should return; but our friend Schamyl had also kept his eyes open, and immediately upon the evacuation of the town by the Russians and Georgians, sent a lieutenant with a body of Circassians (some say 500, others 2,000) to take possession. In consequence, disputes ran high between Georgians and Circassians (the former Christians) at Suchum-Kaleh; the one party say they shall occupy the place and keep it, and the other that they have earned it; the returning Georgians, however, are but one day's march from the scene of dissension, and most likely Suchum-Kaleh will be a prize well fought for. Schamyl's lieutenant had left for Batoum to communicate with the Turks. On leaving Suchum-Kaleh, we made acquaintance with the highest peaks of the Caucasus, which run inland, and were left behind before approaching Redout-Kaleh. We have been fortunate in the clear atmosphere, hot as it has been. This morning the view of the wildest part of the Caucasus was grand in the extreme. The highest peak (8,000 feet) was in sight, its surrounding neighbours forming with it a magnificent snow landscape, which I shall never forget.

"We had been told that Redout-Kaleh was deserted by the Russians. On arriving at the place the admiral hoisted a large Turkish ensign, but no notice was taken from the shore, not even a red pocket handkerchief was shown in our honour, and people were seen riding about on shore, carrying lances of a most suspicious Cossackly appearance. The fleet proceeded to Nikolai (Shefkatil, or Fort St. Nicholas), where we anchored, and the admiral went on shore, and after a conference there we got under weigh again, and are now anchored at Zuluk Zee, where there is a large Turkish camp, whence we are to take a body of Turkish soldiers to occupy

and take Redout-Kaleh, which, as we suspected, is still in the hands of the Russians; the marines and marine artillery of the fleet are prepared to land with the Turks to attack the fort by land. The ships have been busy in bringing off the Turks, to the number of 1,000. These soldiers are excellently armed with French muskets; their clothing is not good, being both patched and in holes, and they are heavily laden with large knapsacks, but, notwithstanding their having been encamped for some months in a most unhealthy place, they are generally hearty and strout, thickset fellows, and of capital fighting materials. Their officers are very so-so, and treat their men harshly. Zuluk Zee boasts a bazaar, a long narrow street filled with dirty little shops. There are great numbers of sick in the hospital, for here, as at Suchum, fever, ague, and consumption do their worst.

"May 22nd.—And now to give you an account of our adventures at Redout-Kaleh. We reached that place at about four o'clock, and, before doing so, saw hosts of Georgians mounted, intermingled with Cossacks, and riding hard along the beach into the town; and, standing about the parapet of the fort, could distinguish eight or nine Russian officers by their uniform. The admiral immediately sent a flag of truce, requiring the immediate evacuation of the place. The officer in command replied that the price was two miles distant, and it was necessary to communicate with him on the subject. Upon this the boat waited for a quarter-of-an-hour (five minutes longer than agreed upon), then shoved off, and, making signal to the admiral 'Have received no answer,' pulled out. They were ordered back, however, by signal, to remain another quarter-of-an-hour; but, on again reaching the shore, no one was to be seen—officers, Georgians, and Cossacks all having disappeared as if by magic. On this being made known the *Agamemnon* immediately opened fire, the Turks were got into the boats, and assembled near the *Sampson*, with a few gun-boats to cover them, and waited until ordered to approach; but, as the first shot was fired, a thick mass of smoke began to rise from the town, and soon afterwards I counted ten such ascending straight into the clouds—in short, the Russians had fired the town, and right well had they commenced their work. The old Caucasus, who shone against the sky with all his snow peaks without a cloud, echoed loudly the cannonade of the *Agamemnon* and *Charlemagne*, and the gun-boats and Turks advanced and disembarked, having had but one gun fired at them from the fort. The Turks formed upon the beach, the Bashi-Bazouks penetrated the wood on their right, and examining the houses and forts in front, as skirmishers. The Turks proceeded by the banks of the fine broad river towards the burning town, and found that pursuit



of the Russians was cut off by the destruction of bridges of boats. Two rivers, one from the south and one from the east, have their confluence here. A Turk swam across one with a line in his mouth to form a communication, but the measures of the enemy had been taken too well, and but a few shots were fired at the last of them. Meanwhile the ships' boats were recalled, and the Turks left in quiet possession of this side of the rivers; the rest was a tremendous conflagration; houses and trees burnt together furiously during the whole of the night, and fierce flames and illuminated smoke rendered our decks almost light. As I was looking through a glass, down came the steeple of a church, most beautifully covered with flame. Fortunately, the wind did not permit of its spreading more to the west, or the Turks would have been burnt out. All the men in the ships were ready at their guns during the firing, and the artillery and marines were ready to land if necessary. Redout-Kaleh was the most important point of the Russians, connecting Teflis and the interior of Georgia with the Black Sea; and it was from that place communications were made between the other posts and the army in Asia. Flame and smoke were also seen in the direction of Poti, which most probably has shared a similar fate; so that now the Russians are completely shut out in Georgia from the Black Sea. They had evidently retained Redout as long as possible, owing to its importance, but were prepared to destroy it upon an emergency, and I have no doubt but everything was made ready to fire it on our first appearance off the place when we hoisted the Turkish ensign. Redout is now the most important position in the hands of the Turks, and they require more men and guns there as soon as possible, as now they have but 7,000 men to hold five positions. We are now off to Sinope, and afterwards to join Admiral Dundas, leaving the *Sampson* to help to take care of Redout-Kaleh."

Anapa and Sujack Bay were the only fortified places on the Circassian coast which the Russians had been able to retain. In them, however, the garrisons had been augmented, and consisted of an effective force of 20,000 men. "Your excellency," wrote Vice-admiral Hamelin, "sees that affairs have taken a good turn on the coasts of Georgia and Circassia, where the Ottoman flag will soon float triumphantly, wherever it floated formerly."

It is a slight event, yet indicative, we think, of the growing power of English (and we should also say of French) commerce and civilisation, that the birthday of Queen Victoria was this year celebrated on the waters of the Black Sea—a region where

the jealousies of Turkey and Russia had hitherto excluded the vessels of all other European nations. The deep-mouthed guns boomed over the waters, and English, French, and Turkish ships were all gaily decorated with flags to do honour to the amiable lady who wears with such grace, clemency, and moderation, the constitutional crown of England. The occasion was "improved" (as a very amiable, serious friend of ours would say) by Admiral Dundas giving a grand dinner to all the principal officers of the allied fleets.

We subjoin another highly interesting letter, written by the same author as the preceding. It contains some pleasing accounts of the Circassians and of their women, so long reputed as the most beautiful in the world. It has also an allusion to Sinope, in its desolation still standing as a melancholy memorial of Russian craft and cruelty:—

"Her Majesty's steamer —, May 22nd.

"The last two days have been occupied in putting Redout-Kaleh in a state of defence against internal enemies, in intrenching and securing otherwise the position of the Turks. On the 20th a party of sappers from the *Agamemnon* were landed, with working parties from the other ships, both French and English; also the whole of the Turkish soldiers we had embarked at Zuluk Zee, and two officers of marine artillery (first lieutenants H. Cox and H. B. Roberts), who directed the operations. In a few hours a blockhouse was finished and loop-holed (it had been a Russian barrack), and a parapet established, flanked by a long, deep marsh. Another blockhouse was formed out of an old store, with strong thick planks as an outwork on the only other point accessible to the Mingrelians (Georgians) by the south; this had at its right the sea, and on its left another marsh, beyond which is a thick wood. The Turks worked away with pickaxe and shovel most manfully; they had no artillery officer with them, and were as ignorant as children on the subject; the bey, nevertheless, carried out the orders of the marine artillery officers; houses were destroyed and others strengthened, though at first he was somewhat aghast at the amount of demolition required. They established a continuation of the old fort on the land side. No officers were allowed on shore that day but those on duty. Towards sunset the Turks gradually became lazy, and had to be encouraged with 'Moskov,' to show them the necessity of going on. At five o'clock the next morning I caught the little old bey just getting up, smoked a chibouque with him, and then pantomimed a furious digging, upon which he sent to awaken the men, most of whom were asleep about their piled arms, and

the rest smoking, and at half-past five they were all digging away capitably. It was explained to the bey what he must do when the ships had left, and what number of men should be in the different posts. The Turks worked admirably, and, as one party of the diggers vied with the other, the parapet got on wonderfully, and the whole of the defences assumed a most respectable appearance. A party of officers crossed the river by the flying bridge, and walked over the smouldering remnants of the town, and somewhat beyond, notwithstanding the warnings of Bashi-Bazouks, who are posted on this side, concerning lurking Moskovs and Georgians. The place is entirely destroyed. Nothing remains of the main part of the town but black beams strewed around. In the centre stand isolated the stone steps which formed the approach to the church. The chimneys and ovens of the houses alone mark their site, all the rest having been of wood. Apparently, a handsome street had run parallel with the river, but its houses must have been very unhealthy, as both on the north and south sides stretches a marshy country, covered with brushwood and large lilies. The glass of the houses was seen in fused lumps; pottery strewed the ground, and occasionally were found rats and cats, from their position burnt to death in the act of running away. In the evening Admiral Lyons inspected the works, with which he expressed himself 'perfectly delighted.' The admiral then, with the captain of the *Charlemagne* and several others, pulled up the river, having the precaution of a skirmishing party of Turks on each bank for their protection. One of these took a Georgian prisoner, and conveyed him to the fort. He was beset on all sides by the Turks, who crowded around him, unheeding their officers' orders, which were enforced by those gentlemen possessing themselves of large sticks and laying them on the heads of the Turkish soldiers, right and left. The prisoner (suspected, with reason, of being a spy) was brought before the bey, and sent as a prisoner to his quarters. The poor Georgian was in an awful fright, as well he might be, and before going to his prison knelt down and kissed the hem of the bey's coat with the greatest reverence. A Turk touched his musket significantly, with an expression which meant 'that fellow will be shot to-night.' However, he was preserved by an order from the admiral to send him on board the *Sampson*. We retain in the fleet the officers and soldiers of the Russian troops which we captured; also the Greek crew. Our prize is said to have 300 lb. weight of quinine on board, part of the medical stores collected from the whole of the Circassian stations. But I must now tell you of our proceedings prior to the events I have narrated. After leaving Gelendjik we saw the deserted station of Wilhelmsky, which occupies a beau-

tiful position on a fertile slope, and protected by well-studied defences; beyond this the cliffs come abruptly into the sea, and between them there are long valleys filled with luxuriant foliage. After Gelendjik comes the little station of Lazaroff, the centre of a perfect gem of scenery. It stands (or rather stood, as the whole is burnt or destroyed, except the outer loopholed-walls, and a couple of blockhouses, studded with poplars, the lower halves of which are now blackened by fire) in the middle of a small plain, at the entrance of a tremendous gorge; on either side, and far up in the distance, which is beautifully broken into hill and dale, are masses of trees in full foliage, and the gorge is closed in the extreme distance by the usual accompaniment to such scenes in this part of the world—a lofty snow and pine-covered mountain. A collection of mountain streams flows by Lazaroff with all the importance of a river, and upon its banks we saw many Circassians and two Turkish trading boats.

"After Lazaroff came Golovinsky. As we passed it the Circassians and a Turkish vessel or two fired a salute, which was duly returned by the *Agamemnon*. A few miles beyond Golovinsky the admiral stood close to the shore and anchored; the rest of the fleet did the same. Two Turkish trading boats from Trebizoude were high and dry on the beach, and hundreds of Circassians formed a picturesque crowd (nearly all being mounted) by the sea-shore. This point is named Bardan, and here the Russians have perseveringly tried to get a footing, and as often been foiled by Circassian rifles, the owners of which are not a little proud of the frequent repulsions of Moskov. Bardan has therefore been the only Circassian post, and from this place the young ladies have for years been eligibly settled in the harems of the great men of Stamboul. From this place Captain Brook and the engineer officer started over the mountains with a few sappers and an escort of Circassians, commanded by Ismail Bey, to cross the Russian road by hook or by crook, and to communicate with Schamyl if possible. Ismail Bey is a great man among the people, and a lord of the soil of Bardan; he was brought from Constantinople the other day by the *Terrible*, and has since lived in the *Agamemnon*. On the landing of the party all good wishes were expressed by a salute of seven guns, and they started on their expedition that same evening. As soon as we landed we were surrounded by a crowd of Circassians, who immediately led us by a path from the shore, through woods, brambles, and ditches, to a long field, surrounded by woods, among which several wooden dwellings showed their roofs. This was a beautiful spot, and the grass beneath us a mass of daisies and buttercups. A renewal of acquaintance with these was not the least



pleasant part of our trip. A Circassian made me mount his horse. Crossing a stream, I gave it up again, and prepared, with a guide, to scale one of the mountain heights. We had a heavy pull up this hill, on a narrow pathway covered with briar and brambles. On our way we met two Circassian young ladies, rather moon-faced, but with beautiful complexions and pleasant expression. Our Circassian friend called to them to cover their faces (we had a dragoman with us)—an order which the young ladies showed their good sense by neglecting. At the top we had a most noble view, a complete panorama of rich wood, overtopped with snow; several villages were dotted among the woods and upon the mountain sides, the dwellings being all of wood. We descended by another mountain path to the sea; here we took another stroll, and entered a wood. We had been advised not to stray too far, as the Circassians of the mountains were ignorant of our arrival, and might take us for Russians. In the wood we met a fine-looking old gentleman, mounted, and proceeding slowly; with him were two Circassian girls, his daughters as it appeared. Not knowing what to make of us, he drew his sword, or rather long knife, and looked fierce; but on nearing us, and seeing we were unarmed, returned it again, and was quite happy when he knew us to be ‘Inghealeez.’ Then his daughters came forward and shook hands with all. One was about twelve years old, the other fourteen; the latter exceedingly pretty, with a fair skin, blue eyes, and light hair, and we were told by the old gentleman, ready and happy to become a portion of the personal effects of any of us for 10,000 piastres (£80.) These Circassian girls look forward to this, as being settled in life and going to Stamboul is a fulfilment of their best wishes and desires, just as a young lady in London makes an ‘eligible’ match. Our little friend with the blue eyes looked at us earnestly, in confirmation of papa’s words, and made some of our party a present of shells she had just picked up, which she pantomimed would bear a fine polish; but a Circassian girl here and at Stamboul are two very different beings. At home she wanders about in plain and rough dress, only dreaming of the gold and decoration that may some day fall to her lot at Stamboul. They are generally educated in Turkish young lady-like accomplishments, music, &c., and imbibed by degrees the artificial life they must lead henceforth. No Turk can marry, unless he provide his wife or wives with all manner of ornaments and luxury, and hence a decrease in the population which would greatly gratify Mr. Malthus. As the Turks of the lower orders die at Stamboul, their place is mostly filled by fresh arrivals from Asia. The two Turkish trading-vessels fired an eccentric salute as the ships arrived and anchored. A French officer told me that these boats had arrived to export

a freight of the same nature as the little blue-eyed girl I have told you of; each ship would hold 200 of them. On descending from the mountain we saw a number of Circassian women looking from among the brushwood at the ships; directly we appeared they dipped among the brushwood like so many specimens of ‘Jack-in-the-box.’ I cannot account for such excessive delicacy on their part, except, perhaps, by their being the wives of some of the warriors on the beach, who perhaps were very jealous fellows. We took three of these people off in our boat, and numerous were their expressions of astonishment and ‘Mashallahs!’ on seeing the ship and its contents. A book with views of Stamboul particularly elicited their admiration; but at the sight of a revolver and its six successive explosions of caps came a ‘Mashallah! Mashallah!’ and a shout of laughter. On seeing an engraving of the Greek Slave, the old gentleman laughed and put his hands before his eyes like the most sensitive of American ladies. They ate bread and salt (the latter is most valuable among them), and took back with them some charges of powder. Before coming off I noticed a mark of delicate feeling on the part of one of them. Seeing we were unarmed, he took off his pistols, knives, and sabre, and, unslinging his rifle, insisted on leaving them on shore behind him. When the admiral went on shore, he was at once recognised, and received as a prince; and, on leaving, the whole of the hundreds of rifles were discharged at once by their owners.

“We left Bardan during the night, and in early morning were off Navaginsk. Here the admiral sent a boat ashore to look at the destroyed fortress, where were still found, left behind, twenty-four brass guns. What a gift these would be to our friends the Turks at Redout-Kaleh! By-the-bye, I forgot to tell that those Turks are of the militia. After leaving Navaginsk, we passed the blown-up Russian post of the ‘Holy Ghost,’ and then came Gagri.

“The Circassians are a remarkably good-looking race—tall and well made, and generally fair, some even of the older warriors having quite pink cheeks; and, odd enough, when one considers their roaming life, their feet and hands are remarkably small. They cut their skin shoes to fit the foot exactly. In dress they carry a huge affair on the head, of the calpac species; a high cone of yellow cloth rises from a forest of fur which encircles the head; their coats are principally made of a coarse woollen fabric, and reach far below the knee. The higher orders have this of brilliant yellow cloth; round the throat a linen undergarment buttons exactly, and over this is frequently worn a smart silk affair, showing between the folds of the coat. In their breast they carry about a score of bone or ivory cases,

filled with loose powder, having the ball at the top. Some of the better sort wear smart scarlet leggings and yellow or red slippers; round the waist of all are fastened multitudinous knives and pistols, upon a leather belt, and slung over the shoulder, in a cloth case, the rifle. They look altogether like a set of aristocratic savages. We were all greatly disappointed that the birds had flown from Gelendjik; the plan of proposed attack was perfect; the plan for attacking Soudjee was also made out.

"At Sinope we found the place as mournful looking as ever—exactly in the same state as when we first saw it, except that two small forts have been erected. Not a single house is rebuilt, and the Russian shot are still scattered about; even the Austrian consul has not repaired the shot-holes through his domicile. Our Russian captives were mightily afraid of being left at Sinope; in that case, they said, they were sure the inhabitants would hang them. We looked through one of the Turkish forts to-day. Its officer showed lively satisfaction at our pantomime of the occupation of Redout-Kaleh by his brethren. All the muskets, swords, stores, &c., took are gone to be sold with the prize at Malta, the Circassians being possessed of far better weapons of their own. We gave them, however, lots of shirts, and distributed 20,000 rounds of Russian ball cartridge. We captured a Russian gun-boat with the brig, fully equipped, and have kept it in tow and used it constantly."

Notwithstanding the exertions of General Guyon, the Turkish army in Asia remained inactive until the summer. Some trifling encounters then took place, with variable success. One occurred at Dugourghiet or Ozurghetti.\* Selim Pasha, the officer in command of the Batoum division of the Turkish army, received notice during the month of June, that the Russians and Georgians, to the number of 50,000, under the command of General Andronikoff, were about to make an attack upon him. On the 16th the Turks commenced a retreat to avoid an enemy of such superior force, when the Russians made their appearance, and a furious engagement took place. Selim Pasha had his horse shot under him, and though unwounded, yet received ten bullet-holes through his dress. The Turks are said to have lost 1,400 men and eleven guns, thirty-five flags, and all their baggage; but the loss of the Russians was reported to have been much heavier. They, however,

\* It is a difficult matter to ascertain the correct names of places on and near the Circassian coast of the Black Sea, as each place has two names, one Russian and the other Turkish.

claimed a thorough victory, and concluded their own report of the battle with the stereotyped phrase, "God be praised! Glory to the czar! May his enemies be confounded!" The Turkish soldiers behaved, as they usually do, with heroism, and for some time stubbornly maintained the combat man to man; but their want of efficient officers, and the general mismanagement of the army, put them in a position rendering successful fighting almost a miracle.

The general incapability and knavery which emasculated the Turkish army in Asia, may be partially understood from the following incident:—A contract was entered into by the Porte for medicines and surgical instruments, to be sent to Erzeroum for the use of the troops. In accordance with a shameful practice, which it seems is almost as common in Turkey as it is in Russia, the contract was let and sublet till its actual execution fell into the hands of a Jew. Even under such circumstances the result can scarcely be credited. When the cases were opened, the medicines were found to consist of stale and worthless drugs; and among the implements of surgery were several hundred instruments for extracting milk from women's breasts, probably part of the stock of some bankrupt speculator.

The Turks suffered another reverse in Asia on the 29th of July. Lieutenant-general Von Wrangel, advanced from Erivan with a detachment of Russian troops, and attacked and totally defeated a Turkish corps under the command of Selim Pasha, posted near Bayazid, the capital of Turkish Armenia. Three thousand Turks were said to have fallen; but this statement is from a Russian source, and savours of exaggeration. Four guns and seventeen flags also fell into the hands of the victors.

The defeat of the Turks at Bayazid was followed by another of a far more ruinous character near Kars, beyond the hills of Hadji Velcky. This engagement is generally called the battle of Kurakderé, the name of a village near the scene of action. While General Bebutoff, at the head of a great body of Russian troops, lay in front of the main army of the Turks, some of General Andronikoff's division had defeated the outposts, and were reported to be stealing round by the rear of that flank towards Erzeroum. Zarif Pasha, the Turkish commander, in alarm summoned a council of war, and General Guyon advised an instantaneous advance upon Bebutoff's troops, and then a rapid



return against the columns behind, near Erzeroum. By adopting this plan the pasha would have been able to employ all his force successively against each body of his divided enemies. An insane superstition induced the Turks to delay this movement for two days; and when, on the 6th of August, they attempted it, they found their enemies prepared.

Thirty-five thousand Turks advanced at midnight, and by torchlight, upon the Russian position. General Bebutoff, who had been informed by his spies of this movement, abandoned his camp and made arrangements to attack the Turkish forces on their march. Hostilities did not commence until half-past five in the morning, when the Turks opened a strong fire. "The arrangement of the enemy's batteries," said General Bebutoff, in his despatch, "enabled me to perceive that, profiting by his position, his army was drawn up so that his front did not present a right line, and the direction of one of his wings made an angle with that of the centre. Although such a disposition doubles the difficulties of the attacking column, our brave soldiers of the Caucasus, whom the troops arrived from the interior of Russia would not allow to exceed them in zeal, advanced courageously. The first attack was made by the cavalry which was at our left wing, and eight pieces of cannon which they captured formed a guarantee of the happy issue of the battle. At the same time the infantry advanced with rapidity. Continually pressed at a distance of three versts, the enemy at last occupied rather an elevated point, upon which he could make a decisive resistance. Upon this height our infantry, having before them twenty-eight battalions, and subjected to the fire of carbines and twenty pieces of cannon, rushed to battle with the Turks hand to hand. This decisive attack was crowned with complete success; the centre of the enemy was forced, and the whole of his right wing was overthrown. At the same instant the enemy, in considerable force, attacked our right flank. I placed in line two battalions of Toula, with a battery and the militia, and dispatched upon the extreme right two battalions of Riajsk (all the cavalry remaining in reserve), twelve pieces of foot artillery, and four of horse-artillery; leaving in reserve, opposite the height occupied by the enemy, and to cover the movable hospitals, only two battalions of Toula and a foot battery. The direction of the enemy's columns compelled me to extend to nearly

five versts my line of battle; and the troops had hardly occupied the positions assigned to them, when a sharp cannonade commenced from both sides. In replying from the centre to the fire of the Turks, I ordered the right wing to attack at the same time. The operations upon this point were also equally successful; the decisive charges of the cavalry, supported by the infantry, completely frustrated any attempt of the enemy to turn our flank, and compelled him to seek safety in flight, leaving us seven pieces of cannon in our hands."

This report of the Russian general was substantially correct; but the reader will perceive by it that no easy victory had been gained. The Russian troops were too exhausted by the severe struggle, which had been extended over four hours, to be able to follow up their advantage. They were, however, satisfied with leaving 2,000 Turks dead upon the hard-contested field, and carrying off a still larger number as prisoners.\* Their own loss in men was scarcely inferior to that of their vanquished foes—beaten, we should rather say, yet not vanquished;—no, nor to be vanquished in the end. Still the action reflected discredit on the Turks, as 35,000 of them were defeated by 18,000 Russians, whom they had vainly hoped to take by surprise. On this occasion, as on most others, the poor Ottoman soldiers fought with a resolute bravery that would have done honour to European troops; but the inefficiency, and in some cases disgraceful conduct, of their officers, brought about their defeat. One of them fled at the first shot, pale with terror, and spread disorder through his men; and many other officers deserted the soldiers that should have led forward to the attack. After the battle, the Turks fell back precipitately upon Kars.

The retreat is thus spoken of by an eye-witness:—"On regaining the camp, after the battle, I found the tents already stripped, and nearly everybody's baggage either starting or already gone to Kars. With some the instinct of personal safety had been stronger than a regard for their chattels, and they accordingly had already fled thither, leaving chibouques, carpets, and other personalities to take care of themselves. The cannonade had drawn the Kurds in crowds down from the neigh-

\* The Turkish returns represent the loss as consisting of 1,200 killed, 1,800 wounded, and 8,000 missing; of which last, 2,000 were prisoners, and the rest deserters.

bouring mountains, like vultures to carrion, and they were making rapid appropriations on all hands. Having my own horses, however, I succeeded in bundling together as many of my movables as my servant had been able to protect, and fell into the rapid stream of the retreat, which, with Bashi-Bazouks, infantry, cavalry, artillery, baggage-mules, camels, and bullock-carts (packed with the wounded), formed as motley and scattered a host as ever figured on panoramic canvas. From Hadji Veleki to Kars (some eighteen miles), it was one unbroken stream, hurrying in quick disorder from the dreaded pursuit of the victorious gjaours; soldiers without weapons, stragglers with plunder, and horses without riders—on they hastened, in noisy and jostling confusion, which could find no parallel but in some similar scene. But all this was nothing when compared with the state of things at Kars itself. Even before the battle had terminated, swarms of the flying Bashi-Bazouks had already arrived, and spread the news that the whole Turkish army was destroyed, and the Russians in full march upon the devoted town. When I reached the place, therefore, I found the walls lined—not with soldiers, but women in the wildest alarm and despair, without *yaschmacs*, or face-coverings of any kind: they thronged the half-ruinous embrasures, and, with outspread arms and dishevelled hair, uttered their apprehensive lamentations in every key the female voice can compass. Inside the town matters were equally bad; there again, women hurried in wild and wailing disorder through the narrow streets, asking everyone who seemed to be coming from the war, ‘*Moscov bon-lunour?*’ (Where are the Russians?) And if the answer were discouraging, wringing their hands, and crying ‘*Allah! Allah!*’ Men were passing and repassing with most un-Turkish energy, hastening on sluggish bullocks or buffaloes, with their ‘flitting;’ while the closely-veiled wife or wives, and the children, followed on a separate araba behind. These were taking time by the forelock, and setting out for Erzeroum. In the bazaars all shops were closed and business suspended: the whole scene, indeed, was such as could only be witnessed under similar circumstances.” When the Turks at Kars found that the Russians did not advance, the panic subsided, and after a time something like order was restored. Mustapha Zarif Pasha (the Turkish com-

mander-in-chief, who had exhibited cowardice as well as incompetence) endeavoured, through a miserable jealousy, to throw the blame of the defeat on General Guyon. We presume this baseness was not without effect; for the brave soldier was recalled from Kars. Zarif Pasha was, however, soon afterwards also displaced from the chief command, and his authority given to Ismail Pasha, the ex-commander of Kalafat and the hero of Citate.

The triumph of the Russians, near the hills of Hadji Veleki, was soon marred by an exploit of the Caucasian hero Schamyl. That extraordinary man, when least expected, descends from the mountains like an avalanche, and sweeps all before him. It was feared that the Russians would march upon Erzeroum; but a feat of Schamyl’s put an end to that apprehension. On the 20th of August he descended from the mountains, followed by 15,000 Circassian horsemen, armed to the teeth. This time the Russians were taken by surprise; the Circassians fell upon Georgia, and destroyed 200 villages by fire and the sword. Schamyl even penetrated to within a few leagues of Teflis, and carried away, as hostages, forty unfortunate ladies belonging to the Russian nobility, who were residing on their country estates near that place. The startled Russians, who had previously blown up the forts of Bayazid, withdrew entirely from the Ottoman territory. General Bebutoff was compelled to march to Teflis to protect it against the anticipated attack of the Circassians, and thus the inhabitants of Kars were relieved of their fears that he would march upon their city. Schamyl was threatening Teflis with his army of mountaineers; and it was rumoured that, influenced by a spirit of fanaticism and a bitter hatred of every one connected with the oppressors of his country, he had put the forty Russian ladies to death. If so, the act is a blood-red stain upon his ‘scutcheon that all the waters of the ocean will not wash out, and a taint upon his name that all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten. Noble spirits never smite the helpless, or pour out their vengeance upon women. However, by the fortunate interposition of Schamyl, the victories of the Russians were neither beneficial to themselves or fatal to the Turks.

Before Schamyl retired, he inflicted a severe blow upon the Russian troops. Between the 26th of August and the 1st of September, he led his mountaineers into



the northern part of Georgia, and advanced to the Kour. The centre of his army, which he commanded in person, was at Achalgori on the 28th of August; the right wing, under the Emir Hassan Enim, was at Gori, on the Kour, at the same date; and the left wing, under Emir Chupli Enim, was at Mycht, a little to the north of Teflis. A battle ensued; but the Russians, who were completely taken by surprise, fled after a very feeble resistance. The reverse of the Russians did not end there, for while they were in retreat, the Turks plucked up their courage, resumed the offensive, fell upon the rear-guard of their enemy, and revenged themselves for their recent defeat. Thus ended the Asiatic campaign of 1854; and the fears which had been entertained that the cause of the Ottoman would, in that quarter of the world, be trampled into the dust by the power of Russia, melted away

like autumn mists. "Never," said a Trebizond correspondent of a French journal, "never has there been a better opportunity of judging of Russian weakness, and of the facility with which the allies of Turkey may, when they wish, put an end to Russian domination in the trans-Caucasian provinces. Not only is the army of Georgia incapable of undertaking anything against the Ottoman territory, but no sooner does it leave Teflis than it is obliged to return, in order to protect that capital of the Russian possessions against the incursions of the Tcherkesses (Circassians.) A division of European troops, commanded by an able chief, and concerting his operations with the Turks on one side, and with Schamyl on the other, would very soon reduce the Russian fortresses in the trans-Caucasian provinces to the last extremity." The grasp of Russia on Asia was yet a question of the future.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE ALLIES PROCEED FROM VARNA TO THE CRIMEA; THEY LAND AT THE OLD FORT; SIR GEORGE BROWN NEARLY CAPTURED BY COSSACKS; HORRORS OF THE FIRST NIGHT IN THE CRIMEA; OCCUPATION OF EUPATORIA; ADDRESS OF MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD TO THE FRENCH TROOPS; SKIRMISH ON THE EVENING OF THE 19TH; GLORIOUS VICTORY OF THE ALMA; THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE; DESPATCHES OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH GENERALS AND ADMIRALS; DEATH OF MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD; REPORTED FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

THE long-talked-of expedition of the English and French forces to the Crimea was at length decidedly resolved upon. Councils of war, attended by the chief generals of rank, both French and English, were frequently held at Varna, and the mode of conducting the invasion of Russian territory carefully arranged. Still many delays occurred in carrying so extensive a design into execution. The 15th of August was the date first fixed for the sailing of the allied armies from Varna to the Crimea: it was postponed until the 20th; then till the 22nd; then the 26th. Then successively to the 1st, 2nd, and 7th of September—that is, the French fleet left Varna on the 5th, and the English sailed from the neighbouring port of Baltschik on the 7th.

These delays hazarded not only the success, but even the practicability of the design; as between the 15th and 25th of September, the great equinoctial gales sweep

the Black Sea, and lash it into tempests of the most furious and destructive nature. To have deferred the expedition until the following year, would have been a triumph to Russia and a disgrace to the allies. On the other hand, to attack Sebastopol, was for the allies to pledge themselves to enter it as conquerors, otherwise the military reputation of France and England would be overshadowed by a barbarian force, and the Emperor Nicholas would feel that the power of Russia was sufficient to carry forward the designs of its ambition. Failure on the part of the allies, would be to abandon the empire of the East to Russia, and also to encourage it to extend its stealthy encroachments in Europe. The combined fleets amounted to nearly 400 vessels of various kinds, and presented a grand and imposing sight. At night, when all the ships had lights hung out, the fleets looked like some enormous city upon the waters.

Fidonisi, or the island of Serpents, was appointed as a rendezvous for the allied fleets, who fortunately had very favourable weather for their voyage across the Black Sea to the Crimea. The water was perfectly smooth during the passage, and the weather is described as being like the fine days we sometimes have in England towards the end of November—sunny, but cold and winterly. It has been said, that hitherto the cholera had been the firmest ally of the Emperor Nicholas; but if a hurricane had scattered the fleets, and tempests assailed the vessels encumbered with soldiers, then he might have regarded the winds and the waves as even firmer friends to him than the cholera. The voyage, however, was accomplished in safety, and at daybreak on the 14th of September, the allies arrived at the Crimea, off a place called the Old Fort, or Staroe Ukriplenie, situated about twenty miles to the south of Eupatoria, and thirty to the north of Sebastopol. It was at first intended to land at Eupatoria, but the former position was resolved upon by Lord Raglan and the admirals, after a minute *reconnaissance* of the coast from Cape Chersonese to Eupatoria; from which it appeared that the enemy had taken up strong positions upon the rivers Alma and Katcha, but not beyond them.

No Russian troops were there to oppose the landing, which, although it was immediately commenced with great vigour, occupied three days before it was completed. This was owing to a swell of the sea, which considerably impeded the operations of the troops, and even caused them to be attended with some danger. The allied army which had landed on the Crimea was composed of 60,000 men, consisting of 27,000 English, 25,000 French, and 8,000 Turks. The fact of their being unopposed by the Russian army, made a great impression on the Tartar population, who seemed disposed to view the invaders of their ancient soil in a very favourable light. The allies were regarded by them, not as enemies, but as a power probably destined to break the Russian yoke from off their necks and set them free.

Previously to the landing of the allies, much valuable time was lost in consequence of no decided plan of campaign having been resolved upon by the generals in command. Two days were passed in settling at what point they should land. Lord Raglan, Sir George Brown, General Canrobert, and Sir

J. Burgoyne, were assembled on board the *Caradoc*, which being a swift vessel, could approach the Russian shore without much danger of being captured. At one time it ran close under the encampment which was stationed to defend or watch the mouth of the river Belbek. So close did the vessel approach to the cliffs, that Russian officers were seen in front of their men engaged in getting their glasses to a focus to observe the new comers. On perceiving this, the English officers took off their hats and bowed, a politeness which was immediately returned.

The French were the first to land on the soil of the Crimea. "Their small war-steamers," says a writer from the scene of action, "went much nearer to the shore than ours were allowed to go; and a little after seven o'clock, the first French boat put off from one of the men-of-war with not more than fifteen or sixteen men on board of her. She was beached quietly on shore, and the crew leaping out, formed into a knot on the strand, and seemed busily engaged for a few moments over one spot of ground, as though they were digging a grave. Presently a flagstaff was visible above their heads, and in a moment more the tricolour was run up to the top, and fluttered out gaily in the wind, while the men took off their hats and did their *Vive l'Empereur* in good style. The French were thus the first to take possession and seisin of the Crimea. There was no enemy in sight; the most scrutinising gaze at this moment could not have detected a hostile uniform along the coast. The French admiral fired a gun shortly after eight o'clock, and the disembarkation of their troops commenced. In twenty minutes, they say, they got 6,000 men on shore."

Sir George Brown was the first Englishman who landed, and he was followed by the royal fusileers. Sir George immediately pushed forward without sending videttes or men in front. This rashness nearly cost him his life or liberty, for he was in great danger of being captured by a party of Cossacks, who, with an officer at their head, were discerned watching the fleets and invading troops. The Cossacks, who had been stealthily approaching Sir George, made a dash at him when within about a hundred yards. The English general ran for his life, and was saved from capture by the fire of a company of the fusileers, who, fortunately, were not far distant. On receiving so



warm a reception, the Cossacks turned and fled.

The correspondent before quoted gives further particulars of the disembarkation, from which we extract the following life-like descriptive touches:—"By twelve o'clock in the day, that barren and desolate beach, inhabited but a short time before only by the sea-gull and wild-fowl, was swarming with life. From one extremity to the other bayonets glistened, and red coats and brass-mounted shakos gleamed in solid masses. The air was filled with our English speech, and the hum of voices mingled with loud notes of command, cries of comrades to each other, the familiar address of 'Bill' to 'Tom,' or of 'Pat' to 'Sandy,' and an occasional shout of laughter. Very amusing was it to watch the loading and unloading of the boats. A gig or cutter, pulled by eight or twelve sailors, with a paddle-box boat, flat, or Turkish pinnace in tow (the latter purchased for the service), would come up alongside a steamer or transport in which troops were ready for disembarkation. The officers of each company first descended, each man in full dress. Over his shoulder was slung his haversack, containing what had been, ere it underwent the process of cooking—four pounds and a-half of salt meat, and a bulky mass of biscuit of the same weight. This was his ration for three days. Besides this each officer carried his great-coat, rolled up and fastened in a hoop round his body, a wooden canteen to hold water, a small ration of spirits, whatever change of underclothing he could manage to stow away, his forage cap, and, in most instances, a revolver. Each private carried his blanket and great-coat strapped up into a kind of knapsack, inside which was a pair of boots, a pair of socks, a shirt, and, at the request of the men themselves, a forage cap; he also carried his water canteen and the same rations as the officer, a portion of the mess cooking apparatus, firelock and bayonet of course, cartouch box and fifty rounds of ball cartridge for Minié, sixty rounds for smooth-bore arms. As each man came creeping down the ladder, Jack helped him along tenderly from rung to rung till he was safe in the boat, took his firelock and stowed it away, removed his knapsack and packed it snugly under the seat, patted him on the back, and told him 'not to be afeerd on the water;' treated 'the sojer,' in fact, in a very kind and tender way, as though he were a large but not very sagacious 'pet,' who was

not to be frightened or lost sight of on any account, and did it all so quickly that the large paddle-box boats, containing 100 men, were filled in five minutes. Then the latter took the paddle-box in tow, leaving her, however, in charge of a careful coxwain, and the same attention was paid to *getting* the 'sojer' on shore that was evinced in getting him into the boat, the sailors (half or wholly naked in the surf) standing by at the bows, and handing each man and his accoutrement down the plank to the shingle, for fear 'he'd fall off and hurt himself.' Never did men work better than our blue-jackets; especially valuable were they with horses and artillery; and their delight at having a horse to hold and to pat all to themselves was excessive. When the gun-carriages stuck fast in the shingle, half-a-dozen herculean seamen rushed at the wheels, and, with a 'Give way, my lads—all together,' soon spoked it out with a run, and landed it on the hard sand. No praise can do justice to the willing labour of these fine fellows. They never relaxed their efforts as long as man or horse of the expedition remained to be landed, and many of them, officers as well as men, were twenty-four hours in their boats. At one o'clock most of the regiments of the light division had moved off the beach over the hill, and across the country towards a village, near which the advance of the French left had already approached. The 2nd battalion of the rifle brigade led the way, covering the advance with a cloud of skirmishers, and the other regiments followed in order of their seniority, the artillery, under Captain Anderson, bringing up the rear. By this time the rain began to fall pretty heavily, and the wind rose so as to send a little surf on the beach. The Duke of Cambridge, followed by Major Macdonald, led off his division next in order, and many of the staff officers, who ought to have been mounted, marched on foot, as their horses were not yet landed. Generals might be seen sitting on powder barrels on the beach, awaiting the arrival of 'divisional staff horses,' or retiring gloomily within the folds of their macintosh. Disconsolate doctors, too, were there, groaning after hospital panniers—but too sorely needed, for more than one man died on the beach; and nearly every one you met asked you after a particular horse, of a colour and description you were certain not to have seen. The beach was partitioned off by flagstuffs, with colours corresponding to that

of each division, in compartments for the landing of each class of man and beast; but it was, of course, almost beyond the limits of possibility to observe the difference in conducting an operation which must have extended over many square miles of water. Shortly before two o'clock, Brigadier-general Rose, the commissioner for the British army, with Marshal St. Arnaud, rode over from the French quarters to inform Lord Raglan that 'the whole of the French troops had landed.' This was by no means the fact. Our disembarkation of infantry had very nearly ended at the same time, but our cavalry and artillery had not come on shore, and the French, even without cavalry and with smaller numbers, were not more advanced than ourselves."

The first night passed upon the Crimea was a severe trial to the allied troops. The wind blew in cold gusts, and the rain fell incessantly, increasing in violence as the night proceeded. No tents had been landed, no fires could be lit, and the soldiers had to wrap themselves in their blankets and sleep on the soddened earth as best they might. The place where they had halted for the night was about three miles from the sea, on a bit of ploughed land, without a vestige of wood or water. "We attempted," said an officer in the guards, "to make fires of the long grass and weeds which grew near in abundance, but they made only a momentary blaze, insufficient for any cooking purposes." To an army that had recently been suffering severely, and was then suffering from disease and debility, this was an event which taxed all their powers of endurance and their feelings of fortitude. If fellowship in misery is a comfort, the soldiers could try and console themselves with the reflection that their generals and officers were mostly no better off. Sir George Brown slept under a cart tilted over, and the Duke of Cambridge had some similarly luxurious accommodation. The result of this night of suffering was a great increase of illness among our poor English troops

\* The severity of the trial will not be fully understood without taking into consideration the dangerous nature of the climate of the Crimea. Upon this subject we extract the following passage from Dr. E. D. Clarke's *Travels in the Crimea*:—"Fever is so general during summer, throughout the peninsula, that it is hardly possible to avoid them. If you drink water after eating fruit, a fever follows. If you drink milk, eat eggs, or butter—a fever; if during the scorching heat of the day you indulge in the most trivial neglect of clothing—a fever; if you venture out to enjoy the delightful breezes of the

the next day.\* There were several cases of cholera, and one officer of the 23rd died after a few hours' illness. We cannot but think the generals might have arranged in such a manner as to have prevented this gratuitous misery to the poor fellows under their command. The French contrived to land their tents on the first day of disembarkation, and even the sluggish Turks did the same; but the tents of the English were not put on shore until the second day, and the result was a night of misery, the intensity of which, to an army smitten by sickness, it would be difficult to describe. We know that in war everything cannot always be exactly rose-pink and lavender; but a wise general should take every precaution to guard his troops from unnecessary misery. In making these remarks we are not actuated by any sickly sentimentality: when lives are to be lost for the attainment of a great object, a general should have a heart of adamant and nerves of steel. No emotion of pity should restrain him, and he should purchase victory at any reasonable cost of blood; but before the hour of action, it is his imperative duty to guard the lives of his troops with the tender solicitude of a father.

On the second day of landing (the 15th), a capture was made of thirty carts of flour, containing, in the whole, 710 bags. They were the property of the Russian government, and on their way to Sebastopol. They were taken by the riflemen, but owing to a want of cavalry, more than the number captured escaped. Two or three Russian ladies, who were travelling, and some soldiers were also taken prisoners. The former were sent to a neighbouring village for security.

Eupatoria, where it was first intended to land, and where, in the first instance, the fleet anchored, was taken and garrisoned by 500 marines, under Captain Broek, who received the title of governor of the place. Eupatoria is a little town of about 8,000 inhabitants, though it once contained about 1,500, and was the seat of a considerable evening—a fever: in short, such is the dangerous nature of the climate to strangers, that Russia must consider the country as a cemetery for the troops which are sent to maintain its possession.

"This is not the case with regard to its native inhabitants, the Tartars; the precautions they use, added to long experience, insure their safety. Upon the slightest change of weather they are to be seen wrapped up in sheep-skins and covered by thick felts; while their heads are swathed in numerous bandages of linen, or guarded by warm stuffed caps, lined with wool."



trade. When the allied generals sent a flag of truce on shore, and a demand that the garrison should lay down its arms, the governor of the place civilly replied that there was no garrison, and, consequently, no arms to lay down, but that the allies would be allowed to occupy the place without molestation from the inhabitants, who trusted in turn to receive good treatment. The townsfolks of Eupatoria appeared to regard the struggle with a calm philosophical indifference. They assured the allies that they did not care whether the Russians or the invaders occupied the country. They only desired peace, and promised, if well treated, to supply whatever they possessed which the army might want.

Soon after landing, the following spirit-stirring address was read to the French troops, the brave soldier who penned it suffering at the time from severe and depressing illness:—"Soldiers!—For the last five months you have been anxious to meet the enemy; at last he is before you; we are about to show him our eagles. Prepare yourselves to undertake the privations and fatigues of a difficult but short campaign, which will raise, in the eyes of all Europe, the reputation of the army of the East to a level with that of the highest military glories of history. You will not allow the soldiers of the allied army, your companions in arms, to surpass you in vigour and steadiness before the enemy, nor in constancy during the trials which await you. You will bear in mind that we are not come to wage war on the peaceable inhabitants of the Crimea, who are so well inclined towards us, and who, confiding in our excellent discipline, our respect for their religion, their manners, and their persons, will not fail

soon to join us. Soldiers! at the moment that you plant your colours on the soil of the Crimea, France looks to you with hope; a few days more, and she will look on you with pride. *Vive l'Empereur!*

"A. DE ST. ARNAUD, Marshal,  
"Commanding-in-chief."

Notwithstanding the above command to respect the poor Tartar inhabitants of the Crimea, the French Zouaves were guilty of many excesses. They drove in from the surrounding country immense flocks of sheep and cattle, the proceeds of plundering expeditions, for the use of their camp. A village was also sacked by some French marauders with every accompaniment of brutal ferocity. Unhappily, our own soldiers have not been quite so well conducted in this matter as they should have been. They plundered the Tartar villagers so much, that on the 17th the regiments were formed in square, and lectured by their commanding officers on the subject. A feeling prevailed among the men, that now they were on Russian ground, any great forbearance towards the inhabitants was not requisite. Cruelty, however, to the poor Tartars was inexcusable, as they evinced the most friendly conduct towards the allies, and readily brought their produce to market to dispose of at a moderate price. A writer from the camp says: "As prices are at present, eggs are twenty-five for sixpence; a good fowl costs fivepence or sixpence; a turkey can be had for eighteenpence; a sheep is readily exchanged for a Turkish piece of six piastres, or one shilling. The inhabitants part with supplies readily. What will their feelings towards us be, if we emulate the conduct of the French, and rob and plunder them of their property?"\*

\* The Tartars of the Crimea are an oppressed but interesting race. Their faces are said to be expressive of honesty and good humour. The following picturesque and humorous description of the abode and family of a Crim Tartar, from Mr. C. H. Scott's delightful book, *The Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Crimea*, will be read with interest:—"We put up for the night in the house of a fine old Tartar; a very happy father of seven promising sons, all grown to manhood, and all having taken unto themselves wives. They were the most thriving family in the village, and we met with a ready welcome from them. Ushered into the best room, we threw ourselves on the cushions; and taking off our boots, endeavoured to twist our unyielding legs into the eccentric position necessary to the act of sitting 'à la Tartar.' Not that we wished either the bearded old man or the juniors to labour under the delusion that this was our accustomed method of disposing of our lower extremities, but that we found it rather diffi-

cult to feed in an apartment where there was neither table nor chair by resorting to any other contrivance. These preliminaries being arranged, we had time to look round the apartment, which was about fourteen feet long by twelve wide. Cushions were placed along the sides and ends, leaving only the doors free; the centre being covered with rugs of divers manufacture, material, and colour. The walls were nicely whitewashed, and hung around with embroidery, and other needlework, done by those daughters-in-law now living in the house. These proofs of industry and taste were accomplished before marriage; and were evidently regarded with becoming satisfaction by the loving husbands, as they watched us admiring them. The Tartar maiden who can make a great display of such emblems of skill and perseverance is an object of respect, and held up as worthy of emulation. On some shelves were the holiday dresses of the women, neatly folded, and each having its own compartment. On examina-

Though the allied army had been allowed by the Russians to land without opposition, it was certain that the invaders would be met in their march by an adverse army. Why the Russians did not attack the allies during the confusion of landing, is unaccountable; nor is it known whether it proceeded from a timid negligence or an unexplained policy. To the north of Sebastopol, four rivers or streams flow towards the sea. The one nearest to the fortress is the Tchernaiia; the next is the Belbek; then comes the Katcha; and the most northerly is the Alma. Each of these streams would have to be forded by the allies in advancing upon the fortress, and it was reasonably imagined that the passage of each of them would be contested by the Russian troops. These streams, flowing slowly along over an almost level bed, stagnate in marshes for eight or nine hundred yards beyond their banks. Besides this, the south banks of all of them are commanded by heights which afford

tion, we found they were of silk, some of them being embroidered. We would have fain passed our evening smoking the *tchibouc*, breathing in a humid atmosphere of fragrant Latakia, or in drawing deep inspirations to the bubbling sound of the soothing *narguilé*. But, alas! the refined tobacco of Turkey existed not. Cherry-sticks there were, but they seemed never to have been cleaned, while amber mouthpieces appeared to be known only by reputation. The vulgar weed grown on the neighbouring estate, having nothing refined about it, we took to cigarettes in despair, and shutting our eyes, tried to dream that they were the true eastern luxuries. But it was of no avail, so we roused ourselves and looked to other sources for amusement. Calling André into the room, we held a flying conversation through him with the old Tartar, and two of his sons, who were seated on the divan. The Tartar mother came in and out, considering herself, and considered by the rest of the family, in no danger of being run away with by the 'Giaours.' She was probably about fifty, was much wrinkled, but had been good-looking; and if the bloom of youth sat no longer on her cheeks, the fire of her piercing black eyes remained undimmed. Withal she was a good-tempered-looking old soul. We, however, were very anxious to see the young women of the family, but they were in a part of the house devoted to the females, and across the boundary of which, the foot of no stranger man dared intrude. To our insinuations that a visit from them would gratify us, a deaf ear was turned. Nevertheless, we had some evidence that curiosity, that reputed failing of the sex, was at work; for, on casting our eyes towards the open door, on several occasions, we observed a half-concealed face suddenly disappearing, or a mysterious form gliding noiselessly away. These were, however, but nibblings at the bait. As time passed on, they became a little bolder, and were not so quick in moving out of sight. A happy thought now struck us, and we produced a large coloured map of Europe, which solemnly unfolding, we spread upon

strong natural positions for the enemy. It was consequently suggested that, unless the Russians had much degenerated since the memorable year 1812, it was probable the allies would have to fight *three* battles, all on unequal terms, and all attended with great loss, even though the victory might be gained, and the advance secured.

The Russian army, under the command of Prince Mentschikoff, destined to oppose the advance of the allies, was intrenched on the Alma, about two miles and a-half from the sea, and consisted of from 45,000 to 50,000 men. Prince Mentschikoff appears to have considered this position as being the strongest afforded by the country on the line of march. He was, doubtless, correct in this supposition, as, after the battle which shortly afterwards took place there, many officers expressed their opinion that, in the hands of the English and French, the position would have been impregnable. As the Alma will ever retain a place, not only in English but

the rug, and bade André explain its meaning: such a thing had never been seen or dreamed of before, and the heads of the men were thrust forward at the same moment with considerable danger of concussion. All this was observed by the females outside. The bait was taken. The fish were caught. Curiosity had triumphed, and three young wives came coyly towards us, in all the splendour of their unveiled charms. One was very beautiful, and the other two could well bear inspection. They all had eyes, such as a pious Moslem might desire the bright houris who hereafter served him to possess. At first they were shy—very shy; but doubtless, after comparing us with their Tartar husbands, they came to the conclusion that we were not very dangerous fellows; for soon they permitted us to point out the few places of which they knew the names, and hung over the map with faces full of intelligence. Their dress consisted of a short robe, beneath a tunic of a different colour, confined at the waist by a girdle, and full trowsers drawn in at the ankles, with slippers of morocco. One of the girdles was ornamented with plates of metal as large as small saucers; the other ornaments consisted principally of small gold Turkish coins, pierced with holes, and suspended as necklaces, &c.

"Having said '*Bon soir*' to our family party, we prepared to make ourselves comfortable for the night; which consisted in taking off our coats, and placing them under the pillows to form bolsters. The candles were extinguished; but the shutter being too short for the window, and having besides a wide crack in it, allowed the pale moon's rays to enter, and give an uncertain light to the room. Presently a tall figure came gliding in, noiselessly as a shadow—for no slippers are worn upon the rugs, and the boots are soleless—and then disappeared; when the daylight came, we found the old Tartar, fast asleep, near to us; for he would not be turned out of his own bed, or rather cushion. Why should he have been? There was plenty of room for us all."



in European history, we will here briefly describe it. It is one of the few streams that water the south of the Crimea near Sebastopol. The reader must not imagine it to be a broad, bold river like our Thames. By no means; the Alma is but about thirty or forty feet wide, and very shallow. It takes its rise among the high range of mountains to the east, runs directly to the west of the Crimea, and reaches the sea about twelve miles above Sebastopol. For three miles from the sea the river runs in the bed of the mountain torrents, which have worn away about fifteen feet of the soil, and left on the northern side a rugged, upright bank—of course presenting extreme difficulties to the passage of troops in the face of an enemy.

We have mentioned that the landing of the allied armies on the Russian shores was extended over a period of three days, the 14th, 15th, and 16th. On the 18th, Lord Raglan issued orders that the troops should be ready to march at daybreak, and that all tents should be sent on board the ships.

Three hours past midnight, while cold and darkness hung over the camp of sleepers, the clear sharp notes of the *reveille* sounded through the camp, and all woke to active life. For some hours a scene of bustle and apparent confusion prevailed; but, during that period, regiment after regiment fell into order, and paraded previous to marching. The same scene was going on in the French and Turkish camps; and the red fitful glare of the camp fires, extending over a space of some miles, gave to the scene a wild and romantic character.

The sun rose, the day proved warm and clear; at nine o'clock the troops were ready, and, after some delay, the march began. The English army advanced in the following order:—

Cavalry, 8th, 11th, 17th.		
Light Division.	Artillery.	Second Division.
First Division.	Artillery.	Third Division.
Cavalry.	Commissariat Train.	
Fourth Division.	Fourth Division.	
Rear Guard.		

The Turkish infantry, to the number of 7,000, under Suleiman Pasha, moved along by the sea-shore. Next to them came the divisions of generals Bosquet, Canrobert, Forey, and Prince Napoleon. The right of the allied armies was protected by the fleet which moved along with them, ready to hurl shot and shell amongst the ranks of the enemy, should he venture an attack in that direction.

The allies did not march forward for more than an hour before they were commanded to halt for fifty minutes! During that period Lord Raglan, accompanied by a large staff—Marshal St. Arnaud, Generals Bosquet, Forey, and a number of French officers—rode along the front of the columns. As they passed by the English ranks the men rose from the ground, and saluted them with three tremendous cheers. "English!" exclaimed Marshal St. Arnaud, as he cantered past the 55th regiment, "English! I hope you will fight well to-day!" "Hope!" shouted a voice from the ranks, "Sure you know we will!"

The march was resumed; the grand and terrible torrent of war swept on; and at last columns of smoke, arising from burning villages and farmhouses, announced that the Russians were preparing to receive us. Brave and willing as our men were, sickness had smitten the army so severely, that many poor fellows dropped from illness and fatigue, and had to be carried to the rear. It was a painful, a frightful truth uttered by Lord Raglan in his despatch, that our troops were pursued by cholera to the very battle-field. Still the grand army swept on; and at length from the summit of a hill the soldiers beheld a wide plain, on which could be discerned a number of dark ridges. By the civilian they might have been taken for fences or bushes; but the practised eye recognised in them regiments of Russian cavalry.

On the approach of night, the allied armies bivouacked on the left bank of a small stream called the Bulganac. Before the men settled to obtain what repose they could get under the circumstances, a skirmish took place between a part of the Earl of Cardigan's brigade of light cavalry and a considerable body of Cossacks and Russian dragoons. Lord Cardigan threw out skirmishers in line, and the Cossacks advanced to meet them. They were rough-looking fellows enough; but the precision and regularity of their movement showed them to be regular troops. An exchange of fire took

place, but at too great a distance to be of any effect. As dark columns of Russian cavalry showed themselves in the recesses of the hills, and the nature of the ground did not permit an effective charge, our skirmishers were ordered to retire. As they did so, the Russians opened a fire from two guns, which was replied to by our artillery; and in about fifteen minutes the enemy thought it prudent to retire. In the meantime the French crept up to the right, and astonished a body of Russian cavalry with a round from a battery of 9-pounders, which scattered them in all directions. The result of this affair was but trifling on either side. We lost six horses and had four men wounded. One of the latter rode coolly to the rear with his foot dangling by a piece of skin, and told the surgeon he had just come to have his leg dressed.

The Russians retired beyond the heights, and orders were given to halt and bivouac for the night. The order was a welcome one, for the day had been oppressively hot, and the troops, who had suffered from want of water and a fast of ten hours, were extremely fatigued. The country in this place was destitute of trees or shrubs, and the men had to gather weeds and long grass for fuel. To these wretched materials were added the casks which had contained the rations of rum and meat, as soon as the latter were served out. Though the sun had been powerful during the day, the night was cold and damp; and the watch-fires were but mere feeble flickerings, which gave but little light, and still less heat. Again the soldiers had to wrap themselves up in great-coats and blankets, and sleep on the bare dewy earth; for the tents and all other baggage that could by any possibility be spared, had been sent on board the fleet. Sir George Brown and other officers went about amongst their men before the latter sought their repose, and gave them directions for the eventful and expected morrow.

So closed the evening of the 19th. What thoughts crowded through the minds of that vast host—what recollections of mothers, sisters, wives, and children—what visions of infancy, boyhood, and early love—what fluttering hopes that they might reach their native land again, and rejoin the darling ones whose phantom presence clung around their hearts like the vine tendrils to its sturdy neighbour—what moments of deep gloom as some felt this would perhaps never

be, deepened into dread as a prescient sense of coming death stole icily across them; this again broken by anticipations of a brilliant victory, and thoughts of glory and triumph! Thoughts like these, and many more such, doubtless chased each other through the mind of many a brave hardy fellow as the watchfires went out, his comrades fell off to uneasy slumber, and darkness and silence began its reign throughout the camp.

Before day dawned on the memorable 20th of September, the whole of the British force was under arms. No sound of drum or bugle broke the stillness; and the men were marshalled in silence, with the exception of the busy hum of voices that rose into the air. The day broke magnificently; the sun rose in its majesty, and its heat was tempered by a soft breeze from the sea. At half-past six the troops were in motion. Later in the day, generals St. Arnaud, Bosquet, and Forey, attended by their staffs, rode along in front of their lines, with Lord Raglan and his generals at second halt, and were received with great cheering.

Both armies approached the river Alma; the French occupied the high-road nearest the beach, together with the Turks; and the English marched to the left. At about one o'clock in the afternoon, the French army came in sight of the village of Almatamak, and the British light division descried that of Bouliouk; both situated on the right bank of the river. The banks of the stream are steep, and completely commanded by a mass of surrounding heights. These, in their turn, are commanded by a single mount, on which the Russians had constructed a redoubt and breastwork, with platforms for seventeen guns. This redoubt, in which were mounted guns of 32 lb. calibre, completely domineered the village of Bouliouk. Upon all the hills batteries were established; all concentrated on this village. For a further, and, in a military sense, more technical description of the Russian position, we refer our readers to the despatch of Lord Raglan.

At twenty minutes past one, the French steamers inshore commenced hostilities by throwing shells up a height in front. The Russians replied with a heavy fire, but the distance was too great for any effectual result. The fleets of both nations were anchored near the shore, but they were too far off to afford any important assistance to the land forces. Shortly after half-past one



the battle began in earnest. The plan of operations decided on was, that the French should commence the assault on the right of the Russians and turn their flank, capturing the battery and a strong stone breast-work, which defended the enemy on that side. They were then to push forward, and, if possible, cut off the retreat from Sebastopol. The English were to force the position on the hills in front, at the point of the bayonet.

The French, led forward by General Bosquet, crossed the river and carried the heights on the right with a wonderful rapidity, to the cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* The brilliant conduct of the Zouaves in this movement excited general admiration. Two pieces of artillery, on the top of the hill, could have swept them all to destruction; but the place had not been protected in that manner, from a belief on the part of the Russians, that its strong natural defences secured it from attack. As the French gained the crest of the height, they threw themselves out as skirmishers until more rushed up and joined them. They then formed into a body as a regiment of the enemy's cavalry rode towards them. The Russian artillery, also, soon made their appearance, and then began the wild shock of war. Steadily did the French advance, and savagely the wild roar of conflict went on, until at about three o'clock the Russian left flank was turned, and the Zouaves had erected their flag on the most conspicuous position in the field.

Before this movement was effected, the English troops were engaged in a far more arduous struggle. At about half-past two they advanced towards the valley of the Alma, rising above which were the lines and redoubts of the enemy. On the approach of the British, the Russians set fire to the village of Bouliouk, and to heaps of dried dung, which they had collected to add to the conflagration. Almost instantly there was a continuous blaze for 300 yards, and the valley was enveloped in smoke, which blew right into the faces of our men. Under cover of this, the Russians opened a tremendous fire of 9 and 12-pounder guns from their carthwork batteries, which committed a terrible havoc upon the ranks of our brave fellows. The English artillery, however, replied with a fierce fire of shot, shell, and rockets; and Sir George Brown gave the command—"Forward!" Instantly the men rushed across the stream amidst a

deadly storm of bullets, and then dashed through the smoking village. The light division were the foremost in this brilliant charge; they were followed by the first division and part of the second. These were the only portions of the British army that were engaged in the battle; for, notwithstanding a forced march, the remainder did not arrive until the fight was over, and the victory won!

The Russian cannon are described as actually vomiting out fire and death in torrents upon the English, as they crossed the blood-dyed waters of the Alma. But there was no wavering—no pause; the living tide of assailants rushed forward, seemingly scorning death and resolved on victory. When the fatal stream was crossed, the men dashed into some vineyards which flanked the high-road; but the vines having been cut down, the place afforded no shelter. The fire here was terrible; yet such was the cool self-possession and contempt of danger evinced by our men, that they began plucking and eating the half-ripe grapes that were hanging on the hewn vines, amidst a perfect hail of bullets, and while many of their comrades were falling dead, or torn and mangled at their feet.

On they went through the vineyards; and, forming in line, advanced resolutely up the hills, and stormed the heaviest battery. The havoc amongst our men was frightful; but the skill of our riflemen told murderously on the ranks of the enemy. One rifleman alone is said to have struck down successively as many as thirty-two Russians. Once the dreadful fire of grape and musketry to which the British were exposed, drove them back, but they were rallied by the Duke of Cambridge, who by this time had crossed the river and came forward to their support. Sir George Brown, who was conspicuous from riding at the head of his men on a grey horse, had his charger shot beneath him, and was thrown to the earth, amidst a cloud of dust, in front of the battery. For a moment his soldiers were disheartened, thinking they had lost their leader; but that brave old warrior was soon on his feet again, and encouraging his men by shouting to them—"23rd, I'm all right. Be sure I'll remember this day." About this time Lord Raglan gave an instance of his coolness and sound judgment during the roar and clash of battle. An enormous mass of Russian infantry were seen moving towards the battery. They halted. Sharp, angular,

and solid, they looked as adamantine and impenetrable as solid rock. It was plain that our infantry were threatened with a formidable fire, which in their thinned and harassed condition they were but ill calculated to bear. In this position, Lord Raglan asked an artillery officer if it would be possible to get a couple of guns to bear upon the Russian squares. The reply was in the affirmative, and the guns were placed in position. The first shot missed, but succeeding ones tore through the Russian masses with such deadly precision, that a clear lane could be seen for a moment through the square. For a few rounds the Russians stood up against these terrible messengers of death; then the square wavered—broke—and the men fled over the brow of the hill, leaving behind them six or seven distinct lines of dead. The final possession of the redoubt was secured by a brilliant advance of the brigade of foot-guards. The troops having rushed into the work, an officer of the 33rd inscribed his name on a 32-pounder, which had been pouring out destruction on his men.

At four o'clock, the English charged in three divisions up the heights. The highland brigade, under Major-general Sir Colin Campbell, together with the guards, advanced with fixed bayonets against the charging Russians. The latter—the famed imperial guard—hesitated before they proceeded to cross bayonets with such a resolute foe. Not so the guards and highlanders; uttering a loud English cheer and a fierce yell, they dashed forward. The startled Russians dared not meet the shock, but turned and fled. Successive deadly volleys pursued them, and our artillery literally mowed them down as they dashed madly up the hill. The French, having defeated the Russian left wing, were turning them on their right; the 2nd British division were advancing to our left; when the Russian artillery, utterly routed, abandoned their position and galloped off. An honourable rivalry existed between the guards and highlanders who first should enter the redoubt, and the brave old Sir Colin Campbell, far ahead of his men, shouted to them, with heroic emulation, "We'll hae none but highland bonnets here." Sir Colin had his horse shot under him; but his men rushed into the battery like lions. Those of the Russians who resisted were killed, but the great part fled in disorder. At five o'clock the allied armies

were in possession of the strong position which the Russians had occupied in the morning, and the latter were fleeing in every direction.

The French turned the guns on the heights against the fleeing masses, which the Russian cavalry, to some extent, protected. If the allies had possessed a sufficient amount of cavalry, it is probable that the army of Prince Mentschikoff would have been annihilated. Thus was won the brilliant victory of the Alma; and in three hours and a-half a position was wrested from the Russian troops which their general boasted he could hold for at least three weeks. The Russians left three guns, 700 prisoners, and 4,000 wounded behind them. The loss of the Russians was estimated at between five and six thousand. That of the English amounted to 2,196 killed and wounded; that of our gallant allies, the French, to about 1,400. The Turks, though eager to join in the battle, were not engaged. The loss on the side of the English fell principally on the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd regiments, which formed the brigade of the light division; and on the 30th, 55th, and 95th regiments, which formed the right brigade of the second division. The rifles were singularly fortunate, notwithstanding the fierce storm of bullets that was directed against them. This is chiefly attributable to the loose order in which they dashed across the river. The English army at the battle of the Alma was composed as follows:—Light division, 5,454; 1st division, 4,711; 2nd division, 4,222; 3rd division, 3,794; 4th division, 4,419: 22,600. Cavalry, 1,100; artillery, 2,700; sappers and miners, 400: total, 26,800. It is said that at the commencement of the battle many Russian ladies were upon the heights, where a scaffolding had been erected for their accommodation. Some trifling excuse for these unwomanly creatures may perhaps be found in the fact, that Prince Mentschikoff stated, that at least on the part of the Russians, the affair would be a mere review; that the allies would never be able to meet his artillery, and would soon beat a retreat. The Russian ladies, however, took to flight with great rapidity when the enemy got too close.

It has been observed, that in this battle of the Alma it fell to the lot of both French and English to execute those movements for which they were each peculiarly fitted. The English had steadily to face the fire of tremendous batteries, and to advance with



a rush, sure, steady, and resistless, against a tempest of fire and solid masses of infantry bristling with bayonets. This they did in such a manner that several French officers declared, after they had viewed the ground, that they did not think their men would have been able to carry the position as ours did. General Canrobert, indeed, gave a generous tribute of admiration to the steadiness and valour of his British allies, by exclaiming enthusiastically, "All I would ask of fortune now is, that I might command a corps of English troops for three short weeks; I could then die happy!" The French, on the other hand, had to scale the sides of steep ravines covered with dense masses of cavalry, supported by clouds of skirmishers. They were placed in a position in which their quickness, alacrity, and energy were required; and these they displayed in a manner which astonished and appalled the enemy.

In the hour of battle, and the moment of victory, none but martial emotions animate the warrior; it is otherwise when the enemy has disappeared: the scene of carnage is almost deserted, and a comparative silence that seems almost supernatural, reigns on the spot which so lately echoed with the hoarse roar of war. Feelings of pity then enter into the hearts of most of the victors, while others feel shuddering sensations of horror and disgust. The following details, written immediately after a visit from the battle-field, are from the pen of the *Times'* correspondent:—

"It was a terrible and sickening sight to go over the battle-field. Till deprived of my horse by a chance shot I rode about to ascertain, as far as possible, the loss of our friends, and in doing so I was often brought to a standstill by the difficulty of getting through the piles of wounded Russians, mingled too often with our own poor soldiers. The hills of Greenwich-park in fair time are not more densely covered with human beings than were the heights of the Alma with dead and dying. On these bloody mounds fell 2,196 English officers and men, and upwards of 3,000 Russians, while their western extremity was covered with the bodies of 1,400 gallant Frenchmen, and of more than 3,000 of their foes.

"When Lord Raglan and his staff and the Duke of Cambridge rode round to the top of the hill, the troops cheered them with a thrilling effect—a shout of victory—which never can be forgotten. The enemy, who

were fleeing in the distance, might almost have heard its echoes as it rolled among the hills. Our men had indeed done their work well, for the action, which commenced at twenty-five minutes past one on our part, was over about four, P.M. In fact, the actual close continuous fighting did not last two hours!

"The Russian regiments engaged against us (judging from the numbers on the caps and buttons of the dead and wounded) were the 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, and some of the imperial guard. The Russian regiment consists of four battalions, and each battalion may be said to be 650 strong. The soldiers were mostly stout, strong men. Several of the regiments (32nd and 16th, for example) wore a black leather helmet, handsomely mounted with brass, and having a brass cone on the top, with a hole for the reception of a tuft, feather, or plume; others wore simply a white linen foraging cap. They were all dressed in long drab coats with brass buttons, bearing the number of the regiment. These coats fitted loosely, were gathered in at the back by a small strap and button, descended to the ankles, and seem stout comfortable garments, though the cloth was coarse in texture; the trowsers, of coarse blue stuff, were thrust inside a pair of Wellington boots, open at the top, to admit of their being comfortably tucked down; the boots were stout, well made, and serviceable. Their knapsacks astonished our soldiers. On opening them, each was found to contain the dress uniform coat of the man, blue or green, with white facings, and slashes like our own, a pair of clean drawers, a clean shirt, a pair of clean socks, a pair of stout mits, a case containing a good pair of scissors, marked 'Sarun,' an excellent pen-knife with one large blade, of Russian manufacture, a ball of twine, a roll of leather, wax, thread, needles and pins, a hairbrush and comb, a small looking-glass, razor, strop, and soap, shoe-brushes, and blacking. The general remark of our men was that the Russians were very 'clean soldiers;' and certainly the men on the field had white fair skins to justify the expression. Each man had a loaf of dark brown bread, of a sour taste and disagreeable odour, in his knapsack, and a linen roll, containing a quantity of brown coarse stuff broken up into lumps and large grains, which is crushed biscuit or hard granulated bread prepared with oil. This, we were told by the pri-

soners, was the sole food of the men. They eat the bread with onions and oil; the powder is 'reserve' ration; and if they march they may be for days without food, and remain hungry till they can get fresh loaves and more 'bread stuff.' It is perfectly astounding to think they can keep together on such diet—and yet they are strong muscular men enough. The surgeons remarked that their tenacity of life was very remarkable. Many of them lived with wounds calculated to destroy two or three ordinary men. I saw one of the 32nd regiment on the field just after the fight. He was shot right through the head, and the brain protruded in large masses at the back of the head and from the front of the skull. I saw with my own eyes the wounded man raise his hand, wipe the horrible mass from his brow, and proceed to struggle down the hills towards the water! Many of the Russians were shot in three or four places; few of them had only one wound. They seemed to have a general idea that they would be murdered: possibly, they had been told no quarter would be given, and several deplorable events took place in consequence. As our men were passing by, two or three of them were shot or stabbed by men lying on the ground, and the cry was raised that 'the wounded Russians' were firing on our men. There is a story, indeed, that one officer was severely injured by a man to whom he was in the very act of administering succour as he lay in agony on the field; be this as it may, there was at one time a near chance of a massacre taking place, but the men were soon controlled, and confined themselves to the pillage which always takes place on a battle-field. One villain, with a red coat on his back, I regret to say, I saw go up to a wounded Russian who was rolling on the earth in the rear of the 7th regiment, and before we could say a word he discharged his rifle right through the wretched creature's brains. Colonel Yea rode at him to cut him down, but the fellow excused himself by declaring the Russian was going to shoot him. This was the single act of inhumanity I saw perpetrated by this army, flushed with victory and animated by angry passions, although the wounded enemy had unquestionably endangered their lives by acts of ferocious folly.

"Many of the Russians had small crosses and chains fastened round their necks. Several were found with Korans in their knapsacks—most probably recruits from

the Kasan Tartars. Many of the officers had portraits of wives or mistresses, of mothers or sisters, inside their coats. The privates wore the little money they possessed in purses fastened below their left knees, and the men, in their eager search after the money, often caused the wounded painful apprehensions that they were about to destroy them. Last night all these poor wretches lay in their agony; nothing could be done to help them. The groans, the yells, the cries of despair and suffering, were a mournful commentary on the exultation of the victors and on the joy which reigned along the bivouac fires of our men. As many of our wounded as could be possibly picked up ere darkness set in were conveyed on stretchers to the hospital tents. Many of the others were provided with blankets and covered as they lay in their blood. The bandsmen of the regiments worked in the most cheerful and indefatigable manner, hour after hour, searching out and carrying off our wounded. Long after night had closed faint lights might be seen moving over the frightful field, marking the spots where friendship directed the steps of some officer in search of a wounded comrade, or where the pillager yet stalked about on his horrid errand. The attitudes of some of the dead were awful. One man might be seen resting on one knee, with the arms extended in the form of taking aim, the brow compressed, the lips clinched—the very expression of firing at an enemy stamped on the face and fixed there by death; a ball had struck this man in the neck. Physiologists or anatomists must settle the rest. Another was lying on his back with the same expression, and his arms raised in a similar attitude, the Minié musket still grasped in his hands undischarged. Another lay in a perfect arch, his head resting on one part of the ground and his feet on the other, but the back raised high above it. Many men without legs or arms were trying to crawl down to the waterside. Some of the dead lay with a calm, placid smile on the face, as though they were in some delicious dream.

"Of the Russians, one thing was remarkable. The prisoners are generally coarse, sullen, and unintelligent-looking men. Death had ennobled those who fell, for the expression of their faces was altogether different. The wounded might have envied those who seemed to have passed away so peacefully.



"The soldiers are all shaven cleanly on the chin and cheek; only the moustache is left, and the hair is cropped as close to the head as possible. The latter is a very convenient mode of wearing the hair in these parts of the world. The officers (those of superior rank excepted) are barely distinguishable from the men, so far as uniform is concerned; but the generals wore sashes and gold epaulettes. The subalterns wore merely a lace shoulderstrap, instead of the cloth one of the privates. Most of them spoke French, and the entreaties of the wounded to be taken along with us, as the officers moved up the hill, were touching in the extreme. The poor fellows had a notion that our men would murder them if the eye of the officer was removed from them. An old general, who sat smiling and bowing on a bank, with his leg broken by a round shot, seemed principally concerned for the loss of his gold snuff-box. This, I believe, has since been restored to him. The men say they were badly handled, and had no general to direct them. Mentschikoff lost his head, in a figurative sense. The officers displayed great gallantry, and the men fought with a dogged courage characteristic of the Russian infantry, but they were utterly deficient in *elan* and dash."

During the 21st the army was occupied in collecting the wounded, burying the dead, and bringing wounded Russians as prisoners from off the field. We will here subjoin the despatches of the generals who commanded during this memorable battle, as they are requisite to complete the details of so illustrious an event:—

"Head-quarters, Katcha River,  
"Sept. 23rd, 1854.

"My lord Duke,—I have the honour to inform your grace, that the allied troops attacked the position occupied by the Russian army, behind the Alma, on the 20th inst., and I have great satisfaction in adding that they succeeded, in less than three hours, in driving the enemy from every part of the ground which they had held in the morning, and in establishing themselves upon it.

"The English and French armies moved out of their first encampment in the Crimea on the 19th, and bivouacked for the night on the left bank of the Bulganac, the former having previously supported the advance of a part of the Earl of Cardigan's brigade of light cavalry, which had the effect of inducing the enemy to move up a large body of dragoons and Cossacks, with artillery.

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"On this, the first occasion of the English encountering the Russian force, it was impossible for any troops to exhibit more steadiness than did this portion of her majesty's cavalry.

"It fell back upon its supports with the most perfect regularity under the fire of the artillery, which was quickly silenced by that of the batteries I caused to be brought into action.

"Our loss amounted to only four men wounded.

"The day's march had been most wearisome, and under a burning sun; the absence of water, until we reached the insignificant but welcome stream of the Bulganac, made it to be severely felt.

"Both armies moved towards the Alma the following morning, and it was arranged that Marshal St. Arnaud should assail the enemy's left by crossing the river at its junction with the sea and immediately above it, and that the remainder of the French divisions should move up the heights in their front, while the English army should attack the right and centre of the enemy's position.

"In order that the gallantry exhibited by her majesty's troops, and the difficulties they had to meet may be fairly estimated, I deem it right, even at the risk of being considered tedious, to endeavour to make your grace acquainted with the position the Russians had taken up. It crossed the great road about two-and-a-half miles from the sea, and is very strong by nature.

"The bold and almost precipitous range of heights—of from 350 to 400 feet—that from the sea closely border the left bank of the river, here ceases, and formed their left; and, turning thence round a great amphitheatre or wide valley, terminates at a salient pinnacle, where their right rested, and whence the descent to the plain was more gradual. The front was about two miles in extent.

"Across the mouth of this great opening is a lower ridge at different heights, varying from 60 to 150 feet, parallel to the river, and at distances from it of from 600 to 800 yards.

"The river itself is generally fordable for troops; but its banks are extremely rugged, and in most parts steep; the willows along it had been cut down in order to prevent them from affording cover to the attacking party, and, in fact, everything had been done to deprive an assailant of any species of shelter.

"In front of the position on the right bank, at about 200 yards from the Alma, is the village of Boulouk, and near it a timber bridge, which had been partly destroyed by the enemy.

"The high pinnacle and ridge before alluded to were the key of the position, and, consequently, there the greatest preparations had been made for defence.

"Half-way down the height and across its front was a trench of the extent of some hun-

dred yards, to afford cover against an advance up the even steep slope of the hill. On the right, and a little retired, was a powerful covered battery, armed with heavy guns, which flanked the whole of the right of the position.

"Artillery, at the same time, was posted at the points that best commanded the passage of the river and its approaches generally.

"On the slopes of these hills (forming a sort of table-land) were placed dense masses of the enemy's infantry, while on the heights above was his great reserve, the whole amounting, it is supposed, to between 45,000 and 50,000 men.

"The combined armies advanced on the same alignment; her majesty's troops in contiguous double columns, with the front of two divisions covered by light infantry and a troop of horse artillery, the 2nd division, under Lieutenant-general Sir De Lacy Evans, forming the right, and touching the left of the 3rd division of the French army, under his imperial highness Prince Napoleon, and the light division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, the left; the first being supported by the 3rd division, under Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England, and the last by the 1st division, commanded by Lieutenant-general his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge.

"The 4th division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Cathcart, and the cavalry, under Major-general the Earl of Lucan, were held in reserve to protect the left flank and rear against large bodies of the enemy's cavalry which had been seen in those directions.

"On approaching to near the fire of the guns, which soon became extremely formidable, the two leading divisions deployed into line and advanced to attack the front, and the supporting divisions followed the movement. Hardly had this taken place when the village of Boulouk, immediately opposite the centre, was fired by the enemy at all points, creating a continuous blaze for 300 yards, obscuring their position and rendering a passage through it impracticable. Two regiments of Brigadier-general Adams' brigade, part of Sir De Lacy Evans' division, had, in consequence, to pass the river at a deep and difficult ford to the right under a sharp fire, while his first brigade, under Major-general Pennefather, and the remaining regiment of Brigadier-general Adams crossed to the left of the conflagration, opposed by the enemy's artillery from the heights above, and pressed on towards the left of their position with the utmost gallantry and steadiness.

"In the meanwhile, the light division, under Sir George Brown, effected the passage of the Alma in his immediate front. The banks of the river itself were, from their rugged and broken nature, most serious obstacles, and the vineyards, through which the troops had to pass, and the trees which the enemy had felled,

created additional impediments, rendering every species of formation, under a galling fire, nearly an impossibility. Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown advanced against the enemy under great disadvantages.

"In this difficult operation he nevertheless persevered; and the 1st brigade, under Major-general Codrington, succeeded in carrying a redoubt, materially aided by the judicious and steady manner in which Brigadier-general Buller moved on the left flank, and by the advance of four companies of the rifle brigade, under Major Norcott, who promises to be a distinguished officer of light troops,

"The heavy fire of grape and musketry, however, to which the troops were exposed, and the losses consequently sustained by the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd regiments, obliged this brigade partially to relinquish its hold.

"By this time, however, the Duke of Cambridge had succeeded in crossing the river, and had moved up in support, and a brilliant advance of the brigade of foot-guards, under Major-general Bentinck, drove the enemy back and secured the final possession of the work.

"The highland brigade, under Major-general Sir Colin Campbell, advanced in admirable order and steadiness up the high ground to the left and in co-operation with the guards; and Major-general Pennefather's brigade, which had been connected with the right of the light division, forced the enemy completely to abandon the position they had taken such pains to defend and secure.

"The 95th regiment, immediately on the right of the royal fusileers in the advance, suffered equally with that corps an immense loss.

"The aid of the royal artillery in all these operations was most effectual. The exertions of the field-officers and the captains of troops and batteries to get the guns into action were unceasing, and the precision of their fire materially contributed to the great results of the day.

"Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England brought his division to the immediate support of the troops in advance, and Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir George Cathcart was actively engaged in watching the left flank.

"The nature of the ground did not admit of the employment of the cavalry under the Earl of Lucan; but they succeeded in taking some prisoners at the close of the battle.

"In the detail of these operations, which I have gone into as far as the space of a despatch would allow, your grace will perceive that the services in which the general and other officers of the army were engaged were of no ordinary character; and I have great pleasure in submitting them for your grace's most favourable consideration.

"The mode in which Lieutenant-general Sir



George Brown conducted his division, under the most trying circumstances, demands the expression of my warmest approbation. The fire to which his division was subjected, and the difficulties he had to contend against, afford no small proof that his best energies were applied to the successful discharge of his duty.

"I must speak in corresponding terms of Lieutenant-general Sir De Lacy Evans, who likewise conducted his division to my perfect satisfaction, and exhibited equal coolness and judgment in carrying out a most difficult operation.

"His royal highness the Duke of Cambridge brought his division into action in support of the light division with great ability, and had, for the first time, an opportunity of showing the enemy his devotion to her majesty, and to the profession of which he is so distinguished a member.

"My best thanks are due to Lieutenant-general Sir R. England, Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, and Lieutenant-general the Earl of Lucan, for their cordial assistance wherever it could be afforded; and I feel it my duty especially to recommend to your grace's notice the distinguished conduct of Major-general Bentinck, Major-general Sir Colin Campbell, Major-general Pennefather, Major-general Codrington, Brigadier-general Adams, and Brigadier-general Buller.

"In the affair of the previous day, Major-general the Earl of Cardigan exhibited the utmost spirit and coolness, and kept his brigade under perfect command.

"The manner in which Brigadier-general Strangeways directed the artillery and exerted himself to bring it forward met my entire satisfaction.

"Lieutenant-general Sir John Burgoyne was constantly by my side, and rendered me, by his counsel and advice, the most valuable assistance, and the commanding royal engineer Brigadier-general Tylden, was always at hand to carry out any service I might direct him to undertake.

"I deeply regret to say that he has since fallen a victim to cholera, as has Major Wellesley, who was present in the affair of the previous day, notwithstanding that he was then suffering from serious illness. He had, during the illness of Major-general Lord de Ros, acted for him in the most efficient manner. I cannot speak too highly of Brigadier-general Estcourt, Adjutant-general, or of Brigadier-general Airey, who, in the short time he has conducted the duties of the quartermaster-general, has displayed the greatest ability as well as aptitude for the office.

"I am much indebted to my military secretary, Lieutenant-colonel Steele, Major Lord Burghersh, and the officers of my personal staff, for the zeal, intelligence, and gallantry they all, without exception, displayed.

"Lieutenant Derriman, R.N., the commander of the *Caradoc*, accompanied me during the whole of the operation, and rendered me an essential service, by a close observation of the enemy's movements, which his practised eye enabled him accurately to watch.

"I lament to say that Lieutenant-colonel Lagondie, who was attached to my headquarters by the Emperor of the French, fell into the enemy's hands on the 19th, on his return from Prince Napoleon's division, where he had obligingly gone, at my request, with a communication to his imperial highness.

"This misfortune is deeply regretted, both by myself and the officers of my personal staff.

"The other officer placed with me under similar circumstances, Major Vico, afforded me all the assistance in his power, sparing no exertion to be of use.

"I cannot omit to make known to your grace the cheerfulness with which the regimental officers of the army have submitted to most unusual privations.

"My anxiety to bring into the country every cavalry and infantry soldier who was available, prevented me from embarking their baggage animals, and these officers have with them at this moment nothing but what they can carry, and they, equally with the men, are without tents or covering of any kind.

"I have not heard a single murmur. All seem impressed with the necessity of the arrangement; and they feel, I trust, satisfied that I shall bring up their *bât-horses* at the earliest moment.

"The conduct of the troops has been admirable. When it is considered that they have suffered severely from sickness during the last two months; that, since they landed in the Crimea, they have been exposed to the extremes of wet, cold, and heat; that the daily toil to provide themselves with water has been excessive, and that they have been pursued by cholera to the very battle-field, I do not go beyond the truth in declaring that they merit the highest commendation.

"In the ardour of attack they forgot all they had endured, and displayed that high courage, that gallant spirit, for which the British soldier is ever distinguished, and under the heaviest fire, they maintained the same determination to conquer as they had exhibited before they went into action. I should be wanting in my duty, my lord duke, if I did not express to your grace, in the most earnest manner, my deep feeling of gratitude to the officers and men of the royal navy for the invaluable assistance they afforded the army upon this as on every occasion where it could be brought to bear upon our operations.

"They watched the progress of the day with the most intense anxiety, and as the best way of evincing their participation in our success, and

their sympathy in the sufferings of the wounded, they never ceased, from the close of the battle till we left the ground this morning, to provide for the sick and wounded, and to carry them down to the beach—a labour in which some of the officers even volunteered to participate; an act which I shall never cease to recollect with the warmest thankfulness.

"I mention no names, fearing I might omit some who ought to be spoken of; but none who were associated with us spared any exertion they could apply to so sacred a duty.

"Sir Edmund Lyons, who had charge of the whole, was, as always, most prominent in rendering assistance and providing for emergencies."

"I enclose the return of killed and wounded.\* It is, I lament to say, very large; but I hope, all circumstances considered, that it will be felt that no life was unnecessarily exposed, and that such an advantage could not be achieved without a considerable sacrifice.

"I cannot venture to estimate the amount of the Russian loss. I believe it to have been great, and such is the report in the country.

"The number of prisoners who are not hurt is small; but the wounded amount to eight or nine hundred. Two general officers—Major-generals Karganoff and Shokanoff—fell into our hands. The former is very badly wounded.

"I will not attempt to describe the movements of the French army—that will be done by an abler hand; but it is due to them to say that their operations were eminently successful, and that under the guidance of their distinguished commander, Marshal St. Arnaud, they manifested the utmost gallantry, the greatest ardour for the attack, and the high military qualities for which they are so famed.

"This despatch will be delivered to your grace by Major Lord Burghersh, who is capable of affording you the fullest information, and whom I beg to recommend to your especial notice.

"I have, &c. RAGLAN.

"His grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c."

This despatch was addressed to the English minister of war, and through him, therefore, to the country; but the following general order was addressed to the brave British troops, by whose exertions the victory had, to a great extent, been gained:—

"Head-quarters, Alma River,  
Sept. 22nd, 1854.

"The commander of the forces congratulates the troops on the brilliant success that attended their unrivalled efforts in the battle of the 20th

\* Lists of killed and wounded, though important in a general's despatch, are here omitted as possessing but an evanescent interest, and therefore not admissible in an historical work.

inst., on which occasion they carried a most formidable position, defended by large masses of Russian infantry and a most powerful and numerous artillery.

"Their conduct was in unison with that of our gallant allies, whose spirited and successful attack of the left of the heights occupied by the enemy cannot fail to have attracted their notice and admiration.

"The commander of the forces thanks the army most warmly for its gallant exertions. He witnessed them with pride and satisfaction, and it will be his pleasing duty to report, for the queen's information, how well they have earned her majesty's approbation and how gloriously maintained the honour of the British name.

"Lord Raglan condoles most sincerely with the troops on the loss of so many gallant officers and brave men, whose memory it will be a consolation to their friends to feel will ever be cherished in the annals of our army.

"J. B. B. ESTCOURT,  
Adjutant-general."

The following despatches were received by the lords commissioners of the Admiralty from Vice-admiral Dundas. They contain intelligence as to the proceedings of her majesty's fleet in the Black Sea during the action:—

*Attack of the Russian intrenchments on the Alma by the allied armies.*

"Britannia—off the Alma, Sept. 21st.

"Sir,—In my letter of the 18th inst. I reported to you, for the information of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, that the allied armies were ready to move, and I now beg you will acquaint their lordships that, on the morning of the 19th, they marched to a position about two miles north of the Alma river, where they halted for the night; the French and Turks on the right, close to the sea, and the English to the left, about four miles inland.

"The Russians, with some 5,000 or 6,000 cavalry and artillery, and 15,000 infantry, made a demonstration north of the river, but returned on the approach of the armies, and re-crossed the river at sunset.

"About noon on the 20th the allies advanced in the same order to force the Russian position and intrenchments south of the Alma. This was effected by four o'clock, the Russians retreating apparently to the eastward of the main road to Sebastopol.

"The Russian left fell back before the French very rapidly, and their batteries on the right were carried by the bayonet by the English.

"Our loss has necessarily been severe, and is estimated at about 1,200 killed and wounded; that of the French at about 900.

"The Russian loss has also been great. Two



general-officers and three guns were captured by our men; but we have few prisoners beyond the wounded, in consequence, it is believed, of our deficiency of cavalry.

"Lieutenant Derriman, of the *Caradoc*, accompanied the staff of General Lord Raglan during the action, and I also sent Lieutenant Glynn, of this ship, to convey any message to me from his lordship.

"All the medical officers of the fleet (excepting one in each ship), 600 seamen and marines, and all the boats, have been assisting the wounded, and conveying them to the transports that will sail for the Bosphorus as soon as possible.

"I believe it is the intention of the allied forces to move to-morrow; and the *Sampson*, which I detached last night with the *Terrible*, off Sebastopol, has signalled that the Russians were retreating on Sebastopol, and that they have burnt the villages on the Katcha.

"I have, &c.,

"J. W. D. DUNDAS, Vice-admiral,

"The Secretary of the Admiralty."

#### *Movements of the Fleets and Armies.*

"*Britannia*—off the Katcha, Sept. 23rd.

"Sir,—I beg you will inform the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, that since my letter to you of the 21st instant, the men and boats of the fleet have been employed in bringing from the field (about four miles distant), and carrying on board the transports, the English and Russian officers and men wounded in the battle of the Alma, as well as the sick of the army.

"All the medical officers of the different ships have been zealously and usefully occupied in attending them, and I have been obliged to send several assistant-surgeons in the vessels with the wounded to Constantinople.

"The *Vulcan* and *Andes*, with 800 wounded and sick, sailed for Constantinople yesterday, and to-day the *Orinoco* and *Colombo*, with 900, including some sixty or seventy Russians, will follow.

"Another vessel (by the request of Lord Raglan) with about 500 wounded Russians, will also proceed, under charge of the *Fury*, to land them at Odessa.

"On the night of the 21st inst. the Russians made a very great alteration in the position of their fleet in Sebastopol. I enclose a report made by Captain Jones, of the *Sampson*; and I propose attacking the outer line the first favourable opportunity.

"Captain Jones also reports that great exertions appear to be making to strengthen the land defences, as well as those by sea.

"New batteries on both sides of the port have been erected, defending the entrances and line of coast. One to the north has heavy guns of a range of 4,000 yards, two shots having

passed over the *Sampson* when nearly at that distance.

"Provisions for the army have been landed, and the forces move on to-day towards Sebastopol, accompanied by the fleets, which have anchored off the Katcha.

"I have, &c., J. W. D. DUNDAS,  
"Vice-admiral.

"The Secretary of the Admiralty."

*Observations on the Fleet in Sebastopol, made on September 22nd, 1854, by Captain L. T. Jones, C. B., of her Majesty's ship Sampson.*

"Moored across the entrance of the harbour, from north to south, are the following vessels:—

- "1, a frigate, at northern extreme.
- 2, a two-decker.
- 3, a three-decker, with round stern.
- 4, a two-decker.
- 5, a two-decker.
- 6, a two-decker without masts, quite light, and appears to be newly coppered.
- 7, a large frigate."

#### *Artillery Creek.*

"The topgallant-masts of these are on deck, and sails unbent.

"The ship without masts is lying across Artillery Creek; inside is a two-decker ready for sea, and bearing an admiral's flag at the mizen."

#### *Head of Harbour.*

"The ships at the head of the harbour, which had hitherto been lying with their broadsides to the entrance, are now lying with their heads out.

- "1, on the north a two-decker.
- 2, a two-decker.
- 3, a two-decker.
- 4, a two-decker.
- 5, a two-decker.
- 6, a three-decker at the entrance of the Dockyard Creek.
- 7, a three-decker bearing an admiral's flag at the fore.

"Above these are two ships; one appears to be a line-of-battle ship and the other a frigate."

#### *Steamers.*

"Five steamers under the northern shore. Three small steamers at the head of the harbour, and four in Careening Bay."

#### *General Observations.*

"Dockyard Creek shuts in with Northern Fort bearing S.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E. Observed about 500 infantry marching towards the town from the direction of Balaklava.

"Noticed about sixty men employed on brow of signal hill, and carrying mould from brink of cliff to Square Fort.

"3.45 P.M.—Cape Constantine and ships in one bearing, S.  $\frac{3}{4}$  W."

*Sinking of the Russian ships at the entrance of the harbour of Sebastopol.*

"*Britannia*—off the Katcha, Sept. 24th.

"Sir,—In my letter of yesterday, I reported

the extraordinary change that had taken place in the position hitherto maintained by the enemy's fleet in the harbour of Sebastopol, and I now beg you will acquaint the lord's commissioners of the Admiralty that the same afternoon, on the appearance of the allied fleets in sight of Sebastopol, the whole of the vessels moored across the harbour were sunk by the Russians, leaving their masts more or less above water, and I went last evening to the mouth of the harbour to assure myself of this singular event.

"Captain Drummond has examined the harbour this morning, and reports that the lower mast-heads of the ships are generally above water; that the passage is closed, except perhaps a small space near the shoal off the north battery, and the double booms inside are thus rendered more secure.

"Eight sail-of-the-line are moored east and west, inside of the booms, and three of the ships are heeled over to give their guns more elevation to sweep over the land to the northward.

"An intelligent seaman, a deserter, who escaped from Sebastopol on the 22nd, had partly prepared me for some extraordinary movement. He had informed me that the crews of the ships moored across the harbour (to one of which he had been attached) had been landed, with the exception of a very few in each ship; that the vessels were plugged ready for sinking; that the guns and stores were all on board; and that the other ships were moored under the south side to defend the harbour from attack from the northward. He reported that the battle of Alma had greatly dispirited the Russians; that the troops had retreated on Sebastopol without a halt; and that he believes the whole Russian force not to exceed 40,000. The man's statements were clear, and on points that came under his own observation were mostly corroborated, and I consider reliance may be placed on his information generally, considering the means his station in life afforded of enabling him to obtain it. At the request of Lord Raglan, I have sent him on shore to act as a guide to the army on their approach to the environs of Sebastopol.

"The allied armies moved this afternoon to take up a position to the south of the port of Sebastopol, and the fleet will move so as to meet their arrival there.

"I have, &c.,

"J. W. D. DUNDAS, Vice-admiral."

The following eloquent and dramatic despatch, which is peculiarly French in its style, was addressed after the battle of which it is a description, to the Emperor of France. "No one," said the *Moniteur*, "can read without emotion this simple recital of a great victory, where the general-in-chief speaks of every one except himself."

Field of Battle of Alma, Sept. 21st.

Sire,—The cannon of your majesty has spoken; we have gained a complete victory. It is a glorious day, sire, to add to the military annals of France, and your majesty will have one name more to add to the victories which adorn the flags of the French army.

The Russians had yesterday assembled all their forces, and collected all their means, in order to oppose the passage of the Alma. Prince Mentschikoff commanded in person. All the heights were crowned with redoubts and formidable batteries. The Russian army reckoned 40,000 bayonets, from all points of the Crimea; in the morning there arrived from Theodosia 6,000 cavalry and 180 pieces of heavy and field artillery. From the heights which they occupied, the Russians could count our men man by man from the 19th to the moment when we arrived on the Bubbanach. On the 20th, from six o'clock in the morning, I carried into operation with the division of General Bosquet, reinforced by eight Turkish battalions, a movement which turned the left of the Russians and some of their batteries. General Bosquet manœuvred with as much intelligence as bravery. This movement decided the success of the day. I had arranged that the English should extend their left, in order at the same time to threaten the right of the Russians while I should occupy them in the centre, but their troops did not arrive in line until half-past ten. They bravely made up for this delay. At half-past twelve the line of the allied army, occupying an extent of more than a league, arrived on the Alma, and was received by a terrible fire from the tirailleurs.

In this movement the head of the column of General Bosquet appeared on the heights, and I gave the signal for a general attack. The Alma was crossed at double-quick time. Prince Napoleon, at the head of his division, took possession of the large village of Alma, under the fire of the Russian batteries. The prince showed himself worthy of the great name he bears. We then arrived at the foot of the heights, under the fire of the Russian batteries. There, sire, commenced a real battle along all the line—a battle with its episodes of brilliant feats of valour. Your majesty may be proud of your soldiers: they have not degenerated: they are the soldiers of Austerlitz and of Jéna. At half-past four the French army was everywhere victorious. All the positions had been carried at the point of the bayonet to the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" which resounded throughout the day. Never was such enthusiasm seen; even the wounded rose from the ground to join in it. On our left the English met with large masses of the enemy and with great difficulties, but everything was surmounted. The English attacked the Russian positions in admirable order under the fire of their cannon, carried



them, and drove off the Russians. The bravery of Lord Raglan rivals that of antiquity. In the midst of cannon and musket shot he displayed a calmness which never left him. The French lines formed on the heights and the artillery opened its fire. Then it was no longer a retreat, but a rout; the Russians threw away their muskets and knapsacks in order to run the faster. If, sire, I had had cavalry I should have obtained immense results, and Mentschikoff would no longer have had an army; but it was late, our troops were harassed, and the ammunition of the artillery was exhausted. At six o'clock in the evening we encamped on the very bivouac of the Russians. My tent is on the very spot where that of Prince Mentschikoff stood in the morning, and who thought himself so sure of beating us that he left his carriage there. I have taken possession of it, with his pocketbook and correspondence, and shall take advantage of the valuable information it contains. The Russian army will probably be able to rally two leagues from this, and I shall find it to-morrow on the Katcha, but beaten and demoralized, while the allied army is full of ardour and enthusiasm. I have been compelled to remain here in order to send our wounded and those of the Russians to Constantinople, and to procure ammunition and provisions from the fleet. The English have had 1,500 men put *hors de combat*. The Duke of Cambridge is well; his division and that of Sir G. Brown were superb. I have to regret about 1,200 men *hors de combat*, three officers killed, fifty-four wounded, 253 sub-officers and soldiers killed, and 1,033 wounded. General Canrobert, to whom is due in part the honour of the day, was slightly wounded by the splinter of a shell which struck him in the breast and hand, but he is doing very well. General Thomas, of the division of the prince, is seriously wounded by a ball in the abdomen. The Russians have lost about 5,000 men. The field of battle is covered with their dead, and our field hospitals are full of their wounded. We have counted a proportion of seven Russian dead bodies for one French. The Russian artillery caused us loss, but ours is very superior to theirs. I shall all my life regret not having had with me my two regiments of African chasseurs. The Zouaves were the admiration of both armies; they are the first soldiers in the world.

Accept, sire, the homage of my profound respect and of my entire devotedness.

MARSHAL A. DE ST. ARNAUD.

The following order of the day was also addressed by the marshal to his troops:—

Soldiers!—France and the emperor will be satisfied with you. At Alma you have proved to the Russians that you are the worthy descendants of the conquerors of Eylau and of the

Moskova. You have rivalled in courage your allies the English, and your bayonets have carried formidable and well-defended positions. Soldiers! you will again meet the Russians on your road, and you will conquer them as you have done to-day, to the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and you will only stop at Sebastopol: it is there you will enjoy the repose which you will have well deserved.

Field of battle of Alma, Sept. 20th.

Fuller particulars of the battle were contained in the following additional despatches from Marshal St. Arnaud to the French minister at war:—

Head-quarters, Bivouac of the Alma, Sept. 21.

M. le Maréchal.—My telegraphic despatch of yesterday gave you a brief summary of the results of the battle of the Alma. The accompanying sketch, hastily done as it is, will give you a more complete idea of it. From it you will be enabled to judge of the difficulties which we have had to overcome in the capture of those formidable positions. The course of the river Alma is winding, with steep banks, and with fords few and difficult of passage. The Russians had posted in the bottom of the valley, covered with trees, gardens, and houses, and in the village of Bouliouk, a mass of sharpshooters, who were well covered, armed with rifles, and who received the heads of our columns with a galling and continuous fire. The flank movement of General Bosquet, commanding the 2nd division, and which that officer executed on the right with much intelligence and vigour, had fortunately prepared the forward and direct march of the two other divisions, and of the English army. Nevertheless, the position of that general officer, who for a long time found himself alone on the heights with a single brigade, might be endangered, and General Canrobert had, in order to support him, to make a vigorous turn in the direction indicated in the sketch. I had him supported by a brigade of the 4th division, which was in reserve, while the other brigade of the same division, following General Bosquet, proceeded to support him.

The 3rd division marched right to the centre of the position, having the English army on its left. It had been arranged with Lord Raglan, that his troops should make on their left a flank movement, analogous to that which General Bosquet effected on his right, but, incessantly menaced by the cavalry, and with great numbers of the enemy's troops posted on the heights, the left of the English army had to give up the execution of that part of the plan.

The general movement began at the moment when General Bosquet, protected by the fleet, appeared on the heights. The gardens, from which an incessant fire of Russian sharpshooters poured, were before long occupied by our

troops. Our artillery moved in turn up to the gardens, and began to cannonade the Russian battalions which were *echeloned* along the declivities in support of their retreating sharpshooters. Our troops, pressing on with incredible boldness, followed them along the slopes, and I lost no time in moving my first line across the gardens. Each man passed where he could, and our columns ascended the heights under a fire of musketry and of cannon which was powerless to arrest their march. The crest of the heights was crowned, and I sent out my second line to the support of the first, which dashed onward to the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The reserve artillery was in turn carried along with a rapidity which the obstacles presented by the river and the steepness of the ascent rendered extremely difficult. The battalions of the enemy, driven back upon the plateau, soon opened their guns and musketry on our lines, but which terminated in their definitive retreat, effected in very bad order. A few thousand cavalry would have enabled me to convert that retreat into a regular rout. The night came on, and I prepared to establish my bivouac with water in our neighbourhood. I encamped on the field of battle, while the enemy was disappearing from the horizon, and leaving the ground strewn with his dead and wounded, besides the large number he had already taken off. While those events were passing on the right and centre, the lines of the English army crossed the river in front of the village of Bouliouk, and advanced to the positions which the Russians had fortified, and where they concentrated considerable masses, for they had not judged that the steep declivities comprised between that point and the sea, and covered by a natural ditch, could be occupied by force by our troops. The English army encountered therefore a strong and well organised resistance. The combat which it opened was of the warmest, and does the highest honour to our brave allies. In short, M. le Maréchal, the battle of the Alma, in which more than 120,000 men, with 180 pieces of cannon, have been engaged, is a brilliant victory, and the Russian army would not have recovered from it if, as I have already observed, I had cavalry to pursue the disorganised masses of infantry who were retiring from before us loose and scattered. This battle proves, in the most striking manner, the superiority of our arms at the very commencement of this war. It has in a great degree weakened the confidence of the Russian army in itself, and especially in the positions long previously prepared, and on which they awaited us. That army was composed of the 16th and 17th divisions of Russian infantry, of a brigade of the 13th, of a brigade of the 14th division of reserve of the foot chasseurs of the 6th corps, armed with rifles throwing oblong balls, of four brigades of artillery, two of which were mounted,

and of a battery drawn from the reserve park of siege artillery, comprising twelve pieces of large calibre. The cavalry was about 5,000, and the whole force might be estimated at about 50,000 men, commanded by Prince Mentschikoff in person. It is difficult for us to estimate the loss of the Russian army, but it must be considerable, if we may judge by the killed and wounded that they could not take off, and who remained in our hands. In the ravines of the Alma, on the plateaux in front, on the ground forming the position taken from the enemy by the English troops, the earth is strewn with more than 10,000 muskets, haversacks, and other articles of equipment. We devoted the whole day to burying their dead in all directions where they were found and in attending to their wounded, whom I have ordered to be transported with our own men on board the ships of the fleets, to be conveyed to Constantinople. All the Russian officers, generals included, were clothed in the coarse great-coat of the soldiers; it is therefore difficult to distinguish them in the midst of the dead or of the few prisoners we have been able to make. Yet it appears certain that there are two general officers among the prisoners made by the English.

The battle of the Alma, in which the allied armies have reciprocally given pledges which they cannot forget, will render closer and more solid the bonds which unite them. The Ottoman division, which marched to the support of General Bosquet's in its turning movement, performed prodigies of rapidity to reach the line along the road on the sea-shore, which I had traced out for them. It was not able to take an active part in the battle which was going on in front of it, but these troops exhibited an ardour at least equal to our own; and I am happy to be able to tell you the hopes I found on the co-operation of those excellent auxiliaries.

Every one has gallantly done his duty, and it would be difficult for me to make a selection between bodies of troops, officers, and soldiers who have shown most vigour in action, and who deserve to have particular mention made of them. I have already noticed the important part taken by the division of General Bosquet in its turning movement, during which his first brigade, established alone on the heights, remained for a long time exposed to the fire of five batteries of artillery. The 1st division mounted the heights by the steepest ascents with an ardour of which its chief, General Canrobert, gave it the example. This honourable general officer was struck in the chest by the bursting of a shell; but he remained on horseback till the close of the action, and his wound will have no disagreeable consequences. The 3rd division, led on with the greatest vigour by his imperial highness Prince Napoleon, took



the most brilliant part in the combat fought on the plateau, and I have had the pleasure of addressing to the prince my congratulations in presence of his division. General Thomas, commanding the 2nd brigade of this division, was severely wounded when leading on his men to the attack of the plateau. The 2nd brigade of the division of General Forey, when advancing to the support of the 1st division under the orders of General d'Aurelle, nobly figured in the combat. Lieutenant Poitevin, of the 39th regiment of the line, held on the telegraph building which formed the central point of the enemy's defence the colours of his regiment. He met a glorious death at his post. He was struck by a cannon-ball. During the whole of the battle the artillery performed a principal part, and I cannot sufficiently praise the energy and intelligence with which that select corps conducted it. In a future report, the materials of which I am now collecting, I shall lay before you the names of the officers, the sub-officers, and soldiers who have merited the honour of being mentioned in general orders. I shall append to it a prayer for the rewards which you will certainly find to be merited.

Accept, M. le Maréchal, the expression of my respectful sentiments.

A. DE ST. ARNAUD, Marshal,  
Commanding-in-chief.

Head-quarters at Alma, Field of Battle of the Alma, 22nd of Sept., 1854.

M. le Ministre.—My official report gives your excellency the details of the glorious day of the 20th, but I cannot allow the courier to leave without saying a few words about our brave soldiers. The soldiers of Friedland and of Austerlitz are still under our flag, M. le Maréchal. The battle of the Alma has proved that fact. We witness the same impetuosity, the same brilliant bravery. One can do anything with such men whenever you inspire them with confidence. The allied armies have taken positions that were truly formidable. When examining them yesterday I saw how favourable they were to resistance, and, in truth, if the French and English had occupied them, the Russians never could have taken them. Now that we are more calm, and that the information which reaches us by means of deserters and prisoners becomes more precise, we are enabled to ascertain the loss inflicted on the enemy. The loss of the Russians is considerable. The deserters speak of more than 6,000 men. Their army is demoralised. On the evening of the 20th it was cut in two. Prince Mentschikoff, with the left wing, marched on Bakshiserai; the right wing moved on Belbek. But they were without food, their wounded encumbered them, and the road is strewn with their wounded. It is a glorious success, which does honour to our troops, adds a fine page to

our military history, and gives to the army a feeling worth 20,000 more men. The Russians have left on the field of battle near 10,000 haversacks and more than 5,000 muskets. It was a regular rout. Prince Mentschikoff and his generals were loudly boasting on the morning of the 20th, in their camp, which I now occupy. I believe that they are rather crest-fallen by this (*qu'ils ont un peu l'oreille basse.*) The Russian general had demanded at Alma rations for three weeks. I suspect that he will have stopped the convoy on its way. Your excellency will be able to judge how much display there is in all Russian affairs. In three days I shall be before Sebastopol, and I shall be able to tell your excellency its just value. The feeling and spirit of the army are admirable. The ships which are gone to Varna for reinforcements of troops of all arms have left since the 18th. They will reach me at Belbek before the end of the month. My health is still the same. It keeps up, between suffering, crises, and duty. All this does not prevent my remaining twelve hours on horseback on the day of battle; but will not my strength betray me? Farewell, M. le Maréchal. I shall write to your excellency from before Sebastopol.

Adieu, M. le Ministre, &c.,  
A. DE ST. ARNAUD, Marshal,  
Commanding-in-chief the army of the East.

Admiral Hamelin also forwarded to the French government the following report, which is necessary to add to the completeness of the great war picture:—

*Ville de Paris, Sept. 23rd.*

On the 21st of September I hastened to send you a telegraphic despatch of the brilliant victory which our troops have gained over the Russians on the river Alma. I have it in my power to-day to add some further details, and, in order that you may understand them, I enclose you two sketches. The first explains the intended plan of attack of the combined armies decided on the 19th for the following day; the other shows the positions on the Alma where our troops attacked the left and centre of the Russian army in sight of the fleet, which movement was supported by shells from the steamers. Your excellency has only to glance at the first drawing in order to appreciate the value of this plan in a military point of view. Accordingly, it was agreed on that the second division should march along the sea-shore, cross the Alma at the ford, which had been sounded by the boats in the morning, and carry the heights of the extreme left of the enemy, protected at the same time by eight steamers that I had placed in a position to bear on this point; whilst the 1st and 3rd divisions, under the marshal's orders, were to attack in front the enemy's centre, and the entire English army was to turn the extreme right. This operation was



executed almost as it had been planned, although our troops, after crossing the Alma, had to climb cliffs almost perpendicular, where our African soldiers gave extraordinary proofs of agility and daring. It was chiefly owing to these wonderful acts of intrepidity and speed, and, I must also add, to the terror caused by the shells from the steamers among the enemy's cavalry on the extreme right, that General Bosquet's division operated with such brilliant success, and was able to attack the centre an hour after the commencement of the action. On the other hand, the marshal's two divisions after a very sharp action with the enemy's rifles on the banks of the Alma, were ascending with the same boldness those natural ramparts where the enemy's centre was posted in the greatest security. In the meantime the English army, instead of turning, as at first intended, the extreme right, made a vigorous attack on the strong intrenchments of the right. The Russians, besides numerous field-pieces placed in battery along their lines, had also on this spot twelve 32-pounders, which our brave allies succeeded in capturing after a terrible loss. In short, the attack commenced at half-past twelve, and all the positions were carried at half-past three; the Russian army was in full retreat, and the several corps of which it was composed were in the utmost confusion, covering the positions which had just been taken with their dead and wounded. The want of cavalry prevented our taking thousands of prisoners and a great number of cannon. The casualties in the allied armies were, I regret to say, very serious, in consequence of the strong positions which they had to carry; our loss, in killed and wounded, amounts to about 1,500, and that of the English from 1,500 to 2,000. The road between the Katcha and the Alma was nearly covered with the enemy's dead, not to mention the thousands which remained on the field of battle. Three of our steam-frigates have been dispatched to Constantinople with our wounded, having also on board some of the enemy, who are treated like our own soldiers. To-day we accompany the army, who are marching on the Katcha.

I am, with profound respect,  
Your Excellency's obedient servant,

HAMELIN.

The concluding words of the last despatch of Marshal St. Arnaud proved prophetic:—"Will not my strength betray me?" He had long been suffering severely from an affection of the heart, and he accepted the command of the French army in the East with the conviction that he could not live long; but yet he thought long enough for glory—long enough to place the colours of his nation on the walls of Sebastopol! Though disappointed in the latter expecta-

tion, he died almost in the arms of victory, and sank to repose in glory! On the 25th of September, feeling the approach of death, he resigned the command of the army to General Canrobert. In the farewell which he addressed to the army, dated from his bivouac on the 26th of September, he says, that overcome by the cruel disease against which he had so long struggled, he was obliged to resign the command. He paid a high compliment to his successor, General Canrobert, who, he said, "will pursue the victory of the Alma, and will have the good fortune which I had imagined for myself—that of leading you to Sebastopol." After much suffering, he breathed his last on the 29th, in the fifty-third year of his age.

Though he did not die on the field of battle, he met a soldier's death; for he perished at his post, in the resolute performance of his duty. The particulars of his life have an air of romance about them. His youth had been adventurous and stormy. Having entered the army very young, he afterwards retired from it, and sought a livelihood upon the stage. Not meeting with the success he anticipated, he returned to a military life. In the time of honour and prosperity he seems to have remembered the humble companions of his early career. Not long before the emperor conferred upon him the appointment to the command of the army of the East, he is reported to have obtained a place in one of the public offices for an old theatrical comrade of the Porte St. Martin. A French journal (the *Débats*) says of him:—During several years he was in the severe campaigns of Africa, and always made himself remarked by his bravery and talents. His name is cited in almost all the combats of the long and arduous war in that country. Commander-in-chief of the army in the East, he there displayed very remarkable talents and activity, notwithstanding the bad state of his health, which had long been extremely delicate. At Varna he was attacked with malignant fever, and on two subsequent occasions with cholera. In the Crimea he heroically dominated his malady, in order to fulfil his high office of general-in-chief. The sentiment of military honour and the love of glory seem alone to have been able to maintain his moral energy under the physical sufferings he endured; and he commanded in the battle of Alma, saying that a marshal of France ought to know how to die on horseback.



The remains of Marshal St. Arnaud were taken to Constantinople on board the *Berthollet*, and conveyed from thence to France. The departed soldier was buried with great military pomp at Paris on the 16th of October, in the chapel of the Invalides. The emperor addressed the following letter of consolation to Madame St. Arnaud :—

St. Cloud, October, 26th.

Madame la Maréchale,—No one more than myself shares, you know, the grief which oppresses you. The marshal had associated himself to my cause from the day when, leaving Africa to take the portfolio of war, he concurred in re-establishing order and authority in the country. He associated his name to the military glories of France on the day when, deciding to land in the Crimea, despite timid advice, he gained with

Lord Raglan the battle of Alma, and cleared the way for our army to Sebastopol. I have, therefore, lost in him a friend, devoted under difficult trials; and France has lost in him a soldier always ready to serve her in the hour of danger. Doubtless, so many claims to public gratitude and to my own, are powerless to soften a grief like yours; and I simply assure you that I transfer to you and to the family of the marshal the sentiments with which he inspired me.

Accept, Madame la Maréchale, my sincere expressions thereof. NAPOLEON.

Not satisfied with barren expressions of condolence, the emperor ordered his ministers to lay before the council of state a bill for granting to the widow of Marshal St. Arnaud a pension of 20,000 francs, as a mark of national gratitude.\*

\* We take from the *Moniteur de l'Armée* the following sketch of the career of General Canrobert, the successor of the deceased marshal in the command :—If anything could diminish the regret of the country at a moment when it deplores the loss of the illustrious marshal whom death has carried off in the midst of his triumphs, it would be the choice of the young general whom the emperor has intrusted with the task of finishing the work so gloriously commenced on the banks of the Alma. Although the military career of the new commander-in-chief of the French troops in the East is generally known, we think it will be of use to recall to mind his services, which justify in a striking manner the confidence of the head of the state and of the whole army. François Certain Canrobert was born in 1809, in the department of Lot, a few leagues from the village which gave birth to Murat. He entered the school of St. Cyr in the month of November, 1826, and left in one of the first ranks after two years of laborious study. Appointed sub-lieutenant of the 47th of the line on the 1st of October, 1828, he was made lieutenant on the 20th of June, 1832, embarked for Africa in 1835, and arrived in the province of Oran, where the Emir, Abd-el-Kader, after the unfortunate affair of the Macta, kept our army in check. A short time afterwards he took part in the expedition of Mascara, in which he began to make himself known. He followed with his regiment the operations which generals Clauzel and Letang directed in the province of Oran; the capture of Tlemcen, the expedition of the Chetiff Aarchgoun, and the Mina; the victualling of Tlemcen, the combats of Sidi-Zacoub, Tafna, and Sikkah. These affairs displayed his brilliant military qualities, and raised him to the rank of captain on the 26th of April, 1837. He went in the same year to the province of Constantine, where the Duke de Nemours and General Damrémont made preparations to revenge a deep insult. He received a wound in the leg at the assault of that place by the side of Colonel Combes, an old soldier of the island of Elba, to whom he was orderly officer, and who was mortally wounded at the breach. Before he died, Colonel Combes recommended the young captain to Marshal Valée as an officer full of promise. General Canrobert returned to France in 1839, decorated with

the legion of honour, and was charged with organising for the foreign legion a battalion chosen from the bands of Spaniards who had taken refuge with Cabrera upon the French territory. Thanks to the persevering activity of the organiser, these remnants of the civil war were very soon ready to take part in the labours of our troops in Algeria. Called to the camp of St. Omer in 1840, he drew up with success, by order of the Duke of Orleans, several chapters of a manual destined for the use of the officers of the light troops. In the north, Captain Canrobert was incorporated with the 6th battalion of foot chasseurs, and returned to Africa in 1841. In that new campaign he signalled himself in the combats of the mountains of Mouzaia and Du Coutas, as well as in the obstinate struggle which the Beni-Menasser made against our troops. After having attained the rank of chief of battalion of the 15th light, on the 22nd of May, 1842, he was placed at the head of the 5th battalion of chasseurs, which was incessantly in the field on the banks of the Chetiff, and took part under the orders of General Gentil in the affair of the grottoes and that of Sbeah, and also in several combats on the Riou. Part of the year 1842 and the whole of the year 1843 were employed in fresh operations in Africa, and in all of them General Canrobert worthily maintained the honour of his battalion. He accompanied Colonel Cavaignac in the expedition of Ouaren Senis, and formed part of the column under the direction of General Bourjolly, who, after attacking the Flitbas, made some bold excursions in the country of the Kabyles of Garboussa. Everywhere the 3rd and 5th battalion of chasseurs were led by the commander, Canrobert, with singular success. He had been an officer of the legion of honour for two years when Colonel de St. Arnaud, who, in 1845, succeeded Colonel Cavaignac in the command of Orleansville, employed him against Bou-Maza. The chief of the 5th battalion gave glorious co-operation in the affairs of Bahl, Oued-Metmour, Oued-Gri, and Oued-Senzig. In the former he succeeded with 250 bayonets in keeping at bay more than 3,000 men, who could not break his ranks. For this exploit he was appointed lieutenant-colonel on the 26th of October. He was soon afterwards closely blocked up in the town of Tenez, where he had succeeded Colonel Claparède. Eight months of continual

The following circumstances in connection with the battle should not be omitted. A French correspondent relates the annexed account of desperate bravery displayed on both sides:—An Englishman had just planted a camp flag under the fire of the enemy, in order to mark out the position to be taken by a division which was advancing. A Russian left his ranks, ran up to the Englishman, killed him, and took the flag. Another English non-commissioned officer, observing the movement of the Russian, ran in pursuit of him, shot him with his revolver, recovered the flag, and ran as fast as he could back to his ranks; on reaching which he dropped down dead, having received no less than seven balls in his body before he fell.

After the battle our soldiers behaved with great humanity to the Russian wounded, and supplied them with water from their own canteens. In a few instances this noble conduct met with the most ungrateful return. One Russian deliberately fired at and wounded an artilleryman who had just given him some water to quench his burning thirst. An indignant guardsman, who witnessed the act, instantly avenged it. In another instance, a Russian officer was being

struggles brought about the pacification of the country, and the superior officer to whom this result was due obtained the rank of colonel, upon the scene of his conquests. After having commanded the 2nd regiment of the line, he entered the 2nd of the foreign legion on the 31st of March, 1848, and occupied Bathna. General Herbillon intrusted him at this period with the command of a strong column, with orders to attack and intimidate the mountaineers of the Aures. This order was promptly executed. Colonel Canrobert surprised the enemy at the fort of Djebel-Chelia, defeated him, drove him, sword in hand, as far as Kebech, in the Amer-Kraddon, and made prisoner of the bey, Ahmed. On his return to Bathna he went to Aumale, and took the command of the regiment of Zouaves. In this new post he had again occasion to act vigorously against the Kabyles and the tribes of the Jurjura, whom he succeeded in reducing to submission. But it was particularly in 1849 that Colonel Canrobert displayed an energy above all eulogium. The cholera attacked the garrison of Aumale, whom the events taking place at Zaatcha had led under the walls of that place. What courage, what presence of mind were requisite in the commander of the Zouaves, who thus conducted his soldiers in the midst of the dangers of a daring march, and compelled unceasingly to be the painful witness of their pain! He was everywhere exhorting the sick, attending to their wants, and in passing he sent a reinforcement to the town of Bou Sada, the garrison of which was blockaded, and deceived the enemy, who blocked the passage, by announcing that he brought the plague with him, and that he should infect his assailants. At length he arrived at Zaat-

assisted from the field (where he had lain for two days severely wounded) by two marines: having begged for some water, he was lifted down; and when he had slaked his thirst, as one of the marines was in the act of turning round to pick him up again, the ungrateful villain shot him dead. His companion resented the cowardly and cruel act; for, seizing a small spar, he beat out the Russian's brains. It seems almost incredible, but it is unhappily true, that several of the Russian wounded fired at our wounded who were lying disabled near them. In consequence of this ferocious display of hatred, the English broke the muskets of the Russian wounded and prisoners off at the stock, and took their cartridges away from them. One Russian officer was found lying dead on the field with a little dog sitting between his legs, a position from which nothing could move him. Another Russian officer—a mere youth—lay with hands clasped in the attitude of prayer.

In the despatch of Marshal St. Arnaud, it is related that Prince Mentschikoff's carriage and coachman were taken. In the carriage were found the full particulars of the English army; a circumstance which

cha, on the 8th of November. On the 26th he commanded with most daring courage one of the attacking columns. Out of four officers and sixteen soldiers who followed him to the breach, sixteen were killed or wounded by his side. As a reward for his conduct he was appointed commander of the legion of honour on the 11th of December, 1849. After having again distinguished himself at the battle of Narah, he was promoted to the rank of general of brigade on the 13th of January, 1850, came to Paris, commanded a brigade of infantry there, and was attached in the quality of aide-de-camp to the prince president of the republic, and appointed general of division on the 14th of January, 1853, at the same time retaining his functions as aide-de-camp of the emperor. Three months afterwards he was appointed to command a division of infantry at the camp of Helfaut, and almost at the same time he was selected as inspector of the 5th arrondissement of that force. Placed latterly at the head of the 1st division of infantry of the army of the East, he took a most active part after the commencement of that war, by preparing the difficult operation of landing, and by powerfully co-operating in the victory of the Alma, where he received another wound. It is known that Marshal de St. Arnaud, who could duly appreciate him, had the most entire confidence in his talents and bravery. It is true that the young general had neglected nothing in order to merit that confidence. Before his departure he devoted himself to deep study respecting the scene of the present expedition, as if he had had the presentiment of his future destiny. Such is the general officer for whom is reserved the honour of planting the French flag on the walls of Sebastopol."



indicated how well the spies in the English camp must have done their treacherous work. A letter from an officer serving in the Crimea, thus amusingly alludes to the loss of the Russian general:—Poor Mentsehikoff left behind him his carriage and horses; the former being full of boxes, containing most magnificent hussar uniforms, and also portmanteaus of valuable articles. These were quickly ransacked. Watches and jewellery, arms, and fine clothing of every kind were found, which soon exchanged possessors in the persons of our men. The officers came in but for a small portion; though I deemed myself lucky in appropriating to my especial keeping a very compact and useful portmanteau, manufactured from the most esteemed Russian leather. Among the various articles found, was a *pair of white satin slippers*, which made us suspect that the gallant chief was most agreeably attended in his campaign sojourning.

In an intercepted despatch of Prince Mentsehikoff to the czar, he promised to hold his position on the heights above the Alma against even 100,000 men, until the cold weather set in, when he stated that he would assume the offensive, and drive the allies into the sea. One account says the despatch was something to this effect:—"Although the English are invincible at sea, they are not to be feared on land; but the French will cause a heavy struggle. The allied armies are not however to be feared, as the fortified camp can withstand any attacking force

three weeks; and certainly half as long as Sebastopol itself." How far Mentsehikoff kept his word, the result of the battle proves; but all accounts agree in stating, that the position in the hands of the French or the English would have been almost impregnable. Sir George Brown declared that in the Peninsula struggle, the English had not encountered a position so strong.

Many stragglers who visited the battlefield, bent on picking up what they could, or plundering the dead, made an abundant harvest. One fellow found nine revolvers and fifty sovereigns; and another (a Maltese) was reported to have realised upwards of £150 in gold. A great many rifles of superior workmanship were carried off, together with coats, boots, &c.; and in many cases the gold lace was ripped off the uniforms of the dead.

A very slender pun is attributed to Lord Raglan at Alma. When the armies were drawn up, the French officer who was in attendance on his lordship for the purpose of communicating with the marshal, made some observation upon the appearance of the French wing to the right of the English. "Yes," remarked Lord Raglan, glancing at his empty sleeve, "France owed me an arm, and she has paid me." It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that his lordship lost an arm at Waterloo.\*

The news of the victory at Alma was received in England with enthusiastic joy! Well it might be; for it was accompanied by a report, seemingly well corroborated, that

\* A few words concerning the career of Lord Raglan may be acceptable to our readers. He was born in 1788, and is the eighth son of the fifth Duke of Beaufort, who died in 1803. Lord Raglan, then Lord Fitzroy Somerset, entered the army at the age of sixteen, as cornet in the 4th dragoons. As may be supposed, from the rank of his family, he was rapidly promoted, and became attached to the staff of the late Duke of Wellington, whom in 1807, he accompanied to Denmark. After the defeat of the Danes and the capture of their fleet, the expedition returned triumphantly to England. Lord Fitzroy Somerset afterwards accompanied the illustrious duke to the Peninsula, in the capacity of military secretary and aide-de-camp; and is said to have been honoured with much of the confidence of that great commander. He obtained distinction in the engagements at Fuentes d'Onor on the 3rd and 5th of May, 1811, and in the storming of Badajoz on the night of the 6th of April, 1812, when so many gallant British soldiers fell in front of the walls and in the breach before the victory was accomplished. In the memorable battle of Vittoria, Lord Fitzroy Somerset again distinguished himself by his activity and daring. He won additional honours at the victories of Nevelles, Orthes, and Toulouse, and on his re-

turn to England, with the Duke of Wellington in 1814, he was rewarded for his services with a cross and five clasps. The same year he was united to Emily Harriet, second daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl of Mornington. He afterwards served with the famous duke in the memorable campaign of 1815, and was present both at Quatre-Bras and at Waterloo. On the latter field he was, as we have already mentioned, deprived of an arm. Lord Fitzroy Somerset has, during nearly forty years of peace, been known to the public only as an exemplary professional disciplinarian. He has held aloof from political notoriety or distinction, but his principles are, in accordance with those of his family, of a decided conservative character. After the termination of the war he was made secretary to the embassy to the court of France, and was secretary to the master-general of the ordnance from 1819 to 1827. He was made colonel of the 53rd foot in 1830, and promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general in 1838. In 1847, he was made a knight grand-cross of the order of the Bath, and on the death of the Duke of Wellington he was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Raglan, made a privy councillor, and appointed master-general of the ordnance.

Sebastopol had fallen into the hands of the allies. Reflection was lost in joyous excitement; or the actual impossibility of the circumstance might have forced itself on the conviction of those who readily believed what they so ardently hoped. Some were incredulous; and we, amongst others, ventured to express our unbelief of so flattering a report. It was useless: people only listened to sceptics with pity, and suspected them of being devoid of a proper sense of patriotism. What, said they, could be clearer than such telegraphic communications as these:—"A French steamer coming out of the Bosphorus, met another coming from the Crimea, which announced that she was carrying to Constantinople the intelligence of the capture of Sebastopol. The steamer from the Bosphorus touched at Varna to announce this event, of which we expect hourly an official confirmation."—"Another and fuller despatch from Bucharest of the 28th, announces that Sebastopol was taken on the 25th, with all its munitions of war, together with the Russian fleet. The garrison, to which a free retreat, after laying down their arms, was offered, preferred to remain as prisoners of war. This intelligence is confirmed by a despatch from Vienna, which announces as authentic the defeat of the Russians on the Alma, the capture of Sebastopol, and the surrender of the garrison." The next telegraphic communication from Vienna was singularly explicit:—"The French embassy and the Austrian government have received from Bucharest, under date six, P.M., September 30th, the following telegraphic despatch:—"To-day at noon a Tatar arrived from Constantinople, with despatches from Omar Pasha; his highness

being at Silistria, the despatches had to be forwarded to him at that place. The Tatar announces the capture of Sebastopol: 18,000 Russians were killed and wounded; 22,000 made prisoners; Fort Constantine was destroyed, and other forts, mounting 200 guns, taken. Of the Russian fleet, six sail-of-the-line were sunk, and Prince Mentschikoff had retired to the bottom of the bay with the remaining vessels, declaring that he would burn them if the attack continued. The allied commanders had given him six hours to consider, inviting him at the same time to surrender, for the sake of humanity. A French general and three Russian generals, all wounded, have arrived at Constantinople, which city was to be illuminated for ten days!"

The circumstantiality of these and similar communications at length won for them an almost universal belief, not only in London, but in most of the cities of Europe. The enthusiasm they created was overthrown by the arrival, on the 5th of October, of correct intelligence, from which it was seen that, so far from Sebastopol having been taken, it had not even been attacked, and that the fleet, reported to have been destroyed, was riding at anchor within its harbour. The telegraph had spread over Europe the inventions of dishonesty, or the delusions of exaggeration. Unhappily, British blood was destined to flow in torrents, and thousands of English and French to lay beneath the soil of the Crimea before the obstinacy of the czar could be broken, and before it could be said of the adamantine fortress of Sebastopol—"Behold her glory is in the dust, her pride is overthrown, and her towers are ruins."

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

A COLLECTION OF LETTERS FROM PERSONS ENGAGED IN, OR SPECTATORS OF, THE GLORIOUS BATTLE OF THE ALMA; CRUEL NEGLECT OF OUR WOUNDED SOLDIERS; STATE OF THE COLOMBO; HORROR EXCITED IN ENGLAND, AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PATRIOTIC FUND; MISS NIGHTINGALE AND HER STAFF OF NURSES.

In the foregoing chapter we have recorded the events of the memorable and illustrious battle of the Alma, in which British troops showed that they had not lost aught of their courage, endurance, and other high military

qualities, during forty years of peace. Our account necessarily omits much that is interesting, together with many of those individual cases of heroism which, on such a day, must have occurred. In presenting at



one view the whole, much that is highly interesting naturally falls into perspective. Many officers and men engaged in the battle have sketched, in letters to their friends, accounts of what fell under their immediate notice. Such accounts, penned under the excitement of the moment, and in some cases on the field of battle, are of course more dashing, lifelike, and truthful than second-hand relations, or editorial compressions. We propose, therefore, to devote a chapter entirely to these communications; and we feel convinced that the information they contain will be accepted readily, if not greedily, by our readers. Not this age alone, but posterity, for many generations, will feel mingled emotions of pride and pain on reading the particulars of the heroism and suffering displayed by their countrymen on the blood-stained heights of Alma! The first letter we present is the production of an officer in the naval service of France; but we anticipate that it will be none the less welcome on account of its being penned by one connected with the navy of our brave ally:—

Alma Roads—off the Crimca, Sept. 22.

The battle, which began at noon on the 20th, was a complete victory. At six o'clock in the evening, night alone rescued the Russians from a most terrible destruction. They retreated to their entrenched camp at Katcha, ten miles to the south of this. But to take things in their order:—On the 19th the allied army, encamped on the shore at Old Fort, where it had landed, struck its tents. All the French divisions moved first, with the brave 1st division of the gallant Canrobert at their head. Our order of march was *en losange*, and the English, forming the two north flanks, marched after us. We were aware that the Russians were encamped on the left bank of the Alma. The right bank is very low, but the left bank, on the contrary, rises abruptly in peaks, lifting its crests to the height of a hundred feet. On the north, by which we were to debouch, is an immense plain, stretching with a gentle rise to the watercourse of Zembruck, parallel to and two miles north of the Alma. At the foot of the steeps on the left bank of the Alma there is a village, the greater part of which occupies the right bank. This village is full of trees, and is intersected by numerous enclosures planted with vines.

The Alma is only passable at three points in the course of its last mile, close to its mouth. Even at its mouth it is barred by a

narrow bank which only affords a passage for one man at a time in front. Following its course, about a mile and a-quarter higher up is a bridge which passes through the upper end of the village; it leads to a valley shut in between the mountains which stretch onwards towards the east and the plateaux of which I have spoken, which reach to the sea and command the river. Higher up the Alma towards the east the stream diminishes, and its bed is fordable in many places.

Mentschikoff, solidly established on the heights of the left bank, and occupying the village at his feet, with 45,000 men, of whom 12,000 were of the guard, and 3,000 dragoons, and having crowned the steep ground and the opening of the village on the valley by which the steep ground is terminated towards the east with a numerous artillery, and thinking his position was impregnable, had written to his master (as we learnt from his correspondence of the 21st, which we have seized),—"I am awaiting the French in an impassable position; even if there are 200,000 of them I shall throw them into the sea."

All this description is indispensable thoroughly to catch the *ensemble* of the action which follows. While the formidable lozenge, the point in front, marched over the ten marine miles which separate Alma from Old Fort, the fleet followed. The weather was fine, and there was a slight breeze from the south-west. The sailing-vessels were towed by the steamers and the frigates. The light steamers sailed close in-shore, sounding, and signalling the depth as they went. A little off from the shore were the four steam-frigates *Vauban*, *Descartes*, *Canada*, and *Caffarelli*, and then, further out still, in a parallel line, the men-of-war. The night before all our other frigates and nearly all our transports had left for Varna to embark the cavalry, of which we are completely deficient, and 10,000 men of the reserve. Of course, we on board the fleet sailed faster than the army marched, so that by noon on the 19th we were all anchored off the mouth of the Alma; the men-of-war found themselves in eight or nine fathoms water about two miles off the shore. The old *Vauban*, anchored in four fathoms, was in front of the river at a distance of three or four cables off. Her bow guns carried to sixteen cables, so that she could sweep about a mile and a-quarter of the shore; unfortunately, the steep of the right bank which commanded her was 100 feet high, and was four cables from the

shore. The Russian pieces perched up above could have riddled us with impunity, but, happily, they were terrified by the sight of so many vessels, the position of which they mistook, and they retired into the interior out of the reach of our guns. Only their Finland riflemen, who, we are told, are sharp active fellows, began firing on us from some of the nearest crests, where they lay on the flat of their bellies, taking aim at us. The *Roland*, the *Lavoisier*, *Berthollet*, *Primauguet*, *Vauban*, *Spitfire*, *Caton*, and *Caffarelli* threw some shells at them, which quickly cleared the coast.

At noon our advanced guard crowned the hillocks of Zembruck, and was only separated from the enemy by the wide plain of a mile and a-quarter across, which stretches from Zembruck to the Alma. The plan of the marshal, we knew, was to halt for a time at Zembruck, showing only the heads of his columns, in order to draw down some of the Russians into the plain on the right of the Alma. Canrobert was to creep round to the east, and at a given moment to turn round and fall on the right of the Russians engaged in the plain, when the enemy, attacked on the right flank and in front, would be pent up in a corner, and driven down to the sea under the fire of our batteries. Up to two o'clock in the afternoon Mentschikoff remained in his intrenchments on the inaccessible plateaux of the left bank without stirring. At two o'clock, however, taking our motionless attitude at Zembruck for hesitation caused by his formidable position, he detached a strong column of cavalry (dragoons of the guard) down to the plain, followed and supported by a brigade of infantry, marching in close column. Attention; now the drama is about to begin. Grouped on the poop, in the tops, on the yards, in the shrouds, breathless with excitement and emotion, we had a capital view of the field; nothing escaped us; we could distinguish the uniforms of the regiments, the arms they carried—everything, in fact. Oh, the glorious and beautiful spectacle! two armies were about to join battle under our eyes. Our friends, our brethren in arms, at last were on the point of finding themselves face to face with the enemy so long wished for, so long desired. France was about to cross swords with Russia—how great the duel! And now the Russian cavalry deploys; it executes beautiful manœuvres, the harmony and the precision of which we admire. It skirmishes with our

outposts; several volleys of artillery are fired at it; it replies, and the Russian infantry, forming in squares, marches resolutely to support it. But our front stirs not; the English troops are not yet in line, and it is impossible for the marshal to venture a general engagement to-day. At four o'clock the English arrive; but it is too late for a forward movement. The army pitches its tents and prepares for a bivouac. Thereupon Mentschikoff exults, and promises himself to demolish us finely to-morrow. At a quarter-past four Canrobert's division, which has succeeded in stealing a flank march, makes its appearance in the east of the plain. All the Russian squadrons deploy on the right, form a great circle, and charge hotly on our division. The division halts, forms three squares, flanked by its artillery, and awaits the attack. How my heart beat—if they should be crushed by that mass of 3,000 horsemen launched on them at full gallop! But, no! a terrible fire of cannon and musketry receives them, horses fall to the ground, a still greater number escape without riders in all directions, and the mass of cavalry flies in disorder, and seeks a refuge behind the infantry, where it re-forms. Bravo, bravo, the fire has begun; the Muscovite has turned tail! Soon Canrobert has reached about half-way along our front; he defies the enemy. The cavalry, ashamed of its first defeat, tries for a revenge. Its columns are re-formed, massed together closer than before, and the charge begins more rapid and more furious than the first. But a close discharge stops and breaks the rolling mass; the earth is strewed with corpses, and the routed dragoons fly to recover themselves behind the Muscovite squares. No doubt the general who commanded the infantry was horribly enraged at seeing the fine cavalry of the guard disbanding themselves in so disgraceful a fashion under the eyes of both armies, for this time he received the fugitives with a general discharge, which surprised us much, and, I own, made us laugh heartily. But it was now seven o'clock, and both parties withdrew to their own encampment.

Sept. 20th.—A fine sky, smooth sea, and radiant sun. Our troops strike their tents, and are in motion at six o'clock. The English are in line, and occupy the left of our army. The Turks are at the extreme right resting on the sea. From our vessel we could see all the Russian positions. Can-



Robert's attempt the day before to turn their right has put Mentschikoff on his mettle against this manoeuvre. So we find that since the night before a movement has been made towards the right to strengthen it. The centre of the Russian army is massed in the valley which faces the bridge over the Alma; its left, which has been withdrawn about three-quarters of a mile from the sea, covers the heights which look over the river, and which are a continuation of the peaked hills near the mouth of the river; its right covers all the heights which command the valley to the east; and, lastly, its advanced guard, with all the riflemen, occupy the village on both the banks of the river. A formidable artillery protects the front and the flanks on every eminence in front of the valley, and in front of the river they have strong redoubts. Mentschikoff occupies the tower of a telegraph-station, from which he has a view of the country for nine miles round. The marshal and Lord Raglan have agreed on the same dispositions as the night before, except that this time there was no longer any question of throwing the Russian army into the sea, for it had withdrawn itself at least two miles; but the point was to surround and envelope it in the valley in which it was massed. It was settled that the English, who formed the right wing, should march to the east, and then turning round with a sweep to the right, should outflank the Russian right wing. On our right, the Turks and the division of General Bosquet were to follow the sea and outflank the Russian left wing, which had left a considerable space unoccupied between it and the shore, and were then to turn round on the Russian left and rear. The marshal was to attack the front by the village and the bridge leading to the valley where the strength of the Russians was massed, but he was to time his movement so as to occupy the attention of the enemy and allow time for our two wings to outflank him. These were the dispositions agreed on, and towards seven o'clock our army commenced to move without attempt at concealment. At ten o'clock there was a general halt; the soldiers were ordered to take a meal, and an hour's rest was allowed them. The Russians remained quiet, waiting the shock in their formidable positions. One thing surprised us on board very much—that Mentschikoff had completely abandoned the defence of the peaked heights which defended his left. A few

guns and a handful of soldiers defending the ravines which pierced that wall of 100 feet high, would have been enough to stop all our army. We learnt afterwards from the prisoners who were taken, that he had abandoned the defence of this line which covered his left, regarding it as absolutely impassable even for goats. He did not know our Zouaves! From ten to eleven o'clock Mentschikoff, having no idea of our plan of outflanking him on both wings, and not seeing the cross-movement of the English, which was covered by the mountains in the east, thought again, as he had done the night before, that we were hesitating, dispirited, and disconcerted by the obstacles before us. "Decidedly," said he to the officers of his staff, "these French have had enough. I shall be obliged to go and help them to re-embark a little quicker." At eleven o'clock the marshal launched his right along the side of the river, and we could see the chasseurs, the Zouaves, and the Turks coming along at a run—it is clear that the marshal supposes that the English have had time enough to make their movement to the left. Then we see all our centre in motion, and advancing in good order on the village. At noon it approaches that position, which is covered by a cloud of Russian skirmishers. The cannon roars, and the fire spreads everywhere. During this time we see our right pass the river at its mouth; other columns push higher, passing the river any way they can. Very soon we are astonished to see our men climbing these inaccessible peaks, clinging to everything, and swarming along like ants. After twenty minutes' climbing, we see them rising on the crest of the hill, crowning every elevation, and before Mentschikoff could have believed his eyes, we had 10,000 men outflanking him on his right. Then he bethinks him of driving back the danger, and launches against Bosquet's cavalry thirty pieces of artillery and several columns of infantry. It is too late, though. Our troops give way not a foot; six pieces of our artillery have succeeded in passing the bridge, and advance to support Bosquet. The formidable artillery of the Russians pierces us and makes lanes through our ranks; but our brave fellows stand their ground, and soon reinforcements arrive. Our centre carries the village, and all the Russian riflemen are driven out or killed. Soon we are so strong on the left of the Russians, and their attention is so fixed on



their centre, menaced by the marshal, that they leave us undisturbed masters of the heights towards the sea. Bosquet profits by this to push ahead and to occupy the road to Katcha with his division, so as to bar the retreat by that. All goes well in that quarter; but there are no signs of the English on the left wing. The marshal cannot advance too far, because our centre would be uncovered on the right. At two o'clock all the village is ours, and the left bank is conquered; at three o'clock we attack the Russian centre, a battery is taken in a redoubt, we press the left of the Russians, and we force them to concentrate all their efforts on the centre and the left. For three hours three of our divisions and an English division had all the Russian army on their hands. At last, at half-past three, there is a great movement visible on the right of the Russians. It is the English troops making their appearance. They advance rapidly; but, in approaching, obstacles, arising from the nature of the ground, no doubt prevent them from taking the Russian army in flank, and they make a flank march, so as to get in front of the valley and of the Russian masses. They are in two parallel lines. The Russians resolve to attack them, and all at once three enormous columns, which formed the Russian order of battle on the right, formed close column, fixed bayonets, and rushed at a run on the first line of the English. This resists; the second line rushes to its support, and then the lines in front, which unroll themselves like long serpents, lap over at the extremities, enclosing the Russians between them. In this order of attack, the English, by stretching out a little, have the great advantage of being able to surround the enemy.

If the centre of the English lines had been pierced, all was over—the English army would have been destroyed; but these brave fellows bore the shock without breaking, and at this very moment a French battery of horse artillery came up and took the Russian mass on its left flank. Then came a frightful pell-mell; there was no more firing; they stabbed one another with the bayonet. At the end of a quarter-of-an-hour the Russian mass was destroyed, and the English lines, re-forming in close order to close up the numerous gaps, rushed on the Russian right. From that time all went down before us, and the Russians were soon in full retreat. If we had cavalry,

the Russian army would have been annihilated. Our artillerymen pursued them until six o'clock, firing on the mass without cessation, and Bosquet saluted them as they passed with a heavy fire. At seven o'clock our columns returned to the Russian camp, and encamped for the night on the field so gloriously won. On the morrow (the 21st) the first care was to relieve the wounded and bury the dead. The allies had 1,000 killed, and 2,000 wounded. The Russians had 8,000.

One can scarcely form an idea of the wonderful manner in which our soldiers fight, accustomed to African warfare, and attacking with surprising resolution, but with a marvellous intelligence too. Are they before a battery—quick—you see them break up into skirmishers, killing from afar, but without presenting a mark for the enemy to fire at. The same before a square; but when it comes to the charge—when they have thrown disorder into a column—you see them form quickly in a lump and charge with the bayonet. The brave English are still the iron columns which advance intrepidly to the slaughter without hurry and without receding a foot. When Lord Raglan saw our divisions of the right climbing the gigantic walls of the heights which shut in the river, he applauded and shouted—"They are not men, they are lions and tigers."

The brave English are enchanted with their allies, and they, who are good judges of bravery, think we have laboured well, for yesterday wherever they saw a Frenchman they saluted him with frantic cheering. Prince Napoleon has displayed wonderful coolness and ardour, so that the night after the battle, one of the Zouaves summarised the general opinion of him by declaring that he was "a finished trooper, and ought for sure to have served in the old guard." Yesterday and to-day we have collected and embarked the wounded, the Russians as well as our own. I have visited the field of battle. What a terrible spectacle! There were some places where the Russians lay so thick that earth had been thrown on them in a heap, without attempting to dig a hole to receive them. The earth was strewn with arms and *débris* of all sorts. To-morrow we march for Katcha, ten miles from this. Will the Russians await us there? They must be completely demoralised, for we have just given them a thorough beating, and in the most



formidable position you can imagine. Thence we shall fall on Sebastopol all together, and, with God's help, we shall draw this claw from the northern bear's paw.

The following two letters are from an English naval officer, and from a medical officer attached to one of her majesty's ships:—

The River Alma, Sept. 21st.

I have just walked over a battle-field—the field of Alma, one which will occupy a brilliant page in our history. From a magnificent position, the finest in the world for an opposing army, the Russians, with an army of 40,000 men and 100 guns, the flower of the czar's forces, were yesterday, in three hours, driven by the allied forces like so many dogs. Had we had cavalry they would have been entirely cut to pieces while in retreat, and all their guns taken; as it is, the result of the battle is, for us, the position gained by our army, and on the part of the Russians the moral sense of their having been thoroughly beaten, in addition to their material losses: the highest exultation of feeling is universal in the allied army. Two Russian guns were taken, and two generals, who are wounded. The guns are fine brass pieces, one of them a 24 or 30-pounder brass howitzer. Our loss is important and great. The 23rd royal Welsh fusiliers suffered very severely, as also the 95th (Derbyshire),—it is the first time this regiment has met an enemy in the field,—and the grenadier guards, 7th royal fusiliers, 33rd (Duke of Wellington's), 93rd highlanders, and 55th. The remaining regiments, cavalry and infantry, suffered but little in proportion, and the loss of the royal artillery was not great. In the fleet, the tops and rigging of the ships were filled with officers and men viewing the engagement; with a good glass the whole of the scene, from the right to the extreme left, was visible even to details, and a glorious sight it was. I would have given all I possessed to be with them; but our turn will come next. The victory was most decisive, and, as our artillery gained the position on the heights, whole lanes were mowed down in the retreating columns of the Russians; yet we hear to day (by the *Sampson*, just arrived) that Prince Mentschikoff and Gortschakoff, who were yesterday, in person, making the utmost use of their heels, have to-day had the impudence to cause salutes to be fired in Sebastopol, the ships to be dressed, and perhaps have sung their last

*Te Deum* for their ignominious flight! The position they occupied was magnificent, and their generals calculated upon holding it for three weeks. Lord Raglan allowed himself three days for its capture; and the whole was finished, from the first shot to the last, in less than three hours. It will be rather difficult, fresh as one is from all the details of the field, to know exactly where to begin the description, but I will try a journal-like form, which, though of course very imperfect, may give some idea of the proceedings; for it is rather difficult to arrange one's ideas after the scenes I have just witnessed.

Sept. 19th.—In the early light of the morning the fleet beheld the armies in motion, French and Turks composing the right wing and the British the left, extending four or five miles into the country. At ten o'clock the fleets were under weigh and proceeding southward upon the right flank of the army; the whole a curious combination of naval and military force. Before us, and to the left, rose dense masses of smoke, and shortly after mid-day two French regiments passed over the embers of a burning village; at two o'clock the allied forces had gained the summit of an easy elevation, from which the ground gradually slopes to an extended plain, at the foot of which are the village and river of Alma; beyond rise the heights, abrupt and precipitous, for about two miles distance from the sea, and, extending far inland, take the form of steep grassy hills, the surface of which is broken by defiles and ravines. Upon these heights was seen the Russian army, standing to their arms; and now the two armies (having between them a distance of about four miles) first look upon each other. Our troops halt upon the elevation I have spoken of; meanwhile large bodies of Russian cavalry and artillery form upon the plain, and, leaving some infantry in their rear, advance towards our right centre, perhaps a *reconnaissance*, only to make a precipitate retreat; for the French (under cover of a rise) advance two or three guns, and open an effective fire upon them with a few shot and shell, after which a few horses are seen to start riderless from the Russian column. Our troops encamp, and as the night advances the watchfires of the opposing armies twinkle in the darkness like the lights of two rival cities. The fleets also lie quietly at their anchorage at the mouth of the river Alma, each ship as close in as her draught of water permits.

Heavy firing had been heard during the

afternoon in the direction of Sebastopol, where we know the *Terrible* to be stationed.

Sept. 20th.—At daybreak the combined army were in motion, and their dark masses became gradually more defined to us in the gray of the morning; the tops of the ships were again filled with anxious spectators, and at eight o'clock we beheld a body of French light cavalry and light infantry close upon the banks towards the mouth of the Alma; these were followed, shortly after eleven o'clock, by the cavalry and artillery of the right flank of the French army, destined to attack the enemy's left; they passed close to the cliff, and splendid fellows they looked, their arms and accoutrements gleaming and flashing in the bright sunlight. Now a cavalry picket dashes across the sandy pit formed at the river's mouth, and in a twinkling gain the opposite heights, and take their survey of the plateau then before them; then come the tirailleurs, and by half-past twelve o'clock large bodies of infantry are assembled beneath the western heights. Meanwhile the skirmishers to the left approach and cross the river there. At one o'clock the first shots are exchanged; the skirmishers, who have gained the heights, meanwhile clear them towards the road; and the artillery, having gained their position, open a smart fire towards a large mound and a redoubt. Further towards the centre, the light infantry (*chasseurs* and *Zouaves*) are rapidly overcoming the difficulty of the river and its precipitous banks, and some are soon seen scrambling up the heights, under a very severe fire from the Russians, and nothing could be more splendid than the action of the *chasseurs* and *Zouaves*, as, slowly advancing, they scale the steep hills in the face of Russian ambuscades and skirmishers. From my "top" I could see the whole engaged line, from the French to the extreme left of the British; it was, indeed, a glorious sight. As the *chasseurs* advanced, they found ambuscades in each ravine and the firing hot and strong. One after the other was cleared, and many a poor fellow was stretched on the grass by the time the top was gained. A body of retiring Russians retreated into the redoubt, from the walls of which, under shelter, they dealt great destruction to the poor *Zouaves*. Twice was the redoubt surrounded, and twice the clustering *Zouaves* were driven from it. Then an overwhelming mass enveloped it; a brave fellow is seen, assisted

by his comrades, to scramble up the wall; he gains the top; a tricolour is thrown to him immediately, and the next moment is planted on the wall, and he who threw the colour, and he who planted it fall dead. This occurred at half-past two o'clock. On the extreme left (about four miles, or perhaps a little more, inland) the Russian artillery is playing upon the advancing English at long range, but with great effect; a village has been fired between our troops and the river, and the Russian position is concealed by the thick smoke, while their guns are already trained upon the ground by which the English must advance; but the dense smoke of the village is soon passed and the river forded. Our artillery passed over a bridge made where some stone piers had been left by the Russians. Numbers of our brave soldiers are seen breast-high in many parts of the river, and an immense quantity of ammunition in the men's pouches is rendered useless; a bank, in many places ten or twelve feet high, and frequently perpendicular, is scrambled up; from the ship we can see the English slowly and surely advancing from the hollow under a perpetual cannonade, wedgelike at first, but gradually assuming an extended front; then a cloud of skirmishers meet those of the Russians, and both appear to meet and become confused together, amid a constant spitting of musketry; then, too, our artillery begin to bear, having been hitherto useless against the range of the heavy Russian guns, which now pour forth grape and case with murderous effect, and from a long extended breastwork, turned at the flanks, a battery tells awfully. The Russian skirmishers retire, and the 23rd and 7th fusiliers double over the parapet and take the work; but these are in their turn compelled to retire, and the work is again carried by the brave 95th regiment, aided by the grenadier guards; and here the heavy Russian gun was taken; the rest were horsed and away. The ranks of our brave regiments were awfully thinned during the conflict. And now commences the Russian retreat. Our artillery occupy the post hitherto held by the Russians, and mow down their retreating columns, and the victory of the Alma is gained. The last gun was fired at four o'clock. The 55th and 33rd suffered considerably. When at the river the 47th threw away their packs and acted as light infantry.

Two Russian generals have been taken



among the wounded. One of them is now on board the *Agamemnon*. He is very sulky, and says he thought he "was to have fought against men, not against devils dressed in red." The other general was found underneath a soldier's coat, with his son, both wounded, on the 21st. He says he was glad to be wounded by one of the queen's guards, adding that he should not have liked to be wounded "by any of those people in petticoats" (highlanders.) The royal artillery lost four officers; one of them (Captain Dew) had the upper half of his head cut off by a ball. The 95th lost six officers killed and twelve wounded. It was the maiden fight of the 95th, and they well earned a name to inscribe on the colours, which are so riddled through and through as to render the word "Derbyshire" difficult to be spelt. The greatest loss was in the Welsh fusileers. I saw great numbers of them lying around the breastwork killed and wounded; four captains, a major, and the colonel of this regiment I saw lying dead together—a ghastly sight! How horrible that such an awful sacrifice should be entirely owing to the obstinacy and ambition of one man! The number of dead and wounded Russians lying around the breastwork when I visited it was enormous. Those of our brave guardsmen, 7th, 23rd, highlanders, and 95th (poor fellows!) in front of it, showed how fierce had been the assault. Just at the close of the action an officer of ours gave a wounded Russian some spirits from his flask to drink; the scoundrel in return shot him in the back as he turned to leave him, and was of course bayoneted immediately. During the action a wounded Russian, being on the ground, cut with his sword at the English soldiers; they quickly placed him beyond reach of annoying their comrades in the rear. The Zouave who scaled the wall of the redoubt was sergeant-major of the regiment, and the giver of the colours was a corporal. "*Pauvres garçons*," said a comrade, "their death was a great loss to them. To-day they would have been decorated."

The country over which the troops are this morning passing by the river Katcha (or Kara) is beautiful, and magnificent trees spring from it. General Brown and Sir De Lacy Evans were the admiration of their soldiers. All the Russian dead have on their persons a small metal Greek cross; also a brass plate, bearing upon it the effigy

of St. Nicholas. The helmets of the imperial guard were strewn around the breastwork in immense numbers. The Russians had all their ranges marked down the hill by cross sticks, so as to know the exact distance of our advancing troops, and the consequent elevation of their guns. We hear that Prince Mentschikoff was very ill, seated in an arm-chair in the rear at the summit of the hill, with his carriage *convenient*. Nothing could exceed the kindness of our officers towards the Russian wounded, they going over the field with a plentiful supply of brandy, and administering it where wanted, equally to them as our own men. From the ships, officers and seamen, and the whole of the marines, were landed to convey the wounded to the boats as soon as the firing ceased; yesterday, too, they were occupied in a similar manner.

There have been some extraordinary wounds. A private in the guards had a button of his coat struck in the centre by a Minié rifle ball; the button, partially entering, caused a severe contusion of the rib, but saved his life. One of our poor fellows was struck by a cannon-ball at the moment of raising his hand; the ball drove the hand and arm right through the body. The Polish regiment was carefully placed between two Russian ones, to look after it.

The *Himalaya* is in sight with the welcome addition of the Scots Grays. The 57th regiment, from Corfu, without a single case of sickness, arrived yesterday.

A Russian colonel was taken yesterday by the English outposts; also a Russian nobleman: the latter was liberated on supplying 100 arabas and oxen to the army, which were speedily gathered from his serfs.

Her Majesty's ship —, at anchor off the forts of Sebastopol, Sept. 25th.

For the past two days I have been literally in a sea of blood, as I have been employed attending on the wounded Russians on the battle-field of the Alma. No description I could give would realise the horrors of war—the dead, the dying, horses, guns, carriages *pêle mêle*—headless trunks, bodies minus arms or legs, mutilation of every sort and kind,—that my blood almost freezes at the recollection. Every available hut was improvised into an operating theatre, and under every disadvantage we performed the most formidable surgical operations. You may judge how expeditiously we had to get through things when I mention that I

extracted twenty-three balls in less than three hours. Dressings were out of the question. Our surgical bivouacs were readily known by the number of legs and arms strewn around the scene of our labours. Indeed, I cannot liken the field of battle, for the two days after the fight, to anything better than an *abattoir*. My assistant for compressing arteries was the first passer-by, and when his nerve failed him, I had to wait until someone else came up. I will not say much for the result of my amputations, as directly one was concluded I laid him on a bed of hay or straw, and left him to the *vis medicatrix nature*. In the redoubts the Russian dead lay literally heaped on each other. Nearly all the balls I extracted were Minié ones. Report says there were 47,000 Russians on the field. They held the most formidable position any army could occupy; but the bulldog courage of our troops overcame everything, and in five hours they were masters of every commanding position, and the Russian hosts were in full retreat. No one, I believe, knows the Russian loss. I counted myself more than 400 Russians dead in less than three acres, and the wounded were beyond my calculation. Their supplications, as I passed through them, were heartrending: when I had attended one, there were twenty unintelligible supplications from those around me to give them my surgical aid. Our soldiers behaved in the most humane manner towards the wounded. I wish I could say as much for the Turks. The latter attacked the retreating Russian army, and those who were not killed by their fire, they bayoneted, and cried "Sinope!" to them. Our army remained at Alma for two days after the action, to attend to the wounded; and when they left there were many of the enemy still unoperated upon. We have sent down there to-day a line-of-battle ship to look after the rest, but I fear death will have played sad havoc among them. The Russians never look after their wounded, and on our march here (only five miles) we fell in with 500 wounded Russian soldiers.

The battle was fought in sight of the whole fleet. Nothing could be more exciting than to see the successive charges of our infantry. If we had had 5,000 cavalry, we should have made prisoners of one-half of the Russian army, and all their guns would have fallen to us. With the means we had, we performed prodigies. I have no end of trophies in the shape of muskets,

swords, helmets, &c., and in a few days I hope to add to them considerably from the spoil of Sebastopol. A letter I took from the pocket of a Russian officer I sent to the admiral, thinking it might contain some useful information; but the interpreter has discovered it was only a love-letter from the mistress of one of the officers, wishing him a speedy victory over the enemy, and a quick return to her arms. This dream, however, will not be realised; he was shot through the heart. All the Russian soldiers wore long boots, which our blue-jackets prize, and each man took a pair. The mode of measuring was somewhat novel. The sailors sat down, and placed the soles of their shoes in opposition with those of the dead, when, if the length corresponded, the Muscovite was speedily unbooted. The Turkish troops were very busy pillaging the dead—an occupation which most of us were employed in, more or less. I did not, however, come across any sabres in my explorations. We, however, shall have grand "looting" at Sebastopol, when my China experience may avail me. This is a horrible way to talk, and, no doubt, will shock you much; but it is one of the concomitants of grim war, and, perhaps, one of the most agreeable. We have found the peasantry very useful, and they willingly come forward with their waggons, which we hire for the transport of baggage, stores, &c. They are for the most part drawn by bullocks, but there are many drawn by dromedaries. The Russians burnt everything on our road.

Sept. 28th.—I resume my unconnected yarn, to say that we are in possession of everything south of the town, and lit up the lighthouse last night. The enemy have men stationed in all the public buildings, to set fire to them directly we breach the citadel. This measure will, I suppose, only spare us the trouble of doing it. The Russians have sunk three line-of-battle ships and some frigates in the narrow channel leading to the harbour, to prevent our ships getting in. Our only chance now of co-operating with the army will be for us to attack the outer ports.

The next is a very interesting letter from a private artilleryman.

Heights of Alma, Sept. 21st.

My dear —,—,—This is the day after the battle, and I feel grateful that I am spared to write you a short but imperfect account of our operations since landing in the Crimea.



We landed on the 17th inst., the greater part of our infantry regiments having done so the previous evening, at a place near Eupatoria, and on the 19th made a day's march towards Sebastopol. On coming towards the end of our march a party of Russian Cossacks appeared above the brow of a hill on our front; our cavalry, Skelton's battery, and a troop of horse artillery charged up, a little fighting took place, and they bolted, leaving a few dead behind; we lost one man, and one or two wounded. Next morning—that is, the 20th—we were early astir, as we knew the enemy was strong on our front, but did not advance far during the morning. In front of our position, extending for some distance, was a long, low hill, and about a mile further back a range of high hills. As there was reason to suppose them to be in force behind the first rise, we made a very cautious advance, until a column of Russian infantry appeared above the crest of it, when we moved on in earnest, and they retreated in double time, and joined their columns on the high hill in our front. When we saw the strong position they occupied, we made up our minds for a bit of warm work, but did not in the least anticipate such a very warm reception as they had prepared for us. At the foot of this hill runs a town of about a mile's length, and between the town and the hill a river of moderate depth and width, on the opposite side of which the Russians were posted. Now was the time; we were about to make a rush across, when, all of a sudden, the town, which had been deserted and filled with straw, blazed out in fifty places; the Russians had fired it to raise a smoke in front of us; and before we had recovered from our surprise at this manœuvre, there came from all points and along the front of the hill a perfect shower of 18, 24, and 36 shot. The villains had completely fortified the whole face with garrison guns from Sebastopol. After an instant's thought, the greater part of our infantry was sent back out of range, and French and British artillery to the front into action, and the battle had begun. Our shrapnel shells walked in more sharply, and for about three hours we kept hard at it, until they began to rather slacken fire, and we moved to the rear to repair damages. Our battery had then lost —, shot through the head; H., the same; a man named G., head knocked off; B., shot through; this was all of our battery killed. Corporal R., leg

broken; he is doing well, and is not likely to lose the limb; A. R., one arm and both hands gone; G., lost a leg; W., lost a leg; W., both legs broken; and one or two slightly wounded. Our battery has suffered more than any other.

After we had repaired damages we went at it again, but they had gained a footing on the top of the hill, and were advancing in gallant style. Our infantry had also advanced nearly up to the batteries amid great slaughter on both sides, so that their fire was taken off us, and our batteries dashed through the river and up the hill after them as hard as they could. Our lads—I mean the 2nd brigade of infantry—charged up to the muzzles of their guns, and bayoneted them in their own batteries. The rest of the battle was all on our side; the world against a China orange; in fact, they bolted; we charged over the brow of the hill, and saw them in full cut. Our battery was now on level ground, and the only one up; we galloped a few hundred yards forward, and gave them a farewell round from our guns in time to open a line through the last of their retreating columns, so that B battery has got the honour of the first and last shot in the action. We have taken some handsome brass guns, which are to be embarked for England. I don't know how many prisoners we have; we have not lost one. I went over the field this morning; it was dreadful to look at the thousands of killed and wounded stretched on the ground. There are at least six Russians to one of ours, including our French comrades.

The scamps made sure of not being shifted for a month at least. I hear that Prince Mentschikoff told them he should have us all prisoners in a short time, as it was impossible for us to take possession of the hill, or even to cross the river, in the face of their heavy guns. What does he think of it now? and what will he think when we knock at Sebastopol in a day or two? Our army are all employed in taking up wounded and burying dead. We attend to the Russians as well as our own. Jack N—— is all right; he was sent on duty away from the camp, and could not write, as we had only two hours' warning that letters would be sent to-day. He is quite well, and desires his love to Mrs. N—— and the children, and to be remembered to you; like me, he is annoyed at there being no means of sending you both some cash. No pay has been

given out this month, and will not until we are again settled for a day or two, and no means of sending home what we have for you upon us. . . . Kiss my baby a thousand times. I thought much of you all in the battle. . . . God bless you all.—G. P.

This, also, is from a soldier of humble rank, who is not a very brilliant penman; but his plain, truthful narrative will be relished more than the rhetorical flourishes of imagination:—

Bivouac, Touzel, Sept. 21st, 1854.

Crimea, twelve miles from Sebastopol.

My dear S——,—I ought to be very thankful to God for sparing me to write to you this night, when so many of my brothers in arms are lying dead around me. . . . I have to inform you that we met our enemy yesterday, and they showed us a full front, with, I believe, a much more powerful force than we were. The first shot was fired at half-past one o'clock, I believe, from our fleets; then one from the Russians. There was a very large village between us and them, which they set fire to as soon as the fight began, which caused us great disadvantage, as we could not see them for the smoke; but as soon as the smoke cleared off we soon showed them what the English could do. I do assure you they were completely mowed down by dozens by our artillery, who did their work to the satisfaction of all. I must tell you that when we came up the Russians held a fine position—one which the English, with half their number, would have held against the whole world. It was on the side of a very high hill, with the whole face of it covered with intrenchments and strong batteries. They fought well for about three hours; then they began to fall back completely paralysed as our men began to get close up to them; at one time some of our regiments were only twelve paces from them, and such daring courage completely astonished them. Then they began to throw away their knapsacks and run as fast as their legs could carry them, and our army cheering in all directions. I cannot give any account of what number we have killed; but they have lost about six to one of us. My regiment was not engaged the whole time, as we were the reserve; so we had only five wounded, and that slightly, although the balls were flying over our heads in all directions. The fight lasted about five hours. After they ran over the top of the hill, our regiment, with

five others that were in reserve, were ordered to follow them; but, owing to their throwing away their things, they were able to run well, so they got off, but our cavalry soon overtook them and used the sword to them, and made heads and arms fly in the air; and our artillery soon gained the hill and threw a few shells in among them. I can assure you it was an awful sight to see the dead lying about; in some places we could not walk without walking over them. I will not attempt to describe the sight, as it is too disgusting, but I never wish to see the like again. It certainly looked very grand from the distance; when it commenced I was a long way in the rear, but as we advanced and came among the dead it became awful. I cannot describe my feelings at seeing so many poor souls lying dead, and the cries and groans of the wounded. The bands are employed carrying away the wounded on stretchers to the rear for the doctor to dress their wounds, so that we are not so much exposed as the others. We are now, I believe, twelve miles from Sebastopol, and there is another hill similar to the one we have taken; but from what we can make out the whole army has retired right into Sebastopol. We do not think they will face us again until we arrive there. We have taken a great many prisoners, and with them some officers, and they say that the Russians will never fight as hard again as they did yesterday; they acknowledge themselves that Old Nicholas came to inspect this place himself, and told his men that all the English and French in the world would not take it from them. What will he say when he hears they lost it in three hours? I must certainly say the French fought well; in fact, we owe a great deal to them; they are very daring fellows; they fear no danger. . . . I don't think we shall advance to-morrow, as the men have all been very busy all to-day and will be a great part of to-morrow in burying the dead. We expect to take Sebastopol on Tuesday next, and I shall be very glad when it is done. . . . It was seven o'clock when the order was given for a mail to be made up to-morrow morning at four. I have just got a chance to slip into the hospital for a few minutes, as it is the only light to be seen. We are all in the open air, and shall be now for some time. I have a slight cold, but that I must expect, as very heavy dews fall at night, and the sun is very oppressive by day. I trust, my



dear S——, that this will find you all quite well. . . . God bless you all! I forgot to tell you that we have taken a great many big guns from them. They had 100. Just fancy the noise of 100 guns; then ours and the French besides. Believe me, I shall never forget the 20th day of September, 1854. I hope the people of England who complained of our delay are satisfied now.

The next sample from our war letter-writer is by an officer of the guards:—

Bivouac, River Alma, Sept. 21st.

I hasten to write a few lines to tell you that I am safe and well, knowing how anxious you will be, after hearing that we have had an action with the Russians. Accounts of the battle you will see in the papers, much better describing it than any I could give, as I could see nothing beyond what was going on in my own brigade. That you will see was in the thickest of it, as the returns of our casualties will prove, our loss being very severe. The march from Kamischli to Baljanik, where we bivouacked on the night of the 19th, and again from Baljanik to Alma, was the grandest spectacle I ever saw. The whole army, French, English, and Turkish, advanced in battle array for that distance over a plain as smooth almost as a lawn, and with just sufficient undulation to show one at times the whole force at a *coup d'œil*. My division was on the left, and we were about three miles from the sea; the fleet, coasting along abreast of us, completed the picture. About twelve o'clock on the 20th, on crowning a ridge, we came all at once in sight of the Russian army, in an intrenched camp beyond the Alma, distant about three miles. Immediately we appeared they set fire to a village between us and them, so as to mask their force by the smoke. We continued advancing steadily, halting occasionally to rest the men, till half-past one, when the first shot was fired, and soon after the rattle of musketry told us that our rifle skirmishers were engaged. Our division then deployed into line, and we stood so for about twenty minutes, an occasional round shot rolling up to us, but so spent that one was able to step aside from it. Wounded men from the front soon began to be carried through our lines to the rear, and loose and wounded horses began to gallop about. At last we were ordered to advance, which we did for about 300 yards nearer the batteries, and halted, and the men lay down. We

were now well within range, and the round shot fell tolerably thick, an occasional shell bursting over our heads. After standing steady for about twenty minutes, the light division (who were in line in front of us) advanced again, and we followed. The Russians had put posts to mark the ranges, which they had got with great accuracy. We now advanced to within 200 yards of the river and 700 from the batteries, and halted under a low wall for five minutes, till we saw the light division over the river, when we continued our advance in support of them. On crossing the wall we came into vineyards, and here the cannonade was most terrific, the grape and canister falling around us like hail—the flash of each gun being instantly followed by the splash of grape among the tilled ground like a handful of gravel thrown into a pool. On reaching the river, the fire from a large body of riflemen was added, but the men dashed through, up to their middle in water, and halted on the opposite side to re-form their ranks, under shelter of a high bank. At this moment the light division had gained the intrenchment, and the British colour was planted in the fort; but, ammunition failing them, they were forced back. The Scots fusileers were hurried on to support them before they had time to re-form themselves, and the 23rd, retiring in some confusion upon them, threw them for a few minutes into utter disorder. The Russians, perceiving this, dashed out of the fort upon them, and a frightful struggle took place, which ended in their total discomfiture. For a minute or two the Scots fusileer colours stood alone in the front, while General Bentinck rallied the men to them, their officers leading them on gallantly. At this moment I rode off to the Coldstreams, through whose ranks the light division had retired, leaving them the front line. They advanced up the hill splendidly, with the highlanders on their left, and not a shot did they fire till within 150 or 200 yards from the intrenchments. A battery of 18 and 24-pounders was in position in our front, and a swarm of riflemen behind them. Fortunately the enemy's fire was much too high, passing close over our heads, the men who were here killed being all hit on the crown of the head, and the Coldstreams actually lost none. When we got about fifty yards from the intrenchment the enemy turned tail, leaving us masters of the battery and the day. As they retired they took all their

guns except two, and a great many of their wounded. In spite of this the ground was covered with dead and dying, lying in heaps in every direction on what might be called the glacis, and inside the intrenchments they were so thick that one could hardly avoid riding over them; but the excitement of the victory stifled for the time all feeling of horror for such a scene, and it was not till this morning, when I visited the battlefield, that I could at all realise the horrors which must be the price of such a day. Most fervently did I thank God, who had preserved me amid such dangers. How I escaped seems to me the more marvellous the more I think of it. Though on horseback (on my old charger), my cocked-hat and clothes were sprinkled all over with blood. The loss of the brigade of guards is very severe, but the proportion of deaths to wounded is extraordinarily small. On calling the roll after the action, 312 rank and file and fifteen officers were discovered to be killed and wounded. Beside these was my poor friend Horace Cust, who was struck by a round shot in crossing the river. He was aide-de-camp to General Bentinck, and we were watering our horses at the time when the shot struck his horse in the shoulder and smashed poor Cust's thigh. He died soon after the leg was amputated. Charles Baring, who has lost his arm (taken out of the socket), is the only other Coldstream officer hit. They only went into action with sixteen officers, less than half their complement. We have been occupied the whole day in burying the dead. About 1,000 were laid in the ditch of the fort, and the earthen parapet was then thrown back upon them. We find that the whole garrison of Sebastopol were before us, under Mentschikoff in person. His carriage has fallen into our hands, and in it a letter stating that Sebastopol could hold out a long time against us, but that there was a position at Alma which could hold out three weeks. We took it in three hours. So convinced were they of the impossibility of our taking it that ladies were actually there as spectators, little expecting the review they were destined to be spectators of. We expect now to find no resistance whatever at the Katcha river, the whole Russian force having retired into Sebastopol. We always turn out at four o'clock in the morning, an hour before daybreak.

The following is an extract from a letter by Lieutenant-colonel Thomas Unett, of

the 19th regiment, light division, to his father:—

Sept. 20th.—Moved on the whole army in same order as the day before, by grand divisions from centre of brigades, artillery between, protected by all our cavalry on our left flank. On looking round, while on the move, it was a glorious sight; the green plains seemed swarming with armed men. Moved steadily on until we approached some hills, when we observed some movements and a line of cottages on fire, and evidently a river or rivulet between us. We halted now occasionally. At last our light division deployed into line, the rifles in front began to fire, and as soon as we got closer, or well within range, 100 great guns belled out at us from the hills on the other side of the rivulet. We pushed on, and many round shot came rolling through our ranks, wounding and scattering a few. Wardlaw had part of the flesh of his leg carried away; another man close to me never spoke; the ground was covered with his blood. The fire now became much hotter from all their batteries in position and we were ordered to run for shelter under the walls of the line of the burning cottages and ditch, where we lay more than an hour securely. My gray mare all the time would show herself, turning round, and being very uneasy at the firing. Another division displayed in our rear and advanced to us, the shot falling among them with a shrill hissing noise over us. Other divisions deployed and advanced on our right. We were ordered to advance, and did so to the best of our ability in line, across stone walls and a vineyard. Here the plunging fire from grape, round shot, shells, Minié muskets, &c., was awful, and also across the stream, through which we made our way with the greatest difficulty, more particularly us mounted officers. My mare got into a hole in the water, and was all under for some time, except her head and neck. I dismounted and got her to the side, and attempted the high bank, which was nearly perpendicular and very slippery. I struggled to get up, sticking my fingers into the grass, and she by desperate struggles came up by my side as I had hold of the bridle, the shot falling all this time very thick. I mounted and pushed on, and we got into something like a line under the crest of a hill. Our regiment now took ground to our right, and were ordered to advance against the intrenched camp at some dis-



tance. The firing now was awful, and many were hit. Our line was not well formed under such a plunging fire; it was impossible to form line. Sir George Brown came and said to Colonel Saunders, "Go at them." He rode in front of the line and waved his sword. The line got more confused. I was on the right of the line to which they seemed to crowd, and, instead of being two deep, we had become fourteen or fifteen deep, all crowding together. During this pause of half-an-hour we were all being scattered by the round shot, canister, Minié, and shells, which continually burst over us. We were next to the 7th fusiliers. They retired gradually; we did the same. I saw a French general tumbling from his horse and his horse rearing up. Saunders's horse I saw also rearing. My mare was now struck twice in the front part of her head, in the shoulder, and in one of her fore-legs. I felt myself struck slightly in two or three places, leg and thigh. The regiment retired gradually, firing as well as they could. We got under the hill and formed them again there. We remained ten minutes to get our scattered men together and tell off, during which time we heard of many of ours being killed and wounded; Colonel Saunders was badly wounded in the leg. I now took the command, and told off the regiment. I abandoned my mare, as she had become faint, and, looking at me as I dismounted, she snorted me all over with blood, which was streaming from her nostrils. My face and hands were covered, and all thought I was badly wounded. I marched the regiment up again to the intrenched camp, in line and in order, but in the meantime the guards had supported us and taken the position. Afterwards we bivouacked for the night. Slept well, all round a fire, and got a little hot tea and biscuit.

Sept. 21st.—This morning crossed over the scene of our fight to bathe with Sidwell and Thompson. We refreshed ourselves greatly with a good wash opposite the vineyard, now all tranquil. What a change! Visited our wounded, and did all I could for them. An awful sight in all directions—2,000 killed and wounded.

Here is a letter which shows with what calmness and hardihood even those Englishmen who have been delicately reared bear wounds and suffering. It is from the Hon. Hugh Annesley, of the fusilier guards, to his mother, the Countess Annesley:—

H.M.S. *London*, Sept. 21st.

My dear Mother,— \* \* \* We forced the passage of the Alma yesterday, and defeated the Russians most gloriously, though with great loss to ourselves, owing to their extraordinary strong position. Old officers say it was as strong as Torres Vedras. The Russian army was drawn up on the heights, upwards of 40,000 strong, and with immensely heavy artillery, 24 and 32-pounders. The light division advanced to the attack, supported by the first division (guards and highlanders.) They got across the river, and then advanced against the intrenchments. The 23rd was in column when the brigade of guards charged in line. My company (4th) was next to the colours, and in the very centre of the line. We got up to within fifty yards of the ditch, when the regiment before us (which has had the three senior officers killed) turned right about, and came down in our face, thus breaking our line. We were above thirty paces then from the ditch, and the fire was so hot that you could hardly conceive it possible for anything the size of a rabbit not to be killed. I kept on shouting, "Forward, guards!" to the few men that were not swept away by the —, when a ball came and stopped my mouth most unceremoniously; it entered the left cheek and went out at the mouth, taking away the front teeth. I instantly turned to the rear, feeling it was about a hundred to one against my ever getting there, as the bullets were whizzing round me like hail. I tripped, and thought it was all over with me. However, I got up again, with the loss of my sword and bearskin, and at last got into the river and out of fire. I had then another struggle on the other side, where grape and round shot were ploughing up the ground, and shells bursting; however, I stumbled on, and at last got out of fire, and sat down among wounded and dying soldiers and horses. The doctors gave me some water, and then were obliged to go to others; so when they left, I sat there for above half-an-hour before I could find out where our hospital was. At last an officer of the 10th, though wounded himself, gave me his arm, and took me to the fusilier hospital, where I got some water and sat down to bathe my face.

There were six or seven of our fellows there; one with five balls in him, another three, and a third with his leg broken. My servant got me some blankets, and then we got a stable, half burned down, cleaned out,

and five of us lay there for the night, very wretched, as you may suppose, operations going on all round us. Some weak brandy and water and some tea were all we had. The shed we were in was a horrid thing—the heat, and dust, and flies intolerable; so in the morning four of us came down to the fleet, and I with two others am on board her majesty's ship *London*. W. S. has been most kind and attentive. I shall never forget his kindness. I had a hot bath and some arrowroot. I was nearly famished, having had nothing to eat since four, A.M., the day before. The doctor says the swelling will soon go down; it is rather painful, of course, at present.

B—— is all right; the cavalry, being so few, were not made use of. They showed themselves at the end of the action, and more than double the number of Russian cavalry ran away from them like sheep. Poor B—— came to see me in the hovel we were lying in, and burst into tears when he recognised me, I was so altered. Of course one cannot have an ounce of lead through one without swelling, and my face is like a good-sized turnip, my mouth much larger than I have any desire to see it in future. I do not suppose the ball could have hit me in any other part of the head where it would not have been attended with more danger—a most summary dentist the ball was, to take out all my teeth at one smash, except four grinders (there was a decayed one, which I hope has gone with its brethren, but I can't make out yet if it has or not.) There is a good bit of tongue gone also, but the doctors say that will not signify, and that I shall speak as plain as ever, or, at most, only with a becoming lisp; so, altogether, I think even you must allow that I have every reason to be thankful, and I hope you will not allow yourself to fret the least about me.

Just as we were charging the great redoubt, I prayed "O God! spare me!" and I really no more expected to return alive than if I had been tied to the cannon's mouth. Only fancy grape and canister being fired at us within thirty yards, besides a whole battalion letting drive as hard as they could into us. Both the other officers in my company were wounded. The colonel (Berkeley) had his leg broken. All the sergeants were wounded, and two killed; and, I believe, at least twenty or thirty of our men.

I was close to Lindesay when the queen's

colour was smashed in his hand; there were twenty bullet holes in it, yet he was not touched! Our loss has not been exactly ascertained, but I should say it is above 1,000 killed and wounded; and that of the French, I believe, is greater. Lord Raglan said it was one of the most glorious things the British army have ever done.

The doctor cannot say how long I shall be unfit for duty, but I shall try for leave to go to England soon. The fusileer guards have fourteen officers wounded; two or three, I fear, will not recover. The 5th company, which was next mine, has every officer wounded. In fact, we were just opposite the centre of the redoubt, and exposed to the hottest fire of the whole day. Sir George Brown says he never saw so hot a fire, and he was all through the Peninsula and at Waterloo. Strange Jocelyn was the only officer commanding a company who was not struck by a ball. Seymour was not wounded, but hit in the watch, which saved his life. The Russian soldiers are savages; fancy their firing at our poor men when they were lying wounded on the ground—they even tried to stab them with their bayonets. One of our doctors was actually binding up a Russian's wounds, when the man turned round and fired at him. Their loss, I have no doubt, was greater than ours. The allied horse artillery played on their dense mass running away, and every ball must have killed hundreds. The French were on our side close to the sea; they had not so hot a fire as we had from the redoubts.

Two Russian generals are prisoners. They said their lines were thought to be so strong that they could have kept us in check for three weeks! . . . Tell B—— I shall, perhaps, have some shooting with him this winter, after all. I shall, at least, try to get home . . .

Ever your affectionate son.

The following letter was found on Lieutenant Poitevin, the French officer mentioned in the despatch of Marshal St. Arnaud as having been shot while planting the French flag on the telegraph tower. It was forwarded to his family by his brother officers. It is dated from the bivouac near Eupatoria, on the 18th ult.:—

My dear Sister,—I have just received your letters of the 25th and 28th ult. I am very well. We have all landed in the Crimea without any opposition from the enemy.



We march to-morrow, at seven o'clock, with the English and the Turks. We are to effect the passage of a river, defended, it is said, by 50,000 Russians. All the villages supply us with oxen, sheep, and carriages with the best possible good-will. The women of Eupatoria, all dressed in the French style, are charming; they kiss their hands to us, regarding us as their saviours. The marshal has announced that any one found pillaging shall be immediately shot without trial. For the last three days we have had nothing but brackish water to drink. To-morrow we hope to get a little better from Messieurs the Russians, who, if they had liked, might have made us lose 10,000 men at the time of the landing. We do not rely much on the provisions which we may get from the Cossacks, for they live in the greatest misery. The marshal, in reviewing us yesterday, said to me, "You carry a flag, sir, but I hope that you will bring me a Russian one with it." I replied that I would do my best to satisfy him. The *porte-drapeau* is a passed lieutenant, but as we have not yet had a general inspection, it is probable that he who was proposed for the post last year is appointed (he is now at the *dépôt*.) In any case he will not arrive until after the battle, and, if I am not killed, we know not what may happen. There is no longer any cholera in the army. We have lost two sublieutenants by it—Guéry and Guignard. The latter made a speech over the tomb of the former. We hope to commence the siege of Sebastopol on the 21st or 22nd. All the population of the Crimea are for us; every moment the villagers come to make their submission, and bring us cattle. You think, perhaps, that we can save money, but you are mistaken; the inhabitants cannot supply us with everything, and the Greeks make us pay 3*f.* a bottle for very bad wine. You may judge the rest. I will write again from Sebastopol, or from the intrenchment.

Your brother who loves you,

G. W. POITEVIN,

Sublieutenant 39th regiment.

At the bottom of the letter, which is now a relic for the family of the writer, in the blank which he had left to add further details, is written this simple and affecting postscript:—*Mademoiselle*,—It is with the deepest grief that I write these few lines, which are to announce to you the loss of the brother who, three days ago, wrote to you the above letter. This worthy friend was taken from us in the battle of the 20th,

while filling the glorious functions of *porte-drapeau*. If the regrets which he leaves among all the officers and soldiers of the 39th can alleviate any part of the grief which that death will cause to his family, I am happy to have a good part in it.

A friend who loved him,

A. BRIGNON.

I beg pardon for opening your letter in order to introduce into it my sad news.

The following is a letter addressed by Brigadier-general Torrens to Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, of the Priory, near Hertford. It gives a touching account of a gallant officer's death:—

Field of Battle, on the River Alma,  
Crimea, September 21st.

My dear Delmé,—I shall wring your heart, indeed, and poor Mrs. Radcliffe's, by the sad intelligence I have, alas! to communicate. Your poor dear boy fell yesterday at the head of the company which he commanded (No. 1), while gallantly leading them to the attack of a Russian intrenched battery, heavily armed and most strongly occupied. Never was a more noble feat of arms done than the capture of this battery, and in that capture the poor dear old Welsh were foremost. Their loss has been frightful. Chester, Wynn, Evans, Conolly, my poor sister's boy, Harry Anstruther, Butler, Radcliffe, Young, were all killed dead at the same moment, and within a space of 100 square yards. Applethwaite (it is feared mortally), Campbell, Sayer, Bathurst, Stopton, wounded. Only six officers remain untouched, and nearly 200 men are *hors de combat*. The exploit was noble indeed; but what a sacrifice! The position of the Russians on this river was most formidable; it was defended by 40,000 men, and was carried in two hours and a half. They lost great numbers, and the conduct of our army, on whom the brunt of the thing fell, was equal to anything that it has ever done. The French behaved admirably. I am heart-sick at the loss of so many dear and valued friends, and at the thought of my poor sister's anguish. God alone can comfort us in these overwhelming calamities, and to His Almighty will let us humbly bow. Your dear boy died instantly, without pain, and lies buried in a deep grave along with his brave comrades, close to the spot where he so nobly died. God bless you, Delmé. May He comfort and support you both is the prayer of your old friend and comrade,

ARTHUR W. TORRENS.

P.S.—Harry Torrens and Bulwer buried him. His wound was in the centre of his breast. He lay on his back, and his body had been untouched and respected. God bless and save him. His face was calm, with almost a smile on it.

A. W. T.

We have spoken of the intractable savageness of some of the wounded Russians, who, with a diabolical ingratitude, fired upon English soldiers or sailors immediately after the latter had relieved their sufferings. Let us trust that these marble-hearted men were exceptions—and rare exceptions—even among the military serfs of the czar. The following extract, from the letter of an English soldier, testifies to the gratitude with which many of the wounded Russians received the attentions of those who had so lately been their enemies:—

Nothing could exceed the attention of the English soldiers to their wounded foes, and, on the other hand, it was delightful to witness the tearful gratitude of the latter for such attention. After forty-eight hours I found the Russians in the field, still groaning from their wounds. As our own men were to be attended to first, these were necessarily left, with legs, arms, and breasts shot away, during cold nights and burning days, without care or dressing. Many a flask of brandy and water did I expend in relieving their terrible thirst; and how my heart did bleed when around the necks of every one of these soldiers I found the cross and Virgin and Child. When I relieved them they expressed their gratitude, first to God by kissing the cross, and apparently saying a short prayer, then by holding my hand to their lips, and pressing it to their hearts, until my feelings could bear it no further, and I longed for some private spot where I could sit down and weep.

The annexed letters are from private soldiers engaged in the battle:—

Alma, September 22nd.

My dear Father,—I have much pleasure in writing to you to say that I am safe and in health after one of the most brilliant actions that was ever fought. It occurred the day before yesterday, and commenced about mid-day. We had marched some six miles when we came upon the Russian intrenchment, and a most tremendous fire of shell and shot opened upon us. They had chosen their spot admirably, as they were upon a range of hills, with a village at their base,

and a river running between the two. Numerous batteries of very heavy guns were planted on the heights, and by means of stakes they marked the exact distance their guns would tell upon us. Immediately upon our approach, they fired the village, and so somewhat blinded our view of them by the flames and smoke, and then opened a fearful cannonade from their commanding position. The light division (as is usually the case) advanced first to the river through the village, and then, having crossed the river, ascended the hill amid a perfect hurricane of balls, which did dreadful work among the soldiers, so much so that they could hold out no longer, and began to waver, upon which the order was given for the first and second divisions to advance to their support. The battle was now tremendous, and, owing to their commanding position, we could not bring our guns to bear upon them, and so they had it to themselves for some time. The advance of the guards and highlanders was splendid; and had it not been for them, I have heard an opinion expressed by many that the battle must have been lost. When the highlanders reached the top of the hill, which they did in line, the Russians made a faint attempt to charge, but the “braw Gauls” gave a loud cheer, and continuing to advance drove them back with great loss. This battle was won almost by infantry alone, as the cavalry could not be brought in at all, and the artillery very little.

Sunday, October 1st.

Dear Friends,—The last letter I wrote I thought I should not go further up the country, but in two or three days after I wrote we were on board the ship *Simoom*. We stayed in harbour eight days, until all the troops were on board, and then we sailed across the Black Sea for Russia, and we were nine days going. We did not sail fast. We joined the remainder of the fleet at Baltschik Bay, stopping one night there for fresh water, and cruised about the sea to see if there were any of the Russian fleet out; but we saw none all the way. They were afraid to come out to us, for our shipping looked like a little town across the sea. We all landed safe on Russian land. On the 14th of September we marched four miles, and then halted for four days, until all were ready, and on the 19th we marched to meet the enemy. We marched from four in the morning until five at night, and then we met with a few of the Cossacks. A few of



our cavalry had a slight skirmish with them, but they soon made the best of their way off. Very good judgment. There were two or three men wounded and one horse killed. All was quiet very soon, and we began to make a little fire as well as we could, without wood or coal, to cook our meat and tea. It was on a large mountain, and there was no tree or hedge in sight, as in England; but there were thick stalked weeds and thistles, so we cut them down. The remainder of the night I spent, as usual, in smoking, and not drinking, sleeping as well as could be expected, for we have no tents now to keep the weather from us; we lie down, dressed, with our firelocks by our side, ready to meet the enemy in a moment; and the next day was a regular killing day with us. We marched early on the morning of the 20th; we marched a long distance, and then we could see the Russians on a mountain; and then we took a good march to get within gunshot of them. They commenced firing, I think, first, but we were soon exchanging shot with them, and we kept firing at each other for about four hours. There were two brooks to cross when firing, and they had built two bridges for us to go over, so that they could play sweetly on us going over; but we had travelled too far to be caught in that way. We formed a line and all went through together; we got very wet, but I didn't mind that, and the shot came by me almost as thick as the plums in my sister's pudding at Christmas; but I kept loading and firing until we drove them away from the place they had made and fortified, which they thought of keeping us from for three weeks. When they saw we were gaining the day and the victory, they set fire to a village, because we should not shelter there. We drove them away, took the place where they were and one of their large brass guns (eight inch bore.) We followed them and drove them, in about half-an-hour, off another mountain, and took one of their colours from them, and then they made the best of their way off. They ran like madmen, and we have not seen many of them since. What we have seen we have taken prisoners. The same night, after the battle was over, we formed up, and the roll was called; several were missing. That was a silent moment to hear who did not answer to their names. After we were dismissed to go where we liked, I thought I would take a view of a battle-field. We had run over the poor dead

and wounded, but not to look all round. You must know, my dear friends, that a battle-field is not like a field in England; it is a large plain hundreds of miles round—no trees, no hedge to be seen; but we had just got to very large high mountains. I took a stroll over the field of battle, and there saw above 4,000 bleeding, groaning, and silent men; and most of them young men! That was a scene; and from all that lot I was spared. I bound some of their wounds up—Russians, English, and French. Some I gave a light to smoke, and some water; some I raised for ease; some I lowered; some gave me money, and some gave me tobacco and whisky: the Russians gave me the whisky. I spent that night, as usual, in cooking my rations and smoking, for that is the chief comfort I have out here. I spent the night happy and comfortably, as I always do; although difficulties in this life are often met with, I always meet them with pleasure; I don't expect to meet with sweets out here, but sometimes meet with them unexpectedly. But I must tell you a little more about the battle-field. The next two days we were gathering the wounded together in one place, and the dead in another. We buried the dead in two days, and the wounded we took on board. We burnt all the Russians' fire-arms and clothing that were being thrown about. The next day (the 23rd), after burying the dead, and lending our best assistance to the wounded, we marched to overtake the enemy again; but they were not to be found, and we have not seen them since, only a few, whom we took prisoners. Last Sunday we marched, thinking to meet some of them, but they fled, and we took all their provisions, about fifty waggon-loads, and blew up a magazine in a small town. We are now about five miles from Sebastopol, and we shall be in there very soon. Before you get this letter I think the war will be over. I should like to write and tell you more of what I have seen and done, but I have not time now. I must tell you we were highly praised by all our commanders for our gallant and brave actions in the field. But I will tell you all about the rest if I am spared to come home.

Camp, one mile and a-half from Sebastopol, October 3rd.

I dare say before you receive this you will have seen in the papers the account of the glorious victory of the battle of the Alma.

and the taking of the heights of St. John, in which, thank God, I escaped scot free; but I had several narrow escapes, for the shell and shot flew around us in an awful way. Now, I'll try and give you an idea of what we have suffered since I wrote to you last:—

On the 27th of August we left Yuksoukova, in Turkey, and marched in three days to Varna, and on the 31st embarked on board of her majesty's troop-ship *Timandra*.

1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of September.—Waiting orders to sail; all the troops on board of transports; a regular large fleet.

5th.—Sailed from Varna Roads for Baltschik Bay, tugged by the *Melbourne* steamer; near aground on a sand-bank.

11th.—Anchored in Baltschik Bay, and 12th sailed for the Crimea.

14th.—Landed on the coast of the Crimea at two, P.M., and marched at six o'clock about six miles, and bivouacked for the night. It rained awfully all night, and no tents. We lay here till the 18th, and marched fourteen miles, packs on ten hours, and had a brush with the enemy's artillery and Cossaks; it lasted an hour—five of our cavalry wounded, all in the left leg, and two horses shot.

20th, Wednesday.—Marched over the mountains a few miles, and were met by the emperor's imperial guards, and all his best troops, near the river Alma. We were in a bad position; for we were in the valley, and on this side of the river, and they had the heights of St. John, lined with artillery, and the best of Russian troops, and as we came in sight they set fire to a village on the same side of the river as we were, and the smoke was awful, nearly blinding us; but Lord Raglan gave orders for the fighting brigade to advance—55th, 95th, and 30th—and ours went gallantly on, though the shell and shot went through the ranks in grand order, and numbers of brave and gallant men were laid low in the dust. The word was given to lie down till the artillery came up, and when they did we advanced, colours flying, and we chased them across the river and gained the heights after three hours and twenty-five minutes' hard fighting. The "Old Hat-caps," as our regiment is called, lost fourteen men killed and two officers, and 100 wounded. Our brave old colonel had his epaulet shot off; Major Whimper shot through the thigh, Major Coats in the leg, and several of our officers wounded. I was dreadfully tired, for the

band had to carry the wounded men to the rear, and assist the doctors to amputate and bind the wounds. I saw some dreadful sights that day—poor fellows' legs and arms off, shells bursting near them setting their flesh on fire! the stench dreadful! We were up all night attending to the poor fellows—giving them water, changing their positions, lighting their pipes for them—and the night was awfully dark and cold, and, being on the battle-field, the smell from the dead bodies and the noise of the wounded horses was dreadful. I hope I shall never pass such a night again. The next morning I went over the plain to look at the dead, and saw the place covered with wounded Russians—fine, able-bodied men. I went up to one poor wounded Russian and gave him a drink. He was in great agony, and he made signs for me to cut his throat, he was so bad; of course I left him as he was. We were occupied for the next two days in burying the dead.

23rd.—Commenced marching towards Sebastopol, and 29th encamped where we are now, within range of Sebastopol, and are waiting for the arrival of the siege train, and perhaps before you receive this, Sebastopol will have fallen or surrendered; for we have cut off their supply of water, and, according to a deserter, they are on short allowance of provisions and water, and, what makes it worse, they have all the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, for they told them that the French and English would destroy them and their possessions.

Our regiment was 850 strong on starting from Gibraltar, and now we muster 537 up here; but there is a number left behind at different places. The enemy keep sending shell and shot at our camp, even while I am writing. I am much obliged to you for the paper and envelopes, and you must excuse having to pay for this, for all my stamps are on board ship. We are bad off for extras; we are obliged to smoke tea-leaves, having no tobacco. I hope next time I write I shall be able to write about the taking of Sebastopol.

The following anticipates some events in our narrative:—

Head-quarters, Camp, Sebastopol, Oct. 3rd.

My dear Wife,—I write to let you know my situation. It is a very uncertain one. The whole army is within gunshot of the enemy's forts from Sebastopol. I wrote to you when first I landed in Russia, which



was on the 14th of September. I did not give you a full account of Russia then, nor can I do it now, but since my last letter to you I have endured a great many hardships. On the 4th of September we embarked at Varna, in Turkey, for Russia. On the voyage we lost four men and a doctor; James Call and Storey, grenadier company, were two of them. On the 14th we landed in Russia; each man was served out with three days' rations, and no tents from the 14th of September to the 3rd of October. We had our tents two nights, the 15th and 16th of last month—none since. On the 19th day of September was our first march in the country. It was a bad one; we marched twenty miles in heavy marching order—no water or food for the march. In the evening exchanged shots with the enemy. William Foreman, grenadier; and Stephen Landrigan, dropped dead on the march from hardship and fatigue. Several others died on the same march, but you do not know them. James Callaghan fell down, and could go no further. I believe he is dead; he has not been heard of since; several others the same. Three parts of the regiment threw away their knapsacks on the march; they could not carry them. On the 20th we marched again at twelve o'clock, noon. We fought the battle of the Alma with considerable loss. We lost, killed and wounded, 1,800 men; the enemy about 5,000. Our division of the army lost very little. We were in reserve on that day, but advanced in the heat of action, which caused the enemy to retire. The battle raged for about four hours. The French fought like men; so did the English. On the 21st and 22nd we halted to bury the dead and collect the wounded. On the 23rd marched again, with three days' rations. On the 24th marched again; 25th, slept in a large wood, about twenty miles from Sebastopol. Alarmed by the enemy's shot at twelve o'clock that night. On the 26th captured a fort belonging to the enemy. On the 27th and 28th changed position with the French close to the enemy; 29th, advanced quite close to Sebastopol, under the enemy, cannonading the fort of Sebastopol; 30th, under fire from the enemy; 1st of October, an attack on the shipping of Sebastopol; 2nd and 3rd, at Sebastopol, under fire from the enemy. Our siege-guns are landing fast, and when they are landed we shall commence the grand attack. It will be on the 6th or 7th at the furthest;

then, if I live to escape, I will send you a letter, which I hope in God I will. The enemy are firing at our army this moment. Samuel Harper, grenadier company, and Corporal Garrett, the pioneer, died on the 21st and 22nd. Charles Dillon died yesterday. George Mawer's brother died on the road—not able to keep up with the regiment. I have seen men and horses dead on the march, from fatigue. Water here is as precious as gold.

From a corporal of the 7th royal fusiliers :—  
Bivouac, near Sebastopol, Oct. 3rd.

My dear Father and Mother,—I again take up my pencil to write a few more lines to let you know how we are getting on. Since I wrote to you last we have had another attack. We took Fort Balaklava, and at that place we are landing our siege-guns. The place where I wrote my last letter from was called the Alma River; it is now called the "Battle of Alma River." We are all bivouacked within gunshot of Sebastopol. They disturb us by throwing shot and shell into our lines, but we are making every preparation for storming the forts. We have more forts than Sebastopol to blow down. We are preparing to blow Fort St. Nicholas down first. God knows who will live to see it over! The people in Sebastopol are as thick as bees in a hive; it will be a horrid massacre. The people will kill themselves with fright; they are even encamped in the streets; we can see them with the glasses. We have been on the march ever since the 14th of last month, and have never had our clothes off since then; we have never shaved since then, and very seldom washed. We are a rough lot of men; our clothes are not worth twopence; we are foragers, I can assure you, my dear father. The day after I wrote you the last few lines the commander-in-chief published a general order regarding our bravery and the way we fought; but you will know all about it before this reaches you; but a few words will give you an insight how we were situated. The Russians had placed themselves on the tops of hills with their guns, and we had a river to ford, and the enemy in full play on us with grape, canister, and shells. I had two firelocks broken in ten minutes; a ball went through my foot at the ankle, and a good many through my clothes. Every man was hit either in one place or the other. There were 45,000 of the czar's imperial troops sent there on pur-

pose to prevent our getting to Sebastopol. They intended holding that position for three months; we took it in three hours and twenty minutes. There were four regiments of our division, and two of another; that was all that were up at the battle. The guards came when we had driven the enemy from their position. A corporal of ours took a gun from six of the Russians, and our names are put on it. I cannot get you any more information at present, but if I live, I will be able to give you more, and with ink.

You must excuse the rough way things are, but I know you will want to know how things are getting on. Please to send my wife a copy of this letter, and my kindest love to her, and tell her we cannot get money here, but as soon as I can I will, if I live, send her some more. I have not had any myself for a long time. We can get nothing here but what the commissariat allows us. Give my love to sisters, brothers, wife, and my poor Bill. Tell my poor Carry that she would not know me if she saw me, for I am all hair from my eyes to my neck. Tell her I am sorry I cannot get her some money, for I know she wants it bad; but I will do my best when we have a chance. Direct for the Crimea or elsewhere.

The bad English of the following letter, from a young naval officer, will be pardoned on account of the humanity displayed by the writer. Unhappily, the forethought of our generals is by no means equal to the heroism of our men. Defective arrangements respecting the health and comfort of our poor soldiers, or rather the absence of necessary arrangements in this respect, have proved almost as fatal to our troops as have the bullets and sabres of the foe:—

Her Majesty's ship——, Crimea, Sept. 22.

The morning after the battle all the assistant-surgeons of the fleet were sent to assist, and boats were sent to bring the wounded off to transports. I was sent on shore, and have been at that unpleasant duty for two days. The wounded had to be brought a distance of five miles to the boats, and, only fancy, they had not the slightest means of conveyance for the poor fellows. The much-talked-of ambulance corps are left at Varna. The cars, which are perfect, are also left behind, and there are scarcely any stretchers. Immediately it was made known to the admiral, he sent fifty from each ship to bring them down,

and a rough kind of stretchers made for the purpose. You can have no idea of their sufferings; men who had undergone amputation being carried down on men's shoulders a distance of six miles, and when brought down obliged to lie upon the beach, perhaps for an hour, waiting for a boat. I never saw such want of arrangement. The military have made scarcely any. I met some officers who were brought down wounded yesterday, and they told me that until they got a little brandy-and-water from some naval doctors, they had not put a single thing between their lips for two days, and they had been thirty-six hours on the field without ever seeing a medical officer. Numbers have, I feel confident, died from sheer want of attention. I visited the field; and the groans of the wounded went through me. I saw about 200 Russians wounded lying in one spot. We have treated them just the same as our own men, sending them down to Scutari. I was assisting all yesterday at the embarkation of the wounded. I never witnessed such a sight. Upon landing in the morning, the first thing I saw was twenty dead upon the beach, French and Russians. All day long wounded were brought down to me; some died upon the beach, and I had to bury the poor fellows; and in the afternoon several cholera cases were brought down. Fancy sending cholera cases on board ships full of wounded men! Men were dying all the afternoon of that dreadful disease, and when I came off last night at nine o'clock, there were carts full of our poor fellows dying left there. You can have no idea of the sufferings of these poor fellows. Ships have been sent down with 400 or 500 wounded and sick, and no medical attendant.

We add to this chapter an extract from a letter of the *Times'* correspondent at Constantinople. We need scarcely say that the frightful facts contained in it, when known in England, excited mingled emotions of horror, indignation, and pity among all classes of persons. Who was directly culpable as the cause of this gigantic misery, it is difficult to say, but surely heavy censure attaches somewhere. The sensitive mind may shrink shudderingly from such revolting details; but it is right they should be remembered, that a repetition of them may be avoided. Let the dreadful past teach our governments humanity in the future, and let us hope that a proper foresight may



prevent evils which now we can only mourn over:—

The Russians expected no quarter, having been taught to look upon the allies as fiends who knew no mercy. It is said that many were killed by the Zouaves as they lay on the ground, but this can hardly be true to any great extent. The fate of Sir W. Young, of the 23rd, is very melancholy. He was shot by a wounded Russian to whom he was about to offer a cup of water. The Russian wounded remained on the field for several days. About 700 of them were placed together in a vineyard near the river, and provisions sent them by the English general. Nothing more could be done, as even our own men were dying from want of proper attention. A flag of truce was to be sent to the Russian general, with a request that he would send surgeons for the use of the captured men.

It is impossible for any one to see the melancholy sights of the last few days without feelings of surprise and indignation at the deficiencies of our medical system. The manner in which the sick and wounded have been treated is worthy only of the savages of Dahomey. The sufferings on board the *Vulcan* were bad enough. There were 300 wounded, and 170 cholera patients, and these were attended to by four surgeons. The scene is described as terrible. The wounded seized the surgeons by the skirts as they picked their way through the heaps of dying and dead; but the surgeons shook them off. It may be expected, and perhaps was right, that the officers should receive the principal attention, and they possibly required the almost undivided labour of four men; but some one must be in fault when large bodies of wounded men are put on board a ship with no one to give them surgical assistance, or even supply their necessary wants. Numbers arrived at Scutari without having been touched by a surgeon since they fell pierced by Russian bullets on the slopes of the Alma. Their wounds were stiff and their strength exhausted as they were lifted out of the boats to be carried to the hospital, where, fortunately, surgical aid may be obtained. But all other horrors sink into insignificance compared with the state of the unfortunate passengers by the *Colombo*. This vessel left the Crimea on the morning of the 24th. Wounded men were being placed on board for two days before she sailed, and when she weighed anchor she carried the follow-

ing numbers:—27 wounded officers, 422 wounded soldiers, and 104 Russian prisoners—in all, 553 souls. About half of the wounded had received surgical assistance before they were put on board. To supply the wants of this mass of misery were four medical men, one of whom was the surgeon of the ship—sufficiently employed in looking after the crew, who at this place and season are seldom free from sickness. The ship was literally covered with prostrate forms, so as to be almost unmanageable. The officers could not get below to find their sextants, and the run was made at hazard. The vessel was at sea twelve hours longer through this mischance. The worst cases were placed on the upper deck, which in a day or two became a mass of putridity. The neglected gunshot wounds bred maggots, which crawled in every direction, infecting the food of the unhappy beings on board. The putrid animal matter caused such a stench, that the officers and crew were nearly overcome, and the captain is now ill from the effects of the five days' misery. All the blankets, to the number of 1,500, have been thrown overboard as useless. Thirty men died during the voyage. The surgeons worked as hard as possible, but could do little among so many, and many an unfortunate fellow first came under a medical man's hand on his arrival at Scutari, six days after the battle. It is an ungracious task to find fault and to speak of the shortcomings of men who do their utmost; but an unfortunate neglect has occurred since the arrival of the steamer. Forty-six men have been left on board for two days, when, by some extra exertion, they might have been safely placed in the hospital. The vessel is quite putrid, but a large number of men will be immediately employed to clean and fumigate her, and thus avoid the danger of typhus, which generally arises in such conditions. Two transports were towed by the *Colombo*, and their state was nearly as bad.

Among the objects of philanthropy for some time past has been the improvement of the condition of the soldier. Progress may have been made in some respects, but how much remains to be done will be recognised by every one who has seen the condition of the sick and wounded during the last fortnight. No blame is due to the medical men or the officers in command. They work early and late, are worn and harassed, and feel as much pity as any one

for the unfortunate dying creatures; but our whole medical system is shamefully bad. The worn-out pensioners who were brought out as an ambulance corps are totally useless; and not only are surgeons not to be had, but there are no dressers and nurses to carry out the surgeon's directions and to attend on the sick during the interval between his visits. Here the French are greatly our superiors. Their medical arrangements are extremely good; their surgeons more numerous; and they have also the help of the "sisters of charity," who have accompanied the expedition in incredible numbers. These devoted women are excellent nurses, and perform for the sick and wounded all the offices which could be rendered in the most complete hospitals. We have nothing. The men must attend on each other, or receive no relief at all. The least that could have been done would have been to send out an efficient staff of surgeons. Surely the late battle has not come unexpectedly. The army has been at Varna for months, and the expedition to Sebastopol has been long prepared. Nor are medical men rare, or their services ruinously expensive. There are hundreds who would be glad to come out to Turkey on temporary employment, with the chance of some permanent situation in future. But though cholera gave due notice of its presence—though fever at first attacked a few, and increased its violence day by day—hardly any increase of the medical staff took place. In Varna lately 400 sick were attended by four men, and now vessels are sent on a voyage with a surgeon to 120 wounded wretches. As the worst is not over, and has indeed hardly commenced, the attention of the government may be well directed to this pressing want.

Painful, and indeed hideous, as these details are, we willingly offer a tribute of admiration to the courage and humanity of the gentleman who made them public. The gratitude of the army and the public is alike due to him. Shuddering readers in England contributed large sums of money, and the private hand of charity set zealously to work to perform those duties which a government should have done, and had not. Sir Robert Peel, Sir Moses Montefiore, and Mr. Lyne Stephens, each nobly subscribed the sum of £200 to procure nurses and comforts for the sick and wounded in our hospitals on the Bosphorus.

Other contributions flocked in so rapidly, that they soon amounted to as much as £10,000, seven thousand of which was subscribed in as many days. The government did, in fact, acknowledge that there had been culpable negligence in not forwarding the medical stores and surgical appliances to the place where they were required; for instructions were sent to try by court-martial the officials charged with this gross remissness of duty. The government also sanctioned the immediate dispatch of the superintendent of the ladies' hospital, with a staff of female nurses, to act in the English military hospital at Scutari, and thus supply the deficiencies which had been so painfully felt.

At the same time, her majesty, desirous of encouraging the voluntary benevolence of English men and women towards the relief, education, and support of the widows and orphans of those brave men, whether soldiers or sailors, that fell sacrifices to their country during the war, issued a royal commission for the establishment of a Patriotic Fund for that purpose. The commission included the names of men of all opinions, and aristocracy and democracy found their representatives in it in the persons of Prince Albert and the venerable reformer, Mr. Joseph Hume. To this appeal from their queen the nation made an instantaneous and most munificent response, and streams of wealth, prodigal and general as floods of sunbeams, poured in for the sustenance and the consolation of the hosts of widows and infant mourners whose husbands' and fathers' bones lay beneath the inhospitable soil of the Crimea, and near the hoarse murmurs and the stormy blasts of the Black Sea.

A Patriotic Fund for a similar purpose was raised in 1803, when the exertions of Napoleon the Great for the aggrandisement of France having excited the jealousy of the English ministry, England again declared war against the brave people with whom we are now happily in such amicable alliance. The manner in which that fund was distributed was the following:—At the meetings of the committee entrusted with its management, the *London Gazette* was placed upon the table. The despatches were then read, the exploits of our men by land and sea detailed, the names of the wounded recorded, and the numerous deeds of heroism duly noted. Then gratuities, varying from five to fifty pounds each, were voted for the wounded,



annuities to their families, swords to officers, silver calls to boatswains, and tankards to masters. It has been aptly observed that the whole thing, though put in the most matter-of-fact way, now reads like a romance. In 1803, a fund, amounting to nearly £200,000, was subscribed in a few months.

We mentioned that the government sanctioned the dispatch of a staff of thirty-four nurses to the military hospital at Scutari. They were placed under the direction of Miss Nightingale, a lady of great benevolence of character, who united with it the necessary untiring industry and firmness of nerve for such a trying position. Many ladies offered their services in this merciful cause; but these were wisely declined, on behalf of the government, by Mr. Sidney Herbert. To render his refusal of generous offers palatable, he assigned the following reasons for it: "The duties of a hospital nurse, if they are to be properly performed, require great skill as well as strength and courage, especially where the cases are surgical ones, and the majority of them are from gunshot wounds. Persons who have no experience or skill in such matters would be of no use whatever, and in moments of

great pressure—such as must, of necessity, occur at intervals in a military hospital—any person who is not of use is an impediment. Many ladies whose generous enthusiasm prompts them to offer their services as nurses, are little aware of the hardships they would have to encounter, and the horrors they would have to witness, which would try the firmest nerves. Were all accepted who offer, I fear we should not only have many inefficient nurses, but many hysterical patients, themselves requiring treatment instead of assisting others. Nor, even if capable in other respects, would they always be ready to yield that implicit obedience to orders so necessary to the subordination of a military hospital. In self-defence, the surgeons, before long, might find themselves compelled to exclude all the female nurses, good and bad, with a view to rid themselves of the troublesome and inefficient.\*"

The appointment of Miss Nightingale to the highly responsible position of directress of the body of nurses whom the government sent to attend to our wounded soldiers at Scutari, made her the subject of general curiosity. Numerous were the inquiries, "Who is Miss Nightingale?" An article

\* The following letter (in reference to nurses for our wounded soldiers), which appeared in *The Times* of October the 24th, is deserving of a place here, both for the cogency and humanity of its arguments: Sir,—In several of the later letters published in *The Times*, reference has been made to the possibility and propriety of employing the wives of soldiers as nurses to our sick and wounded at the seat of war. I am well acquainted with the habits of this class of society. I am well aware of what may be considered the difficulties of the case, and of the arguments likely to oppose themselves to the measure. Still I am its advocate, and I think it may be shown that this employment of the wives of soldiers as nurses is not only a humane measure, but one that promises good results. I do not think the public are yet quite aware of the condition of those women who were left behind, nor of the intense suffering of those who were permitted to accompany the expeditionary force to Turkey. A large number of soldiers' wives are now in the East; some, after the troops sailed for Varna, were left for long weeks at Gallipoli, under promise of being sent to England, crowded together, almost devoid of means, in Turkish houses that swarm with rats and vermin; others courageously went on to Varna, where, in extreme misery, they were many of them swept off by cholera; a portion were even taken on to the Crimea. Now, of these poor creatures, the public hear nothing. On the first landing of our troops at Gallipoli, soldiers' wives were compelled to lie in ditches at night, only sheltered from the intense cold of the Turkish spring by their husbands' blankets. I have seen them standing washing in the burning sun on the Turkish hills, the skin peeled from their arms and faces, and with the thermometer

110° in tents. Many of these women had in England been servants of the wives of officers, and were well conducted in that condition. Numbers still remain in Turkey; others are to be found at Malta: is it not hard that they are simply to suffer there, and that character and reward are to be gained by others, without giving the soldier's wife her chance also? Why should not the women be employed who are on the spot, and be trained to habits of usefulness, while they meet protection and encouragement? Why, also, should not some of the poor women now in England, whose sympathies are all in the East, be suffered to go there as nurses to their husbands and their husbands' comrades, not alone, but under the authority of competent and responsible women, who should train them in their duties? These women now here are—thanks to a liberal public—many of them in the receipt of alms; but would it not be better far to train them to the self-respect of independence, to enable them to gain good characters as useful members of society, and to have ready for future exigencies a band of military female nurses, no longer the mere recipients of temporary charity, but acquiring habits which will eventually render them most valuable items in the mechanism of war? I believe the matter to be well worthy of attention, and I therefore venture to suggest it, under the full impression that due encouragement and protection to the wife of the soldier will not only make him a better man, but will go far to remedy those evils which, in the condition of the woman, are a stain upon our character as a Christian and civilised people.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

M. Y.



in the *Examiner* furnished the following answer to this interrogation:—

We reply, then, Miss Nightingale, or rather Miss Florence Nightingale, is the youngest daughter and presumptive co-heiress of her father, William Shore Nightingale, of Embley-park, Hampshire, and the Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. She is, moreover, a young lady of singular endowments, both natural and acquired. In a knowledge of the ancient languages and of the higher branches of mathematics, in general art, science, and literature, her attainments are extraordinary. There is scarcely a modern language which she does not understand, and she speaks French, German, and Italian as fluently as her native English. She has visited and studied the various nations of Europe, and has ascended the Nile to its remotest cataract. Young (about the age of our queen), graceful, feminine, rich, and popular, she holds a singularly gentle and persuasive influence over all with whom she comes in contact. Her friends and acquaintance are of all classes and persuasions, but her happiest place is at home, in the centre of a very large band of accomplished relatives, and in simplest obedience to her admiring parents.

Why, then, should a being so highly blessed with all that should render life bright, innocent, and to a considerable extent useful, forego such palpable and heartfelt attractions? Why quit all to become—a nurse?

From her infancy she has had a yearning affection for her kind, a sympathy with the weak, the oppressed, the destitute, the suffering, and the desolate. The schools and the poor around Lea Hurst and Embley first saw and felt her as a visitor, teacher, consoler, expounder. Then she frequented and studied the schools, hospitals and reformatory institutions of London, Edinburgh and the continent. Three years ago, when all Europe had a holiday on and after the Great Exhibition, when the highlands of Scotland, the lakes of Switzerland, and all the bright spots of the continent were filled with parties of pleasure, Miss Nightingale was within the walls of one of the German houses or hospitals for the care and reformation of the lost and infirm. For three long months she was in daily and nightly attendance, accumulating experience in all the duties and labours of female ministration. She then returned to be once more the delight of her own happy home. But the strong tendency of her mind to look beyond its own circle for the relief of those who nominally having all, practically

have but too frequently none to help them, prevailed; and therefore, when the hospital established in London for sick governesses was about to fail for want of proper management, she stepped forward and consented to be placed at its head. Derbyshire and Hampshire were exchanged for the narrow, dreary establishment in Harley-street, to which she devoted all her time and fortune. While her friends missed her at assemblies, lectures, concerts, exhibitions, and all the entertainments of taste and intellect with which London in its season abounds, she, whose powers could have best appreciated these, was sitting beside the bed and soothing the last complaints of some poor dying, homeless, querulous governess. The homelessness might not improbably, indeed, result from that very querulousness; but this is too frequently fomented, if not created, by the hard, unreflecting folly which regards fellow-creatures entrusted with forming the minds and dispositions of its children as ingenious, disagreeable machines, needing, like the steam-engine, sustenance and covering, but, like it, quite beyond or beneath all sympathy, passions, or affections. Miss Nightingale thought otherwise, and found pleasure in tending those poor destitute governesses in their infirmities, their sorrows, their deaths, or their recoveries. She was seldom seen out of the walls of the institution, and the few friends whom she admitted found her in the midst of nurses, letters, prescriptions, accounts, and interruptions. Her health sank under the heavy pressure, but a little Hampshire fresh air restored her, and the failing institution was saved.

Meanwhile a cry of distress and for additional comforts beyond those of mere hospital treatment, came home from the East from our wounded brethren in arms. There instantly arose an enthusiastic desire to answer it. But inexperienced zeal could perform little, and a bevy of ill-organised nurses might do more harm than good. There was a fear lest a noble impulse should fail for the want of a head, a hand, and a heart to direct it. It was then that a field was opened for the wider exercise of Miss Nightingale's sympathies, experience, and powers of command and control. But at what cost? At the risk of her own life, at the pang of separation from all her friends and family, and at the certainty of encountering hardship, dangers, toils, and the constantly-renewing scene of human suffering, amid all the worst horrors of war. There are few who



would not recoil from such realities; but Miss Nightingale shrank not, and at once accepted the request that was made her to form and control the entire nursing establishment for our sick and wounded soldiers and sailors in the Levant. While we write, this deliberate, sensitive, and highly-endowed young lady is already at her post, rendering the holiest of woman's charities to the sick, the dying, and the convalescent. There is a heroism in dashing up the heights of Alma in defiance of death and all mortal opposition; and let all praise and honour be, as they are, bestowed upon it; but there is a quiet forecasting heroism and largeness of heart in this lady's resolute accumulation of the powers of consolation, and her devoted application of them, which rank as high and are at least as pure. A sage few will no doubt condemn, sneer at, or pity an enthusiasm which to them seems eccentric, or at best misplaced; but to the true heart of the country it will speak home, and be there felt, that there is not one of England's proudest and purest daughters who, at this moment, stands on so high a pinnacle as Florence Nightingale.

The following interesting letter was afterwards received from one of the heroic ladies who accompanied Miss Nightingale on her noble errand of mercy and patriotism:—

Military Hospital, Scutari, Nov. 11th.

My dear —,—I have come out here as one of the government nurses, and the position in which we are placed induces me to write and ask you, at once, to send us out a few dozens of wine, or, in short, anything which may be useful for the wounded or dying, hundreds of whom are now around us, under this roof, filling up even the passages to the very rooms we occupy. Government is liberal, and for one moment I would not complain of their desire to meet all our wants; but, with such a number of wounded coming in from Sebastopol, it does appear absolutely impossible to meet the wants of those who are dying of dysentery and exhaustion; out of four wards committed to my care, eleven men have died in the night, simply from exhaustion, which, humanly speaking, might have been stopped, could I have laid my hands at once on such nourishment as I know they ought to have had.

There are fifty nurses, most of them exceedingly skilful, and we find our efforts so appreciated by the soldiers, as well as by

the medical officers, that there is every hope that the experiment on the part of the English of sending women out to do the part which God so evidently assigned to them will be blessed. It is necessary to be as near the scene of war as we are, to know the horrors which we have seen and heard of, and I know not which sight is most heart-rending—to witness fine strong men and youths worn down by exhaustion, and sinking under it; or others coming in, as many hundreds did yesterday, fearfully wounded. The whole of yesterday one could only forget one's own existence, for it was spent, first, in sewing the men's mattresses together, and then in washing them, and assisting the surgeons, when we could, in dressing their ghastly wounds, and seeing the poor fellows made as easy as their circumstances would admit, after their five days' confinement on board ship, during which space their wounds were not dressed.

The best plan I can think of is to write this letter, requesting you to send us a box of things for the use of the sick. This work may be for one year—it may be for ten. People on the spot are exceedingly kind, and make every exertion to help us. Miss Nightingale, under whom we work, is well fitted in every way to fill her arduous post, the whole object of her life having hitherto been the superintendence of hospitals abroad. We had a terrible passage out in the *Vectis*. It blew almost a hurricane in the Mediterranean, directly against us, and we were in much danger. We arrived on the last day of October. Wine, and bottles of chicken broth, preserved meat for soup, &c., will be most acceptable. You must be told again, that we do not complain of remissness of the authorities to do what they can, but even the necessary delays are fatal to the men, reduced, as they are, to the last stage of exhaustion. I expect to find two more dead on going round this morning; that will be a proportion of eleven to thirty in two days. Wine would be of immense service to some of the nurses, just before going into the wards. We have not seen a drop of milk, and the bread is extremely sour, the butter most filthy. It is Irish butter in a state of decomposition, and the meat is more like moist leather than food. Potatoes we are waiting for till they arrive from France. Flannel, and anything that would serve as pocket-handkerchiefs for the men, so many of them having lost their bags; chocolate in cakes,

gelatine, and brandy, would be most desirable. Warm clothing, too, of all descriptions, for the convalescents, now the winter is so fast advancing, would be thankfully received. I have named many things, so

that you may do what you like. I suspect there may be greater need than ever of winter clothing. Before night they expect to land 700 wounded between the two hospitals.\*

\* This letter elicited the notice of the Earl of Derby in his brief review in the House of Lords, on the opening of parliament, of the conduct of ministers during the war. "I remember," said his lordship, "seeing two or three columns occupied in one of the newspapers full of particulars as to the amount of stores; and when public charity and sympathy came forward with offers of assistance—of stores of all description, linen rags, and other appliances for the wounded—they were told that there was abundance of everything; that there was no want of supplies; that there was abundance both of medicines and medical officers. Well, a lady has been sent out under the sanction of the government—a lady to whose heroism and that of her companions it is impossible for language to do justice—who, giving up all the comforts and luxuries of life, gave themselves with noble self-devotion to the mitigation of suffering, and to the supervision of those over-crowded hospitals. *What was the account contained in the very first demand made by these ladies sent out under the sanction of government?* Why, it was an ardent and almost importunate request to the British public to send out that which the government said was already supplied in profusion; and this was accompanied by the statement, that in one day eleven men had sunk from exhaustion, in consequence of not having a bottle of wine to relieve them. Now this is a subject in regard to which, I say, a heavy responsibility devolves upon the government. I cannot tell how far these charges are correct, but I know they are in every man's mouth; and I felt, consequently, that it was my duty, as a peer of parliament, and as one deeply interested in the welfare of the brave men whom we have sent out to fight our battles, to comment upon what is generally said; and I therefore ask the government not only to deny, but to disprove these statements, if disprove them they can." The ministry of Lord Aberdeen has its advocates, and its warm ones—those who assert that if some hesitation and wavering was displayed in the outbreak of the war, that it had been amply atoned for by subsequent activity. The reader is aware that we scarcely subscribe to this opinion. On the contrary, we cannot but think that there is too much of truth in the following sarcastic observations of the illustrious conservative peer from whom we have just quoted:—"I cannot but entertain a doubt, knowing the unwillingness and reluctance with which her majesty's government permitted themselves to be dragged into the war—I cannot but entertain a doubt whether they had among them those who were capable and disposed to take a sufficiently comprehensive view of the great and important interests involved in this war, and of its mighty consequences and requirements; or that, if there was such a man, he was not able to impress the reflections of his own mind upon those of his colleagues. From the very first to the very last, there had been apparent in the course pursued by her majesty's government a want of previous preparation—a total want of prescience; and that they have appeared to live from day to day providing for each successive exigency *after it arose*,

*and not before it arose.* TOO LATE have been the fatal words applicable to the whole conduct of her majesty's government in the course of the war. We were *too late* in our declaration of war. We were *too late* in deciding that the passage of the Pruth was a *casus belli* in the first instance. We were *too late* in sending our troops to the Black Sea; and we were too complaisant to the Emperor of Russia, who thanked us for refusing to act in concert with our French allies, and send a fleet into the Black Sea at a time when the French thought it desirable. Our co-operation then would have been of immense importance, and our non-compliance, which extorted thanks from the Emperor of Russia, controlled, to a great extent, the action of our allies. We were *too late*, my lords, in declaring the war; we were *too late* in entering the Black Sea, and we allowed the massacre of Sinope to take place. At that time the Turks were under the pledge of protection from this country; but in the teeth of a powerful armament Sinope was taken and destroyed, the Turkish fleet was annihilated on its own waters, and we were standing idly by, not at Sinope, but in the Black Sea; and, for the purpose of co-operation, were either powerless or unwilling to interfere in time."

The Duke of Newcastle, in replying to the noble earl, said that the quantity of port wine sent out to the hospital at Scutari, was 4,880 dozen; that 1,200 gallons of brandy were also sent out, and 31,180 lbs. of sugar. The quantity of lint sent out to the army was, he said, 26,564 lbs.; a quantity that would cover no less than thirty-six acres of ground. Added to which there were 117,500 bandages of calico and linen, and 20,550 yards of adhesive plaster. A sufficient supply of these necessities seems to have been sent out by the government; but by some extraordinary mischance, when they were wanted they seldom could be found.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Sidney Herbert, in defending the government on this point, gave the following explanation:—"There never was for a moment a deficiency of lint, of linen, or of anything else. At the time the army left Varna the general hospital was there, and orders were then given that the stores should be sent down to Scutari, but that order, in the hurry and bustle of departure, *was never executed*. The principal portion of the stores remained at Varna, while the whole mass of the wounded were sent to Scutari. \* \* \* There have been all manner of forms to be gone through before stores could be issued to the medical officers. Every account says this: the medical men in their vocation are beyond all praise; their tenderness to the sick, their humanity, their zeal, their energy, are mentioned by every one, friend and foe. But it does appear to me that the deficiency is this;—that with plenty of stores, no one seemed to know where to lay their hands upon them; with plenty of materials at their disposal, the forms were so cumbrous that they never could be produced with that rapidity which was necessary for the purposes of a military hospital. The moment we heard complaints of this kind we sent out a commission with authority to inquire into the causes of these evils, and set them right."



## CHAPTER XIX.

THE ALLIES LEAVE THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA, AND MARCH TO THE RIVER KATCHA; RUIN AND DESOLATION CAUSED BY WAR; THE FAMOUS MARCH ROUND SEBASTOPOL TO BALAKLAVA; PANIC AND FLIGHT OF A RUSSIAN ARMY ON BEING SURPRISED BY A SMALL PARTY OF SCOTS GRAYS AND ARTILLERY; MACKENZIE'S FARM; DESCRIPTION OF BALAKLAVA; SURRENDER OF THE OLD FORT THERE; DESPATCH OF LORD RAGLAN; DESCRIPTION OF THE FORTRESS AND TOWN OF SEBASTOPOL; PREPARATIONS FOR THE SIEGE; CONDITION OF OUR TROOPS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL; OPENING OF THE TRENCHES; THE OPERATIONS OF A SIEGE; ADVENTURE OF AN AUSTRIAN VESSEL BEFORE SEBASTOPOL; SKIRMISH WITH THE RUSSIANS; CRUEL PRIVATIONS OF THE TURKISH SOLDIERS; GENERAL ORDER OF LORD RAGLAN IN REFERENCE TO THE SIEGE.

WE have mentioned that on the day after the battle of the Alma (the 21st of September), the allies were engaged in collecting the wounded and burying the dead. Night set in before this painful and melancholy work was concluded; it was therefore renewed and completed on the 22nd. The English wounded were sent on board ship in arabas and litters, and the labour of the surgeons was incessant. As usual, the arrangements of the French were far superior to those of the English. Instead of jolting arabas and litters, they had well-appointed covered hospital vans for the conveyance of their sufferers. Of the English, some poor fellows died on their way to the ships. The firelocks, knapsacks, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, and other accoutrements found on the Russians, were collected together near Lord Raglan's tent, and formed heaps about twenty yards long by about ten broad.

Many of our poor soldiers died of cholera on the night of the 22nd, and the grim blue pestilence seemed as inexorable as destiny. "My sleep," says a correspondent from the camp, "was disturbed by the groans of the dying, and on getting up in the morning, I found that the corpse of a Russian lay close to the tent in which I had been permitted to rest. He was not there when we retired to rest, so that the wretched creature, who had probably been wandering about without food upon the hills ever since the battle, must have crawled down towards our fires and there expired in the attempt to reach them; several men had died close to our tent during the night."

On the morning of the 23rd the allies left the heights of Alma, and commenced their march towards the river Katcha, where it was considered probable that the Russians might again attempt to oppose our progress. As the day dawned, and while the numerous watchfires still flickered faintly over their embers, the French as-

sembled all their drums and trumpets on the top of the highest of the hills they carried, and celebrated their victory with many a wild burst of martial music. The spirit-stirring sounds thrilled through the valley, and inspired every bosom with martial ardour. "The fogs of the night," says the writer we have just quoted, "crept slowly up the hill sides, and hung in uncertain folds around their summits, revealing here and there the gathering columns of our regiments in dark patches on the declivities, or showing the deep black-looking squares of the French battalions, already in motion towards the south. Dimly seen in the distance, the fleet was moving along slowly by the line of the coast, the long lines of smoke trailing back on their wake. But what is that gray mass on the plain, which seems settled down upon it almost without life or motion? Now and then, indeed, an arm may be seen waved aloft, or a man raises himself for a moment, looks around, and then lies down again. Alas! that plain is covered with the wounded Russians still. Nearly sixty long hours have they passed in agony on the ground; and now, with but little hope of help or succour more, we must leave them as they lie. All this nameless, inconceivable misery—this cureless pain—to be caused by the caprice of one man! Seven hundred and fifty wounded men are still upon the ground, and we can do nothing for them. Their wounds have been bound and dressed; we have done all we can for them; and now, unable as we are to take them along with us, or to send them away, we must depart."

It is some consolation to our lacerated feelings, as we learn these painful particulars, to know that an English surgeon, Dr. Thompson, of the 44th regiment, willingly remained behind, together with his servant, to tend those poor wretches who had been so cruelly abandoned by their own country-

men. It is a painful reflection that so noble and heroic a man as Dr. Thompson should soon have fallen a victim to cholera, brought on by his extreme exertions in the cause of mercy. Lord Raglan, mindful of the noble duties of humanity, summoned the attendance of the head men of the Tartar village up the valley, and explained to them that the wounded Russians would be confided to their charge; that they were to feed and maintain them; and when they were sufficiently recovered, allow them to depart.

At about eight o'clock the tents of the allies were struck, and the march began towards the river Katcha. By this time all idea of meeting the Russians on the banks of that river had vanished, as the armies had learnt from the fleet that the Russians had not only abandoned the defence of the Katcha, but even retired beyond the Belbek. On passing an unfinished stone building, intended by the Russians for a telegraph station, the French cut upon the entablature the inscription, *La Bataille d'Alma, 20th Septembre, 1854.*

At three o'clock the allied armies, whose march had lain through a hilly and barren country overgrown with thistles, came in sight of the beautiful valley of the Katcha. On its opposite side was a ridge of hills clad with verdure and with small forests of shrubs, between which were occasionally seen the white walls of villas and neat cottages. The Katcha is a small but rapid rivulet, whose banks resemble those of the Alma. It was dotted by pleasant white cottages, and flowed through the most delicious vineyards and gardens. The inhabitants however had fled, and the place was desolate. Crossing the bridge, the troops turned eastward towards the little village of Eskel, on the left bank. Soon a wooden sign-post informed them that they were on the road to Sebastopol, from which famed fortress they were distant about ten miles.

We must again lay the correspondent from whom we have before quoted under contribution, for the following admirable description:—"The first villa we came to was the residence of a physician or country surgeon. It had been ruthlessly destroyed by the Cossacks. A verandah, laden with clematis, roses, and honeysuckle in front, was filled with broken music-stools, work-tables, and lounging-chairs. Everything around betokened the hasty flight of the inmates. Two or three side-saddles were

lying on the grass outside the hall door; a parasol lay near them, close to a Tartar saddle and huge whip. The wine-casks were broken, and the contents spilt; the barley and corn of the granary were thrown about all over the ground; broken china and glass of fine manufacture were scattered over the pavement outside the kitchen; and, amid all the desolation and ruin of the place, a cat sat blandly at the threshold, winking her eyes in the sunshine at the new-comers. No pen can describe the scene within. Mirrors in fragments were lying on the floor; the beds had been ripped open, and the feathers littered the room a foot deep; chairs, sofas, fauteuils, bedsteads, bookcases, picture-frames, images of saints, women's needlework, chests of drawers, shoes, boots, books, bottles, physic-jars, all smashed or torn in pieces, lay in heaps in every room. Even the walls and doors were hacked with swords. The very genius of destruction had been at work, and had revelled in mischief. The physician's account-book lay open on a broken table; he had been stopped in the very act of debiting a dose to some neighbour, and the entry remained unfinished. Beside his account-book lay a volume of Madame de Sévigné's *Letters*, in French, and a *Pharmacopœia*, in Russian. A little bottle of prussic-acid lay so invitingly near a box of *bonbons*, that I knew it would be irresistible to the first hungry private who had a taste for almonds, and I accordingly poured out the contents to prevent the possible catastrophe. Our men and horses were soon reveling in grapes and corn; and we pushed on to Eskel, and established ourselves in a house which had belonged to a Russian officer of rank—at least many traces of the presence of one was visible. Every house and villa in the place was a similar scene to that which I have in vain tried to describe. The better the class of residence, the more complete and pitiable the destruction. Grand pianos and handsome pieces of furniture, covered with silk and damask velvet, rent to pieces with brutal violence, were found in more than one house; but one of the instruments retained enough of its vital organs to breathe out 'God save the Queen' from its lacerated brass ribs, and it was made to do so accordingly—aye, under the very eye of a rigid portrait of his imperial majesty the czar, which hung on the wall above!"

The allied armies passed the night of the 23rd in the beautiful valley of the Katcha.



The next day was Sunday, and the troops did not resume their march until nearly noon. Lord Raglan found so many things to be done, that he considered the delay to be unavoidable; but in the period which elapsed between the victory of the Alma and when the allies commenced operations against Sebastopol, the Russians had abundant time to recover from the panic and demoralisation ever attending a defeat. It should, however, be added, that the delay was partially occasioned by the removal of some hundreds of sick soldiers, who were collected from the various regiments and sent on board ship to be attended to. Reinforcements, both French and English, were also received from the ships. The distance between the Kateha and the Belbek is but about six miles; and the allies made no further progress on the 24th. The Russians were in position on the right of the Belbek; the allies, therefore, turned to the left, towards the village of Belbek, and did not march up the stream. By this flank movement they turned the Russian batteries, and the enemy were obliged to retreat and withdraw their guns.

During the night the French outposts perceived a body of Cossacks, and gave them a volley, followed by a shot from a 6-pounder, which soon dispersed them. The enemy, however, meant mischief, as they fired a shot over the house in which Lord Raglan lodged for the night. At five o'clock the next morning the troops were under arms, and ready to move. But a military difficulty had arisen. The Russians had established strong batteries, which commanded the mouth of the river Belbek, rendering the embarkation of troops and provisions there impossible, and would consequently cause loss and delay in any attempt to invest the town on that face. In this state of affairs the allied generals resolved endeavouring by a flank march to the left to go round Sebastopol, and seize on the town and port of Balaklava. By this means the effect of the batteries would be lost, and the allies would secure a new base of operations.

The march was attended with great difficulties; and many military men have pronounced it to have been one of the boldest flank marches, perhaps, ever performed in the face of an enemy. The whole country through which the allied army had to pass is covered with uninterrupted jungle or thickly wooded forest. So thick, indeed,

was it, that the troops were unavoidably thrown into disorder. Indeed the men could hardly see each other; and not only did men of the same brigade get mixed together, but highlanders and guards, guards and line, formed for an hour an apparently inextricable mass of confusion. This was a great opportunity for the enemy; and by a spirited attack they must have inflicted severe loss upon the allies. The Russians, however, made no attempt to arrest the progress of the invaders, and their attention was withdrawn from the troops by the steamers, who threw shells at the forts of Sebastopol; but at too great a distance to do any execution.

In the midst of the confusion heavy firing was heard in front, in the very path of the army. The troops continued their march, however, and it was soon discovered that the firing arose from an incident at once remarkable and ludicrous. A party of the Scots grays, not more than twenty strong, and some of our artillery in advance, coming suddenly upon the high road near Khutor Maekenzie, broke upon a Russian army, consisting, some say, of 15,000 men, and a large convoy of provisions and ammunition. The Russians, taken by surprise, were seized with a panic, and fled with the utmost precipitation. Their army was literally broken in half, one part running in the direction of Simpheropol, and the rest towards Sebastopol. The guns were opened on the retreating Russians, and the cavalry executed a charge, but the pursuit was soon abandoned; indeed the Russians ran so quickly, that the cavalry could not come up with them. The convoy fell into the hands of our men, and was of course regarded as legitimate plunder. Every waggon was destroyed, the flour secured by the soldiers, the powder scattered, the cartridges destroyed, and camp equipments thrown over the precipices. Immense quantities of wearing apparel, dressing-eases, ornaments, and some jewellery were found in the baggage carts, and appropriated by the men.

The army emerged from the forest at about two o'clock, and leaving Sebastopol on the right, arrived just before sunset at the little hamlet of Traktir, on the Black River, where they halted for the night. The baggage was some miles behind the bulk of the army, and Lord Raglan had to pass the night in a miserable little lodge, to wait for its arrival. Near this spot was a

place called Mackenzie's Farm. It received its name from a Russian admiral of Scotch origin, who made a plantation of trees for the imperial navy there. The soldiers were greatly disappointed to find that the stores of the farm consisted only of deal and fir planks, when they had expected to find cheese, eggs, and butter. The French took care that the planks should never be used for the construction of Russian vessels, for they left the place in flames.

Early the next morning the allies pushed on towards Balaklava, and halted at the entrance of a formidable pass, through which the town must be approached. Balaklava, the ancient Symbalon, was once a prosperous, but is now an insignificant little town or village. It was originally founded by the Greeks; then occupied by the Genoese; then possessed by the Tartars; and it has at length fallen into the hands of the Greeks again, being given by Catherine II. to a colony of Greek pirates, whom she found useful implements in assisting her to carry out her designs against the Turks. To the south-east stands the ruined towers and walls of what is supposed to be an old Genoese fortress. It is of considerable extent; and its curtains, bastions, towers, and walls, though now crumbling into decay, stand as a monument of the spirit and enterprise of the hardy seamen who penetrated to these classic regions so long ago. The harbour of Balaklava is about three-quarters-of-a-mile long, from 350 to 400 yards wide, and very deep. It is completely land-locked; for towards the sea the cliffs close up and overlap the narrow channel which leads to the haven, so that the latter is quite invisible. "Some of the inhabitants of the town," says Mr. Scott, "are prosperous; they of course are no longer pirates, but they look as if they would have no objection to do a little smuggling." The possession of Balaklava, besides securing an excellent landing-place for the siege-trains, made the allies masters of the ground about Sebastopol. It also commands the high road to that fortress, from which it is only about six miles distant.

As the staff were about to enter the town, four shells were fired at them from one of the old ruined forts we have alluded to. The fire was soon repeated; but when it was returned by the rifles and some of the light division, and by the guns of the *Agamemnon*, the Russians hung out a flag

of truce, and surrendered. The garrison consisted of no more than sixty men, who of course were made prisoners. When the commandant was asked why he fired from a position which he knew to be untenable, he answered that he did so in order that he might be summoned, and that he felt bound to fire till required to surrender. Lord Raglan's entrance into the town was remarkable. In the principal street the inhabitants, carrying trays laden with fruit and flowers, came out to meet him. Others brought loaves of bread, cut up in pieces, and placed on dishes covered with salt, in token of good-will and submission. In return his lordship assured them of his protection. Shortly afterwards an English steamer entered the harbour and anchored, the fleet having, at the desire of Lord Raglan, sailed round the coast to Balaklava; so that the fleet and army were once more united. "The meeting of the fleet and army here," said an officer of the brigade of guards, "was most cordial. I saw Sir Edmund Lyons meet Lord Raglan on the quarterdeck of the *Caradoc*; Lord Raglan's face was beaming with joy at the success that has hitherto attended our arms."

From Balaklava Lord Raglan forwarded to the minister of war the following despatch, dated September 28th, and containing the particulars of his proceedings:—

My Lord Duke,—I have the greatest satisfaction in acquainting your grace that the army under my command obtained possession of this important place on the 26th instant, and thus established a new and secure base for our future operations.

The allied armies quitted their position above the Alma on the morning of the 23rd, and moved across the Kateha, where they halted for the night, and on the following day passed the Belbek.

It then appeared that the enemy had established a work which commanded the entrance of the river, and debarred its use for the disembarkation of troops, provisions, and material, and it became expedient to consider whether the line of attack upon the north side should not be abandoned, and another course of operation adopted.

It having, after due deliberation, been determined by Marshal St. Arnaud\* and myself that we should relinquish our communication with the Kateha, and the hope of establishing it by the Belbek, and endeavour

\* The death of the marshal did not take place until the 29th.



by a flank march to the left to go round Sebastopol and seize Balaklava; the movement was commenced on the 25th, and completed on the following day by the capture of this place by her majesty's troops, which led the advance. The march was attended with great difficulties. On leaving the high road from the Belbek to Sebastopol the army had to traverse a dense wood, in which there was but one road that led in the direction it was necessary to take. That road was left in the first instance to the cavalry and artillery; and the divisions were ordered to march by compass, and make a way for themselves as well as they could; and, indeed, the artillery of the light division pursued the same course as long as it was found to be possible, but, as the wood became more impracticable, the batteries could not proceed otherwise than by getting into the road above-mentioned.

The head-quarters of the army, followed by several batteries of artillery, were the first to clear the forest, near what is called in Major Jarvis's map "Maekenzie's Farm," and at once found themselves on the flank and rear of a Russian division, on the march to Bakshiserai.

This was attacked as soon as the cavalry, which had diverged a little into a by and intricate path, could be brought up. A vast quantity of ammunition and much valuable baggage fell into our hands, and the pursuit was discontinued after about a mile and a-half, it being a great object to reach the Tchernaya that evening.

The Russians lost a few men, and some prisoners were taken, among whom was a captain of artillery.

The march was then resumed by the descent of a steep and difficult defile into the plains, through which runs the Tchernaya river, and this the cavalry succeeded in reaching shortly before dark, followed in the course of the night by the light, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd divisions; the 4th division having been left on the heights above the Belbek till the following day, to maintain our communication with the Katcha.

This march, which took the enemy quite by surprise, was a very long and toilsome one, and, except at Maekenzie's Farm, where two wells, yielding a scanty supply, were found, the troops were without water; but they supported their fatigues and privations with the utmost cheerfulness, and resumed their march to this place on the morning of the 26th.

As they approached Balaklava nothing

indicated that it was held in force; but, as resistance was offered to the advance of the rifle brigade, and guns were opened from an old castle as the head of the column showed itself on the road leading into the town, I deemed it prudent to occupy the two flanking heights by the light division and a portion of Captain Brandling's troop of horse artillery on the left—movements terminated by the surrender of the place, which had been occupied by very inconsiderable numbers of the enemy.

Shortly after we had taken possession we were greeted by Captain Mends, of the *Agamemnon*, and soon after by Sir Edmund Lyons himself.

His co-operation was secured to us by the activity and enterprise of Lieutenant Maxse, of her majesty's ship *Agamemnon*, who reached my camp on the Tchernaya on the night of the 25th with despatches, and who volunteered immediately to retrace his steps through the forest, and to communicate to Sir Edmund the importance I attached to his presence at the mouth of the harbour of Balaklava the next morning, which difficult service (from the intricacy of the country, infested by Cossacks) he accomplished so effectually, that the admiral was enabled to appear off this harbour at the very moment that our troops showed themselves upon the heights.

Nothing could be more opportune than his arrival, and yesterday the magnificent ship that bears his flag entered this beautiful harbour, and the admiral, as has been his invariable practice, co-operated with the army in every way possible.

We are busily engaged in disembarking our siege-train and provisions, and we are most desirous of undertaking the attack of Sebastopol without the loss of a day. I moved up two divisions yesterday to its immediate neighbourhood, when I was enabled to have a good view of the place; and Lieutenant-general Sir John Burgoyne and General Bisot, the French *chef de génie*, are occupied in reconnoitring it closely to-day.

The march of the French army on the 25th was still more fatiguing and prolonged than ours. Being behind our columns they could not reach Tchernaya till the next day, and I fear must have suffered sadly from want of water.

I regret to have to acquaint your grace that Marshal St. Arnaud has been compelled, by severe illness, to relinquish the command of the army. I saw him on the 25th, when

he was suffering very much, and he felt it his duty to resign the next morning. I view his retirement with deep concern, having always found in him every disposition to act in concert with me. He has since become much worse, and is, I fear, in a very precarious state.

Fortunately he is succeeded by an officer of high reputation, General Canrobert, with whom I am satisfied I shall have great pleasure in acting, and who is equally desirous of maintaining the most friendly relations with me.

I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

At Balaklava, as elsewhere, the allies were pursued by the dreaded pestilence,—*cholera*. Numbers died there in the hospital daily. It was scarcely possible to pass the wall surrounding it without seeing one or two corpses lying there awaiting burial. The place was in strange contrast with these instances of misery. A private soldier writes:—"This is a beautiful country. Since we landed we have been surrounded with vineyards and orchards; every description of fruit is now ripe—grapes, peaches, apples, pears, almonds, and vegetables in abundance. Many of our men killed themselves by making a too-free use of them. As we approach the towns and villages the inhabitants desert them, and as soon as we come to a halt, our men disperse through them in search of plunder; and such a scene you could not imagine as is to be seen in a few minutes. Thousands of men loaded with tables, chairs, sofas, chests of drawers, pier-glasses, geese, ducks, cabbages, fowls; in fact everything that can be imagined. Our men lay on beautiful feather-beds and costly sofas, in the open air; had arm-chairs and mahogany tables to grub off; and, in fact, the scene presented is so supremely ridiculous, that it excites laughter even in those who disapprove of such wanton and reckless extravagance and devastation."

It is mentioned in the despatches inserted in this work, that on the 23rd of September, the Russians had of themselves sunk seven of their ships of war across the mouth of the harbour of Sebastopol. This measure, which further prevented the entrance of the allied navy, betrayed the apprehension of the Russians. Never before was England opposed to so mean-spirited and skulking an enemy;—one who, hiding her navy behind tremendous batteries, trusted to strike some unsuspected blow by artifice, or to weary out the patience

and exhaust the resources of her opponent. From the observations of our naval officers, it appeared that nine Russian vessels yet remained within the harbour; one of them the famous *Vladimir*, whose exploit in evading our blockade in the Black Sea will be remembered by our readers. As the Russian sailors are to some extent soldiers also, Prince Mentschikoff, in sinking the ships, obtained the advantage of rendering the whole of their crews, supposed to amount to from 10,000 to 15,000 men, available for the defence of the forts on land.

Preparations were making for the siege of Sebastopol; but, before we enter on a detail of them, it will be well to give our readers some notion of the extent and power of that fortress. We shall therefore quote the following account of it from Mr. Scott's book on *The Black Sea and the Crimea*, an able and interesting work, to which we have already referred:—

"The port of Sebastopol consists of a bay running in a south-easterly direction about four miles long, and a mile wide at the entrance, diminishing to 400 yards at the end, where the 'Tchernai Retchka,' or Black River, empties itself. The average depth is about eight fathoms, the bottom being composed of mud in the centre, and gravel at the sides. On the southern coast of this bay are the commercial, military, and careening harbours; the quarantine harbour being outside the entrance. All these taking a southerly direction and having deep water.

"The military harbour is the largest, being about a mile and a-half long, by 400 yards wide, and is completely land-locked on every side. Here it is that the Black Sea fleet is moored in the winter; the largest ships being able to lie with all their stores on board close to the quays. The small harbour, which contains the naval arsenal and docks, is on the eastern side of the military harbour, near the entrance.

"The port is defended to the south by six principal batteries and fortresses, each mounting from fifty to 190 guns; and the north by four, having from eighteen to 120 pieces each; and besides these are many smaller batteries. The fortresses are built on the casemate principle, three of them having three tiers of guns, and a fourth two tiers. Fort St. Nicholas is the largest, and mounts about 190 guns: on carefully counting them we made 186. By great interest we obtained permission to enter



this fortress. It is built of white limestone—a fine sound stone, which becomes hard, and is very durable, the same material being used for all the other forts. Between every two casemates are furnaces for heating shot red hot: we measured the calibre of the guns, and found it to be eight inches, capable of throwing shells or 68-pound solid shot. Whether all the guns in the fortress were of the same size, it is impossible to say; but my belief is, that most of the fortifications of Sebastopol are heavily armed. We entered Fort St. Nicholas through the elegantly-furnished apartments of the military commandant, situated at its south-western end.

“At the period of our visit there were certainly not more than 850 pieces of artillery defending the port towards the sea, and of these about 350 could be concentrated on a ship entering the bay.\* Other batteries, however, are said to have been since built. We took some trouble to ascertain these facts, by counting the guns of the various forts; not always an easy matter where any suspicion of our object might have subjected us to grave inconveniences. Sebastopol is admirably adapted by nature for a strong position towards the sea, and it will be seen from what we have stated above that this has been fully taken advantage of to render it one of the most formidably fortified places in that direction which could be imagined.

“We are well aware that the *casemated* fortresses are very badly constructed, and though having an imposing exterior, that the walls are filled in with rubble. The work was carried on under Russian engineers, whose object was to make as much money as possible out of it. They were, moreover, found to be defective in ventilation, to remedy which some alterations were subsequently made; but admitting all their defects, they are still strong enough to inflict some amount of injury on an attacking fleet before their guns could be silenced. And when that is accomplished, supposing there are now 950 pieces, there would still

\* “Mr. Oliphant says, ‘Nothing can be more formidable than Sebastopol from the seaward. Upon a future occasion we visited it in a steamer, and found that at one point we were commanded by 1,200 pieces of artillery.’ Now, if by this passage it is to be understood that 1,200 guns mounted on the fortresses and batteries of that place, and commanding the sea, can be concentrated on any one spot, it is manifestly a mistake. That point where the greatest number of pieces of artillery can be concentrated is probably about the centre of a line drawn from

remain 500 guns of large calibre, in strong open batteries, half of them throwing shells and red-hot shot, independent of mortars. This is a force of armament against which no fleets have been tried, not only with regard to the number of guns and weight of metal, but the nature of the projectiles; any single shell fired point blank, and striking between wind and water, being sufficient to sink a ship. If Sebastopol can be so easily taken by the allied fleets alone, and without land forces, as some people appear to imagine, it would be very satisfactory to know what amount of resistance it is expected that Portsmouth could offer to an enemy, with her seventy or eighty guns, not above five-and-twenty of which are heavier than 32-pounders. We do not mean to assert that it is impossible to destroy Sebastopol from the sea alone; but we believe that it could only be accomplished by an unnecessary sacrifice of life and ships with our present means, and that it would be nothing short of madness to attempt it, unless we had a reserve fleet on the spot, sufficiently strong to insure the command of the Black Sea in case of failure.†

“In speaking of the means of defence at Sebastopol, we have left the Russian fleet out of the question. This, however, is not to be treated either with indifference or contempt; for, while we are ready to admit that neither in the strength of the ships, in the quality of the sailors, nor in any other respect, can it be compared for an instant to those of England and France; yet there can be no doubt of the Russian seamen being well trained in gunnery, nor of their being endowed with a kind of passive courage, which would lead them to stick to their work when not called upon to exercise their seamanship, in which they are very deficient. There were in the military harbour of Sebastopol twelve line-of-battle ships, eight frigates, and seven corvettes; comprising the Black Sea fleet, independent of steamers. We visited, amongst others, the *Twelve Apostles*, of 120 guns, and the first lieutenant accompanied us over her. Cape Constantine to the eastern promontory of the Quarantine Harbour, on which part of the guns of Fort Constantine, the Quarantine Battery, Fort Alexander, and Fort St. Nicholas, with some from other batteries, may be brought to bear; but these cannot at the utmost amount to more than 350 pieces, even allowing that spot to be commanded by a 100 guns of Fort St. Nicholas.”

† “These remarks were written before a land attack on Sebastopol was contemplated.”

She was a remarkably fine-looking ship, in excellent order, and very neat in her fittings. One thing which instantly struck us, was the absence of hammock-hooks, but we learned that beds were luxuries which the Russian sailors never dream of, the decks forming their only resting-places. On descending to the shell-room we examined one of the shells, and found it fitted with the common fuse. Now, as at that time it was believed that the Russians possessed a percussion or concussion shell, superior to any in the world, we were anxious to ascertain whether this was really the case; but from the inquiries we made of the lieutenant, we are convinced that such a shell existed only in imagination; that the common fuse was in use throughout the service, and may be so to the present day. The ports of the ship were marked with lines at different angles, by which to facilitate the concentration of the guns.

"We thanked our conductor for his politeness, and in doing so expressed our admiration of the ship. 'Yes,' said he, 'she is worthy of your praises. She was built on the lines of your *Queen*, now in the Mediterranean, by a Russian architect, educated in one of the royal dockyards of England.'

"There is the same peculation and corruption going on in the ship-building, as in all other departments in Russia; and at Sebastopol everything which proves defective in a ship is attributed to a destructive worm, about which the officials interested in doing so, relate tales almost as wonderful as those of the great sea-serpent. When a ship's bottom becomes prematurely rotten, as unseasoned timber is *of course* out of the question, the worm is the cause of the mischief; but how this singular creature has managed to pass through the copper without leaving a hole, no one attempts to explain. In the Baltic, where no worm exists, the destructive quality of the fresh water is equally great.

"The town of Sebastopol is situate on the point of land between the commercial and military harbours, which rises gradually from the water's edge to an elevation of 200 feet. It is more than a mile in length; and its greatest width is about three-quarters-of-a-mile, the streets entering the open steppe on the south. It was partly defended on the west, towards the land by a loopholed wall, which had been pronounced by one of the first engineers of Russia as perfectly useless; and plans for completely

fortifying the place in that direction were said to have been made; but whether the work has since been carried out we know not, though we have a deep conviction that strong defences will be found to exist there by the time a besieging army arrives. These, however, being hurriedly raised, can neither be of sufficient magnitude nor strength to offer a serious resistance to a long-continued fire of heavy artillery; and unless these fortifications are on a most extensive scale, and embrace a very wide circuit, they may be commanded from so many points, that, attacked with heavy guns of long range, their speedy reduction becomes a matter of certainty.

"None of the sea batteries or forts are of the slightest service for defence on the land side. Indeed the great fort, 'St. Nicholas,' has not a gun pointed in that direction; and such an armament would be perfectly useless if it existed, as that part of the hill on which the town stands, rises behind it to a height of 200 feet. In fact, all the fortresses and batteries, both to the north and south of the great bay, are commanded by higher ground in the rear."

After some discussion as to the manner in which an attack on this famous fortress would be most likely to meet with success, Mr. Scott thus continues his description of the town:—

"The streets are built in parallel lines, from north to south, and intersected by others from east to west; and the houses, being of limestone, have a substantial appearance. The public buildings are fine. The library erected by the emperor for the use of naval and military officers, is of Grecian architecture, and is elegantly fitted up internally. The books are principally confined to naval and military subjects, and the sciences connected with them, history, and some light reading. The club-house is handsome externally, and comfortable within: it contains a large ball-room, which is its most striking feature, and billiard-rooms, which appeared to be the great centres of attraction; but one looked in vain for reading-rooms, filled with newspapers and journals, such as are found in the clubs of England. There are many good churches; and a fine landing-place, of stone, from the military harbour, approached, on the side of the town, beneath an architrave supported by high columns. It also boasts an Italian opera-house, the first performance for the season at which took place



during our visit ; but we cannot say much for the singing ; the company being third-rate, and the voice of the *prima donna* very much resembling, at times, a cracked trumpet. The house itself was badly fitted up.

"The eastern side of the town is so steep, that the mast-heads of the ships cannot be seen until one gets close to them. Very beautiful views are obtained from some parts of the place, and it is altogether agreeably situated. A military band plays every Thursday evening in the public gardens, at which time the fashionables assemble in great numbers. As Sebastopol is held exclusively as a military and naval position, commerce does not exist. The only articles imported by sea being those required for material of war, or as provisions for the inhabitants and garrison. On the eastern side of the military harbour, opposite to the town, is a line of buildings consisting of barracks, some storehouses, and a large naval hospital, which we inspected. The wards are good, but too much crowded ; many of the arrangements are bad, and the ventilation in some parts exceedingly defective, the effluvia being most offensive. But perhaps this is permitted on hygeian principles ; seeing that the Russian is so accustomed to foul odours from his birth, that the physicians may consider a return to a little artificial native air as highly beneficial after a sea voyage.

"Sebastopol is not the port of construction for ships of war : they are all built at Nicholiev on the river Bug, as Petersburg is the building-place for Cronstadt. But here all repairs are done, and stores and materials of war in great quantity kept in the naval arsenal. The works that have been accomplished in the little port appropriated to this department are immense. The quays are well and strongly built of limestone with granite copings, under the superintendence of an English master mason. Along the eastern quay are ten large stone buildings, for storehouses, then in the course of construction, five of which were already finished.

"But all other works sink into insignificance at Sebastopol, before those projected and accomplished by Colonel Upton, under immense engineering difficulties. They consist of a great fitting basin, into which open five dry docks—three at the end, and one on each side of the entrance canal. As there is no tide, these docks are above the level of the sea, and the ships are

floated into them by locks, of which there are three, having a rise of ten feet each. To supply the basin, and thence the canal, the water is brought eleven miles by a beautiful aqueduct of stone, into which the Black River has been turned beyond Inkermann. This passes, at one part, through an excavated tunnel 900 feet long, which is constructed on arches in five or six other places. To form a great reservoir, and thus to insure a constant supply of water, an enormous dike of stone, like those of the pools of Solomon, near Bethlehem, was built across a mountain gorge, but on a much more stupendous scale. Mr. William Upton superintended the engineering department, and the work was achieved with perfect success ; proper sluices being constructed to prevent too great a pressure in case of unusually heavy rain.

"Soon after all was finished, however, a terrific thunder-storm arose ; the valley rapidly filled with water, and a great landslide from the side of the mountain took place ; the sluices were thus blocked up, and the flood at last poured over the top, taking away tier after tier of stones, until there was left nothing of the work of years but a jumbled mass of ruin. When we stood upon the remaining portion of this masonry, and marked its extraordinary strength and solidity, we could scarcely comprehend how the rushing of any amount of water could have produced such results. In order to make sufficient space for the docks, the canal of which leads from the southern extremity of the little port, it was necessary to cut away a portion of the mountain, and on the top of the great perpendicular wall thus made, now stands a massive pile of stone buildings, used as the sailors' winter barracks.

"In case of an enemy penetrating the dock-yard port, these barracks might be held as a formidable position by men armed with the Minié rifle ; and it has been suggested, that a couple of line-of-battle ships in the basin, with their broadsides to the port, and commanding it, would also form a battery of great power. Thus, in an attack by sea alone on Sebastopol, every inch of ground would have to be contested.

"A large filter has been erected, from which pipes are carried to the quay, into which a stream has been turned from the aqueduct, and when a ship requires a supply of water, she or the tanked barges have only to go alongside, a hose is attached to the

pipe, put on board, and the process is accomplished with the greatest facility and expedition. No expense has been spared to render this naval arsenal perfect, and we doubt whether, in many respects, there is another in Europe so convenient, always supposing the works projected to have been carried out.

"The streets of Sebastopol, as may be expected, teem with soldiers and sailors; indeed, no one unconnected with the services lives there; and all but Russians are discouraged or forbidden to do so. The Jews were at one time ordered away from it entirely, but some few have been allowed to return. It was said that no foreigners were permitted to remain there more than twenty-four hours; but during a sojourn of ten days we met with no interference, although we visited, and curiously examined, all parts of the town, and everything worth seeing in it."

On the 28th of September, the second, third, and fourth divisions of the army were ordered to move up to the heights above Sebastopol, and encamp there. The first division remained behind the port of Balaklava for the protection of that important post, while the light division rested on the heights above the harbour, which it had occupied before the surrender of the fort. The following day, at the desire of Sir George Brown, the light division also moved forward, and occupied a position in the line of the besieging army. The engineers and artillery proceeded to land the siege-train, and, on the 29th, some of the guns were already dragged up the heights. From this elevated encampment the troops obtained a view of the whole port of Sebastopol, together with its harbours, arsenals, ships, and forts.

The French army occupied the left of the English position, and extended to the coast immediately south of Sebastopol, where the deep and navigable bays offer the greatest facilities for landing siege-trains and stores. The commencement of the attack was far from being precipitate; but, on the 3rd of October, the booming of heavy guns from the forts of Sebastopol, sounded like a prelude to the tremendous struggle that was about to commence.

In taking up their positions the allied armies committed a remarkable oversight, or an act which has at least, and we think correctly, been condemned as such. On referring to our map of the Black Sea, the reader will perceive that the only entrance from Russia into the Crimea is by the nar-

row isthmus of Perekop—a spot that may at any time be occupied by a power that commands the sea. While this was unguarded, the czar could pour reinforcements into the Crimea, and convey supplies to the army within the walls of Sebastopol. Had it been occupied, the Russians in the Crimea must have been isolated, and in this condition, we are inclined to think, that their position would soon have become intolerable, and that submission or defeat, together with the surrender of Sebastopol, must have been inevitable. The allies neglected to secure Perekop; and it will soon be seen what a heavy price they paid for this mistake. Errors in strategy, often small in themselves, frequently lead to the most tremendous results. Nature is inexorable: she sometimes visits errors with gigantic, and, seemingly, disproportionate punishment; and, in great affairs, want of foresight hurries thousands to their graves. It would seem that a false confidence in themselves, and a contempt for the enemy, led the allies into this error. About this time a French naval officer wrote: "Reinforcements are expected from Odessa, *by way of Perekop*, but both will arrive too late; and were they an hundred thousand men they would be beaten."

The operations of the allies were very slowly conducted; and the time wasted in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol was eagerly seized by the Russians in strengthening their defences; while, on the other hand, the delay was wearing out our men. One hundred siege-guns were landed by the English, which, together with thirty guns from the fleet, it was calculated would be sufficient. The French shortly afterwards landed a similar number in Strelitzka Bay, which was intended to be their general dépôt during the siege. A thousand English sailors were landed to work the ships' guns which had been sent on shore, to make practical experiments with the Lancasters, and also (after having helped to make a breach) to assist still further in mounting it. The correspondent from Balaklava to the *Morning Herald* says: "Jack seemed highly delighted at the prospect of serving ashore at the siege, and, girded with his revolver and cutlass, took up his quarters in the tents on land with as much *sang-froid* as if it was his natural sphere of action. Soon, however, the native jollity of the tars broke out, and uproarious singing was kept up in their different tents until near midnight. A plain ordnance tent, without decorations to



distinguish it from those of the 'sojers,' is far too unassuming an abode for them under their present altered circumstances. Accordingly the decorative abilities of Tom and Bill have been called into requisition, and the canvas is covered with rather bold attempts at ornamentation placed round sundry sentences written over the doors, and expressive of the amiable intentions of the occupants towards Russians in general. One set of tents are the 'Sinope revenge;' another, 'Revenge for the *Tiger*;' while a little lower down you come upon 150 hairy, muscular, strapping fellows, who, if you believe their own inscription, are the '*Trafalgar* lambs,' or the '*Bellerophon's* doves,' or some other part of the ship's company, equally mild and inoffensive. The way these fellows have got up the ships' guns is perfectly astounding. An iron gun, eleven feet long, and weighing 113 cwt., seemed nothing to them. They volunteered to 'fist' it along, and they literally did so, tying ropes to it, and dragging it by their force over the hills. I have seen fourteen horses, and all the apparatus of artillery, barely moving a gun which fifty sailors have dragged after them at a trot." Another correspondent says, that the sailors worked with such zeal in drawing up the guns, that on more than one occasion they set an axle-tree on fire. The delay in beginning the siege was partly caused by the difficulty of landing the heavy guns and siege-trains, and getting them up to the heights. Lord Raglan also resolved on taking the place with as little loss of life as possible: he would not listen to what he deemed rash projects for storming it, but desired to proceed according to the usual mode of prosecuting a siege.

We said that the delay (though probably arising from a mixture of natural obstacles and humane motives) was wearing out our men. On this subject we will quote the testimony of the special correspondent of the *Daily News*, who writes from Balaklava. The facts he relates have a deep and painful interest, and will create amongst us a knowledge of the stern and bitter hardships of camp life:—

"The exposure—and, according to my opinion, in many respects the unnecessary exposure—to all the accumulated hardships of real campaigning, have told upon the troops that were weakened by Bulgarian quarters. It has still more fatally told upon new comers fresh from the barracks and

flesh-pots of Old England, and the easy lazy life and the regular rations of the transports. I have just received some ugly statistics of the losses of the 21st regiment, one of the last regiments that came out. They reached Kalamita Bay on the 18th of September, and at once joined the march. They were 1,004 men. They lost one man at Alma. Disease came among them on the march to Balaklava. On the 4th of October the regiment was reduced to 700 men—that is to say, 303 men either dead or dying of disease in the short space of sixteen days. And mind, the mortality in this regiment is not over yet. Even without casualties on the battle-field, it is to be feared they will be reduced to one-half of their original number before they are properly seasoned.

"Even without inspecting the hospitals and hospital ships, the meekest look at our soldiers must convince any one who knew them before, of the hardships to which they have been exposed—their appearance tells its own tale. They have all of them lost flesh, and walk as men do who feel their limbs, and their faces, yellow with the accumulated dirt and sweat of many days, have a haggard and carc-worn look. Their clothes, which they have not pulled off for weeks past, defy the brush; they must look soiled, dusty, and seedy. Frizzy hair, deep-set eyes, and the feverishness of uncleanliness, are the order of the day with the men and with most of the subalterns. I defy the most water-loving man to wash his person and his clothes when there is hardly water enough to drink! Take off the wardrobes of the generals and some of the more favoured among the staff officers, and rely upon it there are not a dozen clean shirts in the army. An officer told me he had not washed his hands for a week; as for washing his face, that is too great a luxury to be thought of. The appearance of the hard-working gallant officers of the line and guards is certainly most unusual to home ideas of a British officer in full uniform, and but for the seriousness of the situation it would even be ludicrous. Landed with no luggage but what they could carry, they have worn their full-dress coats for the last three weeks; they have marched, and fought, and slept in them. Of course the scarlet bears but a faint resemblance to what it used to be, and the gold lace and heavy gold epaulets are but dingy reminiscences of their former selves. Trowsers hopelessly impregnated with Crimean mud and dust,

and boots that seem to mourn the glorious blackings of 'auld lang syne;' a shako, or cap, much the worse for wear, and sometimes for tear; a red shawl, useful and almost necessary, in defiance of regulations and orders from head-quarters, protecting the waist; a soiled haversack with rations, biscuit, or any small luxury the officer contrived to buy in the shape of fowls, eggs, honey, or Russian bread, slung around his shoulders; a 'Colt,' with belt and case girded round his waist, and perhaps, if the foraging expedition had been of more than usual prosperity, a live goose, grasped tightly by the feet, hanging from his hand. Oh, for the mantle of Fortunatus, to place such an officer all at once into his London haunts, and among the old familiar faces! Put him down in Pall-mall or Piccadilly, or on the swelling carpets of the Junior United Service! Or, better still, mount him on a rough Crimean pony, accoutred with a Tartar saddle and bridle, and let him all of a sudden make his appearance in Rotten-row, heaven knows what fireside gentlemen and ladies would think of him, for what they would take him, and how they would treat the gallant man glorying in his goose! But, if old habits and feelings did not very quickly come upon him, be sure he would be loth to give up his prize to any one but the cook. Not the least amusing feature of the mortifications which campaigning produces in men's dispositions and characters, is the conscientious regard it engenders for all sorts of eatables; the desire to 'bag' live animals, and the readiness with which a whole pack starts in full cry, the moment one of them—lucky dog—has got on the scent of some very good thing. People at home, with fires in their kitchens, and larders well provided, and eating-houses open at all hours of the day and night, may laugh at this, but I assure you I am speaking to you in sober seriousness. Short commons three times a week at least, a four-and-twenty hours' fast and march now and then, by way of change, and the absolute want of all the small luxuries for which 'fire-side gentlemen' care not, because they always have them within their reach, give a peculiar tone to a man's stomach, and certainly develop his organs of acquisitiveness in the way of food and comforts. The commissariat have of late been pretty regular in rationing the troops, and the ration bread and meat is most assuredly the staff of life; but, taken by itself, that staff is a

rugged one. In the long run a man feels he has a great many more wants, especially if he has money idling in his pockets; and that is the case of all the officers and soldiers—in fact, of all those who are rationed. Besides, there is the advice of the doctors 'to live well' (would they could also tell us how to do it!) in order to stave off 'seediness' and disease. The officers in the camp are continually coming into Balaklava; each is charged with a hundred commissions from friends who must not leave. They hail boats, and go from transport to transport, inquiring whether the captain or steward has any goods to sell, and if any, what goods? I will give you a price list, with the list of articles most in requisition—perhaps it may encourage the efforts of some enterprising trader. The teetotalers will be sad to learn that, owing to the prevalence of disease and the badness of the water, brandy and sherry are in great demand, and 6s. a bottle is asked, and cheerfully given. That is a long price, considering the ships take their goods out of bond, or buy them at Malta. Salt, pepper, and curry powder are articles continually inquired for, and not to be had at any price. Maltese cigars sell at 10s. the hundred. Loaf sugar, no supply. Arrowroot biscuits were much in demand, and could not be had. A small parcel came in the other day: they sell at 1d. a-piece. Soap, no supply. Flannel shirts are in enormous demand, and so are flannel jackets, but none are to be had at any price. It is the same with lucifer matches. I was witness when half-a-crown a box was offered and refused. In short, any one sending out a general cargo of good and useful things, always keeping an eye on the severity of the winter here, would be a benefactor to the army and part of the navy, and pocket large profits at the same time. But the strongest want, which startled even me, is that of books. The army are not generally considered to form an important part of the reading public; but of this I am certain, that if any speculative bookseller were to send out a cargo of good, cheap, light books, he could safely demand, and men out here would gladly pay, an advance of thirty per cent. on the London price. Our army are likely to remain long in quarters wherever they are—at least so long as the men who have hitherto managed the war continue in the discharge of their kindly offices. The majority of the thousands of officers out here expected marches and



operations on a grand scale—plenty to do—little spare time—books added to the baggage would lumber it and be a bore. They now find themselves for weeks and months shut up in camps, with no food for the mind except here and there an old newspaper. They cried out for books in Bulgaria; they will again raise the same cry when once settled in winter quarters in the Crimea. Books are not to be had at Constantinople—the most illiterate of capitals. Parcels from Malta and England have a knack of seldom if ever coming to hand. They pass through the offices of Pera and Galatea agents, and get thrown into corners, knocked about and lost in some way or other. The few books—no matter what they are—belonging to officers of various regiments, go the circuit of whole divisions. I have now in my possession—and to borrow it cost a vast deal of persuasion—a copy of Bulwer's *Last of the Barons*. This book has been read by every officer of the 33rd regiment, and some of them have read it twice. It was then passed over to the engineers, and they read it to a man, and then gave it up to the ordnance, who, having done with it, let me have it for a week. I have seen a man hard at work reading Culverwell's tracts on health; and a treatise *On the Homœopathic Treatment of Diseases in Children*, has actually been studied by a score of young lieutenants, all of them bachelors, and likely to remain so for some time to come. A general cargo of stationery, with memorandum, sketching, and other books, would find a ready sale in the Crimea winter quarters. So would the *New Quarterly Review*, because it gives a capital digest of current literature. In short, any books—good, cheap, and light—would benefit us and the importer, no matter whether our winter quarters are in the Crimea or at Scutari."

When will the siege commence? was the constant inquiry of the wearied and expectant troops. To-morrow, was the usual response—most probably, to-morrow. But day after day came and went, and the allies still rusted in inaction, while the Russians worked night and day at strengthening their defences. On the evening of the 4th of October a reinforcement, consisting of 3,000 Russian infantry, were permitted to enter Sebastopol without opposition. They were fresh troops from Simpheropol, who came by the way of Baktchi-Serai, and were protected by 3,000 Don Cossacks, who marched

on their left flank to protect them from any attack from the allies. The precaution was needless; the generals let them pass safely, though such a force might have been intercepted, and perhaps wholly cut off. Prince Mentschikoff was at Baktchi-Serai with 19,000 of the troops who had been defeated with him at the Alma. His detached parties of Cossacks avoided our cavalry patrols, but they converted the foraging expeditions of the commissariat into daring and dangerous exploits. Sometimes, also, they hovered about the rear of the camp by night, but always retired when a couple of divisions were turned out to watch, and, if necessary, to oppose them.

By some strange arrangement—or more likely want of arrangement—the British divisions were all, more or less, exposed to the fire of the Russian batteries. The Russians were consequently continually employed in firing shells at them; though their aim was so indifferent, that the result was seldom more than three or four killed and wounded in the course of the day. Though for what cause one brave man's life should be unnecessarily sacrificed, we cannot divine. A spectator said—"The being exposed to continual shelling cannot make our men more brave than they are, but I am afraid it hardens them. The whizzing of bombs and round shot is not of a nature to awake amiable or kindly feelings in the human heart. I heard a soldier tell it as an excellent *joke*, that a friend asked him to take off his knapsack: 'I was just at it, and, by G—d, sir, in comes a ball and breaks his head! Came down like a shot, sir. Never spoke again!' The man seemed greatly disappointed that no one but himself could see the fun of the thing. But to do our gallant fellows justice, I have also seen touching traits of humanity and kindness even within the last few days, after three weeks' hardship and exposure to Russian bullets. But yesterday I saw a soldier dividing his ration of bread and meat with a Russian prisoner; and, to crown all, he even gave the man part of his most valued property—a picce of cavendish, which money can hardly buy in camp or at Balaklava." In many cases the men very narrowly escaped: one day a shot took a rifleman's pack from his shoulders without injuring him.

Early on the morning of the 7th of October, a strong detachment from Prince Mentschikoff's army at Baktchi-Serai marched

forward to attack the English at Balaklava. The Russians met with some pickets of the Scots grays and 4th dragoons, who falling back gave the alarm. Three dragoons, who were separated from the rest, are supposed to have been surrounded and slain; for three horses came in without riders. Large detachments of cavalry, grays, and dragoons were immediately sent out, accompanied by two troops of horse artillery. Captain Maude's troop was ordered to clear the way for a cavalry charge. This they did so effectually, and with such a precision, that the Russians speedily retreated. They were allowed to retire unmolested, although a charge of cavalry amongst them would have done great execution. Balaklava had hitherto been left in a strange state of insecurity; but this incident aroused Lord Raglan to the necessity of taking some measures for its protection. The same day (the 7th) a Polish deserter was brought in, who stated that there were 90,000 men within the walls of Sebastopol; but his assertion was not credited. It was deemed impossible that provisions could be found for such a multitude. On the 8th the Russians opened a fire from very heavy guns in their advanced earthworks on the French right and the English left, but the generals would not permit the fire to be replied to; they were anxious to reserve their fire until they opened upon the fortress with a tremendous cannonade of 200 great guns at once.

All this time the allies had been occupied in landing their trains, and in making other preparations for the coming siege. At length ground was broken and the trenches opened; for, on the evening of the 10th of October, four battalions of the French, numbering 2,400 men, marched to the front and began to dig with hearty good will. Before break of day they had finished a ditch, parapet, and banquet 1,200 metres long, at a distance of 900 metres from the enemy's line. At first the French had to dig through hard rocky ground, but after they had penetrated to the depth of a foot and a-half or two feet, they came upon a deep bed of plastic tough clay, admirably suited for the purposes of intrenching.

It may be necessary here for the information of the general reader, briefly to explain the progressive operations of a siege. The first object to be gained is the opening of the trenches—that is, to establish a body of troops in a protected position within a cer-

tain distance of the place to be attacked. The trench is a sort of ditch, or rather sunken road, running parallel to the enemy's fortifications, and of dimensions sufficient to admit the passage of troops and guns along it at pleasure. The excavated earth is thrown up on the side of the trench towards the town or fortress, and forms a bank or parapet for the further protection of the troops in the trench. At certain points of this covered road batteries are constructed, which open upon the fortifications of the enemy; and, when sufficient advantage has been obtained through their fire, a second trench, parallel to the first, and connected with it by a diagonal cut, is opened at a shorter distance and armed with fresh batteries, which go to work as before. This operation is several times repeated, and the approaches are pushed forward by means of successive parallels until they are carried up to the very walls of the town or fortress, which by that time have generally been breached or battered down at this point by the besiegers' guns. Then the assault follows. Strong columns of troops advance from their covered road, rush through the breach, and take the town. The best chances of the besieged consist of natural obstacles, where such exist. Thus, the ground may be so rocky as to prevent the digging of the trenches; or, as is often the case in Flanders, so exposed to inundations at the command of the garrison, that the trenches may at any time be flooded, and the besiegers swamped at their posts. Again, if, as at Sebastopol, the garrison is very strong, it may make successful sorties, fill up the trenches opened by the enemy, spike their guns, and greatly delay the approach of the batteries to the walls of the town. In the absence, however, of such impediments, it is maintained by military men that any place, however strongly fortified, must ultimately fall. In some instances, where the garrison is very numerous or desperate, the besieged will resort to close fighting, and defend every street and house inch by inch. To avoid this, the approaches are sometimes carried right through the battered wall and into the town itself, and no assault made. This latter movement, it was presumed, was the one that Lord Raglan desired to adopt.\*

\* To many of our non-professional readers, who are not versed in the various technical military terms now so generally used in the letters and despatches which are duly arriving from the seat of war (the



The English were not long behind the French in the preliminary work of opening the trenches. In fact, they commenced their operations the same night as the French, but later. The Russians had hitherto ceased firing at sunset, but they kept up an almost uninterrupted fire during the night of the 10th, though, fortunately, the casualties were very few, amounting only to four killed or wounded. But while the Russians were throwing away their ammunition, 800 English soldiers, invigorated by an extra allowance of rum, were employed digging sturdily at the trenches.

On the 11th, a singular instance occurred of the defective character of Russian gunnery. An Austrian vessel, coming from Eupatoria to Balaklava, and loaded with 600 tons of hay for the use of the English army, the current took her so close to Sebastopol, that to avoid going on shore she had to sail past all the forts at a distance of about 1,500 yards. The ter-

rified crew, convinced that she must be sunk, deserted their ship and left it to its fate. Fort Constantine first opened fire, and every gun pointed to seaward from Sebastopol, was brought to bear upon the unlucky vessel. Though the Austrian was only moving through the water at the rate of one-and-a-half knots an hour, yet, to the astonishment of hundreds of French and English, who were watching the affair, not a shot struck her effectually. Nearly all were too high or too low, too far forward, or too far off; and, strange as it may seem, out of four or five hundred cannon-balls fired by the enemy, only four struck her. But this was not the end of the incident. The *Beagle*, protected by the *Firebrand*, went coolly in, and made preparations for towing the Austrian barque out. The Russians instantly redoubled their fire, and the *Firebrand* received several shots in her hull. Two Russian frigates even came out from Sebastopol, but though under the protec-

more especially as relate to the preparations for the siege of Sebastopol), the following explanations may be of use at the present moment. To our military readers, the terms fascines, gabions, sancissons, &c., may be "familiar as household words." They may not be so, however, with the great mass of the public, who take so deep an interest in all matters having reference in any way to the war in the East. The batteries constructed for the siege of any place (as in the case of Sebastopol) are made of fascines, sancissons, and not unfrequently, in the absence of hard or rocky ground, with earth. They are also made with gabions or sand-bags. Fascines are composed of branches of trees, or brushwood (where they are to be obtained), made up in the form of fagots, about six feet long, and eight and ten inches in diameter, tied together in two or three places. Sancissons, which are used for keeping up the earthwork of a battery, are also made of the same materials; but they are from eighteen to twenty feet in length, and are tied up in bundles of some fourteen or sixteen inches in diameter. Gabions are cylindrical baskets, without a bottom, from three to four feet high, and the same in diameter, to be filled with earth. Sand-bags, which are from ten to fifteen inches in diameter, and about two feet in length, are also to contain earth. Not less than about 1,600 of these are required for the parapet, in the construction of a battery of only two pieces. The batteries which are used in sieges, to destroy the defences of a place, are called battering batteries; the guns being placed behind a mass of earth (or works composed of gabions and sand-bags), about seven feet high and twenty feet in thickness. Ricochet batteries are of the same construction as battering batteries; their uses being to enfilade, with guns or howitzers, the faces of the works of a fortification. What is termed ricochet firing is when the guns, howitzers, or mortars are loaded with small charges, and elevated at an angle of from three to thirteen degrees, so as to throw the shot or shell with several grazes or bounds, either on land or water. The weight of cannon

(when we hear of such heavy metal being moved, in the Crimea, up precipices, and over rugged ground, rendered almost impassable even to the best-appointed arabas) may surprise many of our readers. A 42-pounder brass gun weighs 61 cwt.; a light brass 24-pounder, 24 cwt.; and a 32-pounder iron gun, 55 cwt. Many persons when they read of cannon being spiked to prevent them (when a place is compelled to be evacuated in too great haste to carry off the guns) from being of any service to an enemy, imagine that it is the mouth of the piece which is operated upon; but this is not so. The method most commonly adopted to render a piece of ordnance totally unfit for service is to drive a nail firmly into the vent (or touch-hole) and then to knock off the head, so that by no means could it be pulled out. This, even in a battery of one hundred guns, is but the work of a few seconds, the artillery being always provided with the necessary means to effect this purpose.

Some idea may be formed of the immense weight of powder required to be carried into the field to serve a battery, independently of the ball, when it is stated that, for field artillery, in general actions, in the attack and defence of intrenchments, &c., the charges vary from one-third to three-eighths of the weight of the shot, according to the calibre and weight of the gun. The larger charge, however, is generally used in the attack and defence of fortified places. It may be observed, that the quantity of powder used for proving guns is as follows:—From the three to the 12-pounder the charge is equal to the shot's weight; and from the 18 to the 42-pounder to three-quarters the weight of the shot. For proving light brass guns the charge is one-half of the shot's weight; and for heavy and medium guns it is equal to the shot's full weight. We may add, as regards the weight of mortars (of which several will be employed in the attack on Sebastopol), a 13-inch land service brass mortar weighs 25 cwt., and an iron mortar of the same calibre, 38 cwt.

tion of their own batteries, they dared not advance far enough from the walls to attack the *Beagle* and the *Firebrand*. The latter persevered, and the Austrian was towed off and her cargo saved. This daring exploit elicited general admiration.

The silence of the Russian batteries during the night of the 11th, led to the expectation that a sortie from the fortress was in preparation. A rumour also prevailed that the Greek inhabitants of Balaklava were to aid the enemy by setting fire to the town and the shipping. On this point Lord Raglan received information of so positive a character, that he felt himself compelled to adopt a severe expedient. This was the expulsion of all the inhabitants of the place, who were escorted out of Balaklava, and sent on to the neighbouring villages. They were allowed to take their property with them, and the Greek women carried off a quantity of linen which had been entrusted with them to wash. Great lamentation was made by these people, and the next day many of them returned, but they were unceremoniously ejected. A nightly patrol was then appointed to visit every house in the harbour, and see if any of these fanatic and malignant Greeks remained hidden in them. Had any attempt to fire the town been successful, the result would have been awfully disastrous. From the nature of the harbour the transport ships and steamers could not have left it quickly, and they would therefore have run very little chance of escaping the general conflagration.

On the night of the 11th, the working parties marched out to the trenches and resumed their labours. The Russians, as usual, opened their fire, and kept it up with remarkable vigour, but with very little result. In one spot, however, they succeeded in creating a temporary panic. Shells and rockets were flying about with such rapidity, that although they did but little execution, their proximity was anything but pleasant. One of a party of sailors engaged in the works exclaimed to a companion: "Jack, it's getting too warm by half; I'll hook it." The man carried out his resolution by hooking it immediately, or, in other language, retreating from his duty. The example was contagious, and in a few minutes not a sailor remained. The soldiers soon followed, and the trench was deserted. The feeling, however, was but momentary; order was soon re-established,

and the men returned to their labour. A little joking at their own unusual conduct followed, during which a shell suddenly fell right into the midst of them. Nearly every one threw himself flat on his face, and most of the men were shouting, "Shove it out; shove it out." During the confusion, a brave young rifleman coolly took up the smoking shell in his hands and rolled it over the parapet. Fortunately, something was wrong with the fuse, and the instrument of destruction did not burst.

About half-past one in the morning, both the English and French were aroused by a furious cannonade, and the whole army ordered under arms. The cause of it was as follows:—About midnight, a small body of sappers, only sixteen in number, were paraded for work on Frenchman's-hill, where a battery for twenty-one guns was being constructed. To prevent any error, a sergeant who had made the journey the evening before, was appointed to act as their guide. After a time, some doubt arose as to whether the party were going in the right direction. "Do you feel sure, sergeant," asked one of them, "that we are on the right road?" "What do you think I was sent for?" was the self-satisfied response. Further on the sergeant came suddenly upon a "verst post," and his own confidence was staggered. "Why, how is this!" he exclaimed, "I surely never come to this last night." At the same instant one of the men called out, "Who are those fellows before us? do you see them?" The reply was lost in the startling report of a volley of Russian musketry, supposed to proceed from the van of a sortie from the garrison. The sappers, who were unarmed, ran for their lives, and the enemy rushed forward in pursuit, firing their pieces at random. Fortunately, not one of the sappers was hit, and the advance of the Russians was checked by the fire of our riflemen. The close firing being heard by the garrison in Sebastopol, they sent out artillery to support their attack. "The batteries behind them," says a writer from the spot, "were livid with incessant flashes, and the roar of shot and shell filled the air, mingled with the constant 'ping-pinging' of rifle and musket balls. All the camps were up. The French on our left got under arms, and the rattle of drums, and the shrill blast of trumpets, were heard amidst the roll of cannon and small arms. For nearly half-an-hour this din lasted, till all of a sudden a ringing cheer was audible



on our right, rising through all the turmoil. It was the cheer of the 88th, as they were ordered to charge down the hill on their unseen enemy. It had its effect; for the Russians, already pounded by our guns, and shaken by the fire of our infantry, as well as by the aspect of the whole hill-side lined with our battalions, turned and fled under the shelter of their guns. Their loss is not known; ours is very trifling. The sortie was completely foiled, and not an inch of our lines was injured, while the four-gun battery (the main object of their attack) was never closely approached at all. The alarm over, every one returned quietly to tent or bivouac."

A part of the Turkish soldiers were employed in casting up earthworks. The poor fellows worked willingly, though they were exposed to the most cruel privations, which they bore with an unmurmuring and stoical patience. It is said that the 8,000 Turks who formed part of the allied army in the Crimea, were landed without any arrangements having been made for their support. Some Marseilles biscuits were sent on shore for them; but when these were consumed the men were actually destitute! It is positively asserted that, since the battle of the Alma until the 10th of October, all the allowance given out to them was *only two biscuits each man!* Beyond this they had nothing but what they could pick up in the surrounding country, and the poor creatures were frequently seen walking about the French or English camps in search of any rejected fragments of biscuit or other food. Still these poor, proud descendants of a haughty race marched and worked with a willingness that would have been deemed impossible to men in their necessarily exhausted and fainting condition. An end, however, was put to their misery by the English taking them under their care, and serving them out proper rations. Great was the joy of the poor creatures when they received their rations of coffee, sugar, rice, and biscuits; but they looked suspiciously at the salt beef, which they thought might be pork in disguise; a food which, by their religion, they are forbidden to touch.

Still the time dragged heavily on; still the Russians worked with incredible industry in strengthening their defences; and still the cannon of the allies had not yet opened their thunders against the forts of Sebastopol. To us such delay seems culpable; but certainly competent judges were of a different opinion.

The correspondent of the *Times*, writing *eighteen* days after the allies had taken possession of Balaklava and the heights which envelop Sebastopol on the south side from the sea to the Tchernaya, says:—

"The public must not be indignant when they are told that up to this moment not a British or French gun has replied to the fire of the enemy, and that the Russians have employed the interval in throwing up earthworks, trenches, and batteries, to cover the south side of the town, which have made it almost, if not altogether, as formidable as the opposite side of the creek on which the town is situated, which have gone far to neutralise the advantages we had gained by our masterly flank movement from the Belbek to Balaklava, and which promise to increase very considerably the difficulties and dangers of the siege. The delay has been, I honestly believe, quite unavoidable. Any officer who has been present at great operations of this nature, will understand what it is for an army to land in narrow and widely-separated creeks all its munitions of war—its shells, its cannon-shot, its heavy guns, mortars, its powder, its gun-carriages, its platforms, its fascines, gabions, sand-bags, its trenching tools, and all the various *matériel* requisite for the siege of extensive and formidable lines of fortifications and batteries. But few ships can come in at a time to Balaklava or Arrow Bay; in the former there is only one small ordnance wharf, and yet it is there that every British cannon must be landed. The nature of our descent on the Crimea rendered it quite impossible for us to carry our siege-train along with us, as is the wont of armies invading a neighbouring country only separated from their own by some imaginary line. We had to send all our *matériel* round by sea, and then land it as best we could. But when once it was landed, the difficulties of getting it up to where it was required seemed really to commence. All these enormous masses of metal were to be dragged by men, aided by such inadequate horse power as is at our disposal, over a steep and hilly country, on wretched broken roads, to a distance of eight miles; and one must have witnessed the toil and labour of hauling up a Lancaster or 10-inch gun under such circumstances, to form a notion of the length of time requisite to bring it to its station. It will, however, serve to give some idea of the severity of this work to state one fact—that on the 10th no less than thirty-three ammunition horses were found dead, or in

such a condition as to render it necessary to kill them, after the duty of the day before. It follows, from all these considerations, that a great siege operation cannot be commenced in a few days when an army is compelled to bring up its guns as we have done. Again, the nature of the ground around Sebastopol offers great impediments to the performance of the necessary work of trenching, throwing up parapets, and forming earthworks. The surface of the soil is stony and hard, and after it has been removed, the labourer comes to strata of rock and petrous masses of volcanic formation, which defy the best tools to make any impression on them. The result is that the earth for gabions and for sand-bags has to be carried from a distance in baskets, and in some instances enough of it cannot be scraped together for the most trifling parapets. This impediment is experienced to a greater extent by the British than by the French. The latter have had better ground to work upon, and they have found fine beds of clay beneath the first coating of stones and earth, which have been of essential service to them in forming their works. Having gone thus far in the way of apology, or rather having pointed out to persons who may not be thoroughly acquainted with such undertakings, the causes of the delay which has taken place since our partial investment of Sebastopol in opening fire upon its defences, it is gratifying to be able to state that on Sunday, or at furthest on Monday morning next, upwards of 130 pieces of heavy artillery will be in position, and that our guns will be able to reply to the fire of the Russians. When they do begin, their work will be well and speedily done. From calculations which have been made, it seems probable that the French and English batteries will be capable of hurling no less than 23,600 shot and shell against the enemy's works per diem, and that calculation allows ten minutes' interval for each gun between round and round. We have opened about 1,500 yards of trench, much of which is in a fit state for the reception of heavy guns. The French have completed somewhat more—say 1,600 metres—and are rather more forward than we are, but they have not yet landed all their heavy guns. An immense amount of gunpowder, shot, and shell has

been carried up from Balaklava to the lines, and is placed in park and reserve ready for use; but there are many guns landed for which we have no present use, and large numbers of heavy pieces and quantities of ammunition and ball remain in the town magazines or in the field magazines along the road. Jack has been of essential service in this hard work. The only thing against him is that he is too strong. He pulls strong carts to pieces as if they were toys. He piles up shot-cases in the ammunition waggons till the horses fall under the weight, for he cannot understand 'the ship starting till the hold is full.' He takes long pulls and strong pulls at tow-ropes till they give like sewing-silk, and he is indefatigable in 'rousing' crazy old vehicles up hill, and running full speed with them down hill till they fall to pieces. Many a heap of shot or shell by the roadside marks the scenes of such disasters; but Jack's good humour during this 'spree on shore' is inexhaustible, and he comes back for the massive cargo from the camp with the greatest willingness when he is told it must be got up ere nightfall. It is most cheering to meet a set of these jolly fellows 'working up a gun to the camp.' From a distance you hear some rough hearty English chorus borne on the breeze over the hill side. As you approach, the strains of an unmistakable Gosport fiddle, mingled with the squeaks of a marine fife, rise up through the unaccustomed vales of the Crimea. A cloud of dust on the ascent marks their coming and tugging up the monster gun in its cradle with 'a stamp and go,' strange cries, and oaths sworn by some thirty tars, all flushed with honest exercise, while the officer in charge tries to moderate their excessive energies, and to induce the two or three hairy Hercules who are sitting astride on the gun or on the few horses in front, with vine-leaves in their hats or flowers in their hair, to dismount and leave off the music. The astonishment of the stupid fur-capped Crim Tartars, as they stare at this wondrous apparition on its way, is ludicrous to a degree; but Turk, Crim, Russian, or Greek are all the same to Jack, and he is certain to salute every foreigner who goes by, while in this state, with the universal shibboleth of 'Bono! Bowno! Johnny!'"

\* This term requires a word of explanation. When the allies first landed on the soil of the sultan, the Turks, who seemed to have an impression that every Englishman's name was John, or as they called it, Johnny, used the words bono Johnny (good Johnny) as a term of kindly salutation. They had no idea that

the phrase expressed any undue familiarity; and consequently sometimes very gravely addressed generals, or other officers of high rank, with this favourite salute. The term soon became general; and from being used by the Turks, came to be applied to them—they being at last usually referred to as the bono Johnnies.



At length the suspense of the allies came to a period. It was definitely arranged that the siege of Sebastopol should commence on the 17th, and the day before, the following general order was issued to the troops by the English commander-in-chief. With it we will conclude this chapter, and reserve to a new one the commencement of the narrative of that memorable siege which, in the far distant future, will be regarded as one of the most gigantic and extraordinary events of the present century:—

October 16th, 1854.

Memorandum for generals of division, the commanding officer of artillery, the commanding officer of engineers.

The fire upon Sebastopol will commence to-morrow morning, about half-past six o'clock, from the French and English batteries, in co-operation with the combined fleets.

The precise moment of opening the fire, however, will be indicated by the successive discharge of three mortars from the centre of the works of the French army.

The troops off duty will remain in their respective camps, ready to fall in at a moment's notice, without their knapsacks, great-coats, or blankets.

The horses will be attached to the field batteries.

There will be with each division parties of sappers, consisting of twenty men and an officer of engineers, ready to carry picks and shovels, crowbars and sledges, bags of powder prepared, felling axes, and scaling ladders.

Each division will also have with it a detachment of twenty artillerymen under an officer of artillery, with rockets and spikes for guns. (The latter are only to be used in the event of the troops having to retire from a battery.)

The arrangements for the collecting the several articles above enumerated will be carried out by the officer of engineers and the officer of artillery,

The generals of divisions will make every arrangement for the ready communication of the troops with the reserve ammunition, which, however, need not be placed upon the horses until ordered.

Previously to the opening of the fire, all advanced pickets, with the exception of the men selected to fire in the embrasures, will be withdrawn under the direction of the general officer on duty in the trenches,

and retire under cover to their respective camps.

The covering parties in the trenches will be kept clear of the batteries, and such of them as cannot find cover in the trenches will be moved to such positions in the rear or the flank as will ensure their being at hand to protect the batteries, whilst they will be themselves screened from the enemy's fire. These covering parties will be moved as the commanding officer of the party may see occasion, in consequence of the fire of the enemy. When the whole trench is occupied by guns, the covering parties must be placed as above stated, under adequate cover in the immediate neighbourhood.

The working parties will remain in the trenches, or be withdrawn, according to the discretion of the commanding engineer.

As it is probable that the field batteries may be required to move, the senior artillery officer of the division, and the officer commanding each battery, will make themselves acquainted with the communications to their right and left.

The cavalry, under Lieutenant-general the Earl of Lucan, and the troops of all arms, under Major-general Sir C. Campbell, British and Turkish, posted for the defence of Balaklava, will be held in readiness throughout the day, to act on the shortest notice.

The meat for the men's dinner will be cooked as early as possible to-morrow morning, in case of the army having to move forward.

In the event of an advance, the commander of the forces particularly requests the general officers commanding divisions and brigades, the commanding officers of regiments, and the officers commanding companies, to impress upon the men the urgent necessity of maintaining their formation and keeping their order. The success of any operation they may be called upon to undertake, their honour, and, indeed, their own individual safety, depend upon their being under complete control ready to repel any attack, or to overcome any resistance that may be opposed to them.

Lord Raglan will be at the quarries in front of the third division (Sir Richard England's.)

General Canrobert, at the Maison d'Eau on the left of the British line, and on the right of the French position.

(Signed)

RAGLAN.

## CHAPTER XX.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE MEMORABLE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL; THE FIRST DAY'S CANNONADE, ITS INCIDENTS, AND ITS RESULTS; THE ATTACK BY SEA; DESPATCHES OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH GENERALS AND ADMIRALS; CONTINUATION OF THE SIEGE; CAPTURE OF LORD DUNKELIN; TRICK OF THE RUSSIANS; DIFFICULTIES OF THE ALLIES; DARING OF PRIVATE MAGUIRE; ADVANCE OF THE RUSSIANS ON OUR POSITION IN FRONT OF BALAKLAVA; FLIGHT OF THE TURKS, AND CAPTURE OF FOUR REDOUBTS BY THE RUSSIANS; ENGAGEMENT AT BALAKLAVA; MILITARY ERROR AND HEROIC DEATH-CHARGE OF OUR LIGHT CAVALRY; CAPTAIN NOLAN; RECAPTURE OF THREE OF THE REDOUBTS; DESPATCHES IN RELATION TO THIS ENGAGEMENT; SORTIE FROM THE GARRISON.

THE night of the 16th of October\* was extremely beautiful; the air was clear, and a gentle calmness seemed to prevail, broken only by the occasional boom of cannon and the shrill whistle of a shot or shell through the air. The sky was cloudless, and the dusky vault overhead thick with glittering stars, which seemed to show themselves in unusual multitudes, as if in expectation of the startling spectacle that was soon about to be revealed. The Russians fired but little that night; and a Polish deserter stated a grand ball was held at Sebastopol, and that within the fortress all was confidence that the French and English would soon be driven back to their ships.

In the camps of the allies all was excitement and joy, because at last the thunders of their cannon were to be opened against the stronghold of the czar. In the fleets, also, though no orders had been given, it was generally understood that the siege was to be commenced the next day. At ten o'clock at night, a shot was fired from the *Britannia*, and the signal made for the first

lieutenant to go on board the flag-ship and to copy a general order. That order was: "Be ready for action at eight o'clock in the morning." The brave sailors were delighted, and exerted themselves in a manner perfectly astonishing for its herculean vigour and alacrity.

Tuesday, the 17th of October, dawned on the expectant troops. A heavy dew or fog rested over the valley; but towards six o'clock it began to disperse, and shortly afterwards the sunbeams glittered through the gloom, and the mist rolled off in the direction of the sea. All the men were seen standing at their guns, the apertures of the embrasures (which had been masked, in order to protect the working parties) were cleared, and the guns run out. Hope beat high in the heaving bosoms of every French and English man, and they expected, in a few days, to be quartered within the shattered walls of Sebastopol. Unhappily, those expectations were far from being realised. The Russians had been firing, occasionally, from the first gray tint of twilight, but the

\* We relate the following as a pleasant instance of the fraternity existing between the French and English armies. A correspondent of one of the morning journals relates that on this day (the 16th) "General Canrobert made over to our commissariat enough bread, baked in the French ovens, for the whole of our force—viz., 3½ lbs. per man—a very acceptable and considerate present, considering that we had been living entirely on biscuit, and nearly all the time on salt provisions. The French certainly have the pull of us, carrying their ovens into the field; but the fact is, theirs is an army in every respect—ours is not. We have *men*—good ones to fight, and no manner of mistake about that, but nothing more. We are totally destitute of all arrangement—commissariat staff, medical staff, any staff, equally bad—good officers as well as good men; but bad system, or, rather, none at all. Let the army be ordered to storm Sebastopol to-morrow, and they will do it, *coute qui coute*. Put them in a tolerably good position to forage for themselves, and they will be sure to make a mess of it. A French soldier naturally forages for himself. If he goes on picket he takes with him his little bundle

of sticks, got where he best can, to light his fire. Our men, on the contrary, would almost expect an araba to carry them. Give ours coffee, and they will tell you they can't roast and grind it. Go into the French camp, and you will see a man who has roasted enough for a dozen men, steadily pounding away at it with the butt-end of his musket and whistling a lively tune; but I must stop, as comparisons are always odious, and we must not expose the foibles of our men. It would astonish the world if an officer of the guards could be put down in St. James's as he daily appears here. Every one looks bad enough in a wretched coat without epaulettes, which have either 'come to grief,' or been discarded as too far gone. The guards, crowned with the nondescript article, in the way of a forage-cap, with which they have lately been furnished, look like a species of brigand. It is wonderful how clean and neat a French officer always appears. They might be transported to the Boulevards, and cause no remarks. Why? Their clothing is more adapted to the real business of a soldier, and in each regiment there are well-appointed mules to carry the *few necessities* a man *requires* on service."



cannon of the allies had preserved an ominous and threatening silence.

At length the hour had arrived, and the signal was given. At half-past six the French and English batteries roared forth simultaneously. Volumes of smoke and flame broke out from every part of our line, shot and shell whistled and screamed through the air, and the earth seemed to tremble with the reverberation. England and France united—blent together—had struck, like some fierce giant of mythic times—some Thor or Woden, with a thousand hands—the first ponderous, staggering blow against the massive walls of Sebastopol!

The Russians seemed neither surprised nor daunted, but with a calm resolution returned the fire with a terrible promptitude. They were prepared for the worst, and would, if inevitable, meet it with a dogged heroism; but were resolved that every nerve should be strained to breaking, every muscle deadened with exhaustion, before they pronounced the word *submission*. "The first volley," said a spectator of the awful scene, "showed us what no soul in either army had hitherto been certain about—namely, the precise nature both of our works and the enemy's; and I am sorry to say, it also showed us that, even in earth-work-batteries, *thrown up since we came here*, the Russians immensely outnumbered the allied lines. Not only were there extensive intrenchments, mounting twenty-five and thirty heavy cannon, but on every height and ridge guns of heavy calibre were placed in battery. I have been informed that the extensive nature of their works *completely astonished our generals!* and we are by no means sure that we have seen them all yet; for, during yesterday, fresh ones were frequently unmasked in places totally unexpected."

Within ten minutes after the commencement of the cannonade, the lines of the allies, and those of the Russians, were enveloped in a thick smoke; but before that took place, each battery had singled out its antagonist, and got an accurate range. Our left attacking force consisted of four batteries and thirty-six guns; our right, of twenty guns in battery. There were also two Lancaster batteries and a 4-gun battery of 68-pounders on our right. The French had about forty-six guns in their siege-train, but, unfortunately, none heavier than 24-pounders; so that their lines were of a lighter kind than our, and less calculated to

resist the enemy's concentrated and heavy fire. Altogether, we were supposed to have 117 guns to subdue about 130 of the Russians—no such great disparity, if the other conditions had been equal. It is said, amidst all the roaring of artillery, the peculiar explosion of the Lancaster guns could be plainly heard. They differed from that of other cannon, and the balls they discharged clove the air with a noise and regular beat resembling the passage of a rapid express train at a few yards' distance. This created great amusement amongst the men, who directly gave it the name of the "express train;" and by that only is it now known amongst them. The effects of its shot are described as most terrible. "From its deafening noise," said a spectator, "the ball could be distinctly traced by the ear to the spot where it struck, when stone or earth alike went down before it. A battery of twenty or thirty such guns would destroy Sebastopol in a week. Unfortunately, from a short supply of ammunition, we could afford to mount but two, and even these were only fired once in every eight minutes." It should be added, that opinions differ as to the value of these tremendous weapons. Some persons describe them as not realising the expectations formed of them. With most of the sailors they were by no means popular; some of the tars who worked them saying, in a tone of complaint, "Them guns would not tell no ways." It would seem, however, that they were not familiar with the use of them.

For two hours the cannonade roared incessantly, and then a breeze springing up from the south cleared away the smoke, and afforded a view of what was going on. One of the Lancaster guns had done terrible work on the Round Tower. Masses of solid masonry were dislodged from its sides, not a man remained on its roof, and its four guns were overthrown and lay about like dead horses. Beyond this, however, no mischief seemed to be done to the massive fortress, and it was evident that the French were fighting at a disadvantage. They were completely flanked by a 10-gun battery, and their fire became more feeble every minute.

About half-past eight the fire slackened for a little while on each side. Soon after it was renewed, a terrific explosion, that seemed almost like the shock of an earthquake, drew attention to one of the French batteries, over which was hanging a tremendous cloud of smoke. A sad mischance had happened to

our allies. The fire of the Russians succeeded in blowing up the French magazine in the extreme right battery of twelve guns. Not only were some tons of powder fired, but about a hundred men were reported to be killed and wounded: the French afterwards set the number down at fifty. The delighted Russians gave a loud cheer, and poured forth their fire with such vigour on the French right batteries, that at ten o'clock the latter were nearly silenced.

Glimpses of the fleet could be seen in the offing, making preparations for an attack. About half-past twelve, the French line-of-battle ships ran up in magnificent style, and engaged the batteries on the sea side. "Through the smoke over the harbour," says the writer we have just quoted (the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*) "we could plainly perceive the masts and funnel of a large screw line-of-battle ship, which, without firing a shot, stood in, until her broadside was within two hundred yards of one of the principal fortresses at the north of the harbour. Then her guns began to roar loud above the hellish din, which seemed to rend the very sky. The vessel which performed this gallant exploit was French, and, I believe, the *Montebello*, 120; the crew of which suffered so dreadfully from cholera while at Varna. From the moment she arrived alongside the fort, her sides seemed literally on fire, so rapidly, so incessantly, were her tiers of guns discharged." The Russians, though replying bravely to the attacks, both by sea and land, suffered fearfully.

The Russians were not the only sufferers, however; their fire poured terrifically, and with a fatal success, upon the French lines which had been abandoned. At about half-past one a Russian shell fell and exploded full upon the reserve magazine of the principal French battery, which instantly blew up with an awful shock! The explosion was terrible; about twenty tons of powder, with shells and rockets in proportion, were ignited! The earth seemed to tremble; the greatest part of the battery, together with sixteen guns, and nearly all the men were hurled into the lurid air! As the roar of the explosion ceased to vibrate on the startled ear, four French screw liners, each having another in tow, dashed up to the forts, and, as if in furious retaliation, dealt death and destruction amongst the enemy. "As each French liner came in, she added her incessant broadsides to the continuous roar of cannon which prevailed on all sides. The scene was perfectly hellish.

The atmosphere was only a thick lurid smoke, which seemed to suffocate, and through its heavy folds the scream of shot and shell was enough to make one's hair stand on end. No words of mine could do justice to such a pandemonium. Let your readers imagine at least 4,000 pieces of the heaviest ordnance in the world firing shells and rockets without a moment's intermission. The air seemed one perpetual explosion; but, in the midst of which, singularly enough, the peculiar jerking scream of the Lancaster shell could be plainly heard."

About half-past one a red-hot shot, fired by the Russians, fell into an English battery, and striking an ammunition waggon, caused it to blow up instantly, though from the powder being comparatively unconfined, the shock was not so severe as might have been expected. Some of our brave fellows were killed; but the works of the battery remained uninjured. The Russians, as usual, set up a tremendous cheer; but their mirth speedily died away into mourning. A shell from the Lancaster gun is supposed to have lodged in the Russian magazine of the redoubt in front of the redan wall. The explosion which followed is described as making the blood of the stoutest man run cold. It seemed as if the whole of Sebastopol had been smitten into a heap of stones and ruin. When the cloud of earth, dust, smoke, and fragmentary bodies cleared away, it was seen that nothing but a great black hole remained of the redoubt, and that the most part of the redan wall was blown away. For some minutes the startled Russians did not fire a single shot; they then returned to their guns, and concentrated their fire upon the battery, where the fatal Lancaster gun was placed. Their efforts were in vain; it was quite out of range; and their shot stopped rolling nearly two hundred yards in advance of the battery. They then gave up the point, and poured forth their shot against the French fleet, which was battering the stone-works and town by tremendous broadsides. We mentioned that the English had mounted only two Lancaster guns. The one, as we have related, did terrible execution; but the other, unfortunately, burst at the first shot, though without injuring the men serving it.

The cannonade continued to rage till dusk with unmitigated fury, and the ships poured in broadside after broadside on forts Nicholas and Constantine at close ranges. As the evening closed in the fire slackened, and at night it altogether ceased.



Thus ended the first day's siege of the then world-famous fortifications of Sebastopol. The total loss to the allied fleets was, sixteen killed and 200 wounded in the French ships, and forty-six killed and 250 wounded in the English. In the land attack the French lost about 200 men, chiefly by the explosions; the loss of the English did not amount to 100 killed and wounded.

The following account of the operations by sea, during this eventful day, is from the pen of a correspondent of the *Times* :—

"Off the Katcha, Crimea, Oct. 18th.

"Yesterday morning, about daybreak, the English and French opened fire from their batteries on the south side of Sebastopol. Late on the preceding night it had been agreed by the combined admirals and generals that the fleets should on the same day make a grand attack on the forts at the mouth of the harbour. During the night topgallant-masts were lowered, spare spars and boats handed over to her majesty's ship *Vulcan*, and early in the morning steam was up. The paddlewheel and screw frigates lashed themselves alongside the sailing line-of-battle ships, and all was got ready for the fight. The French were to occupy the right as you enter the harbour—that is, the southern side, and the English the left, or northern side, in one line,—about 1,500 yards off.

"The French first got into their places, about half-past twelve o'clock, and immediately commenced a heavy fire, which was vigorously returned from the batteries. The distance, however, was certainly greater than originally contemplated, and, as far as I can ascertain, it was over 2,000 yards. By degrees the English ships successively took up their stations, passing in rear of the French, and anchoring to the left. The *Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, and *London* (lashed to the *Niger*), however, took an inside station in advance,—perhaps about 1,000 yards from Fort Constantine. Nothing could be more noble than the gallant way in which the *Agamemnon* and *Sanspareil* steamed in amid a perfect hail of cannonballs and shells, preceded by a little tug-steamer, the *Circassia*, commanded by Mr. Ball. This little bit of a cockleshell, which looked as if she might have been arrested by a fowling-piece, deliberately felt the way for the large ships till her services were no longer required.

"The firing soon became terrific. At the

distance of six miles the sustained sound resembled that of a furious locomotive at full speed, but, of course, the roar was infinitely grander. The day was a dead calm, so that the smoke hung heavily about both ships and batteries, and frequently prevented either side from seeing anything. From about two till dark (nearly six) the cannonade raged most furiously.

"Towards four o'clock, Fort Constantine, as well as some of the smaller batteries, slackened somewhat in their fire; but towards dusk, as some of the ships began to haul out, the Russians returned to their guns, and the fire seemed as fierce as ever. There was one explosion just behind Fort Constantine, which appeared to do much damage. At dark all the ships returned to their anchorage. The change was magical from a hot sun, mist, smoke, explosions, shot, shell, rockets, and the roar of 10,000 guns—to a still, cool, brilliant starlight sky, looking down upon a glassy sea, reflecting in long tremulous lines the lights at the mast-heads of the ships returning amid profound silence.

"What damage has been done to the forts we don't yet know. Three of our ships have been roughly handled, and the killed and wounded amount to forty-six English killed, and upwards of 250 wounded. Lieutenant Chase, of the *Albion*, has fallen, and Lieutenant Lloyd, commanding the *Vesuvius*, and Mr. Foster, midshipman on board the *Sanspareil*, are seriously wounded. No captains have been hit. The blue-jackets showed all their ancient valour. Eight or nine men were swept away at a fore-castle gun on board the *Sanspareil* by the explosion of a shell. The two remaining men coolly went on loading, with their sponge and rammer, as though nothing had happened."

Lord Raglan forwarded a despatch, containing the particulars of this day's proceedings, to the Duke of Newcastle. It was lost in its passage through France, and, though afterwards recovered, did not arrive in England until the 11th of November. We subjoin it :—

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 18th.

My Lord Duke,—It was arranged between General Canrobert and myself that the batteries of the two armies should open immediately after daylight on the morning of the 17th, and we invited Admiral Dundas and Admiral Hamelin to attack the enemy's

works at the mouth of the harbour with the combined fleets, as nearly simultaneously as circumstances might permit.

Accordingly, upon a signal being given from the centre of the French lines, the batteries of the two armies commenced their fire about a quarter before seven yesterday morning.

On this occasion we employed about sixty guns of different calibre, the lightest being 24-pounders.

It may here be proper to observe that the character of the position which the enemy occupy on the south side of Sebastopol is not that of a fortress, but rather of an army in an intrenched camp on very strong ground, where an apparently unlimited number of heavy guns, amply provided with gunners and ammunition, are mounted.

The guns having opened, as above stated, a continuous and well-directed fire was carried on from the works of the two armies until about ten o'clock, A.M., when, unfortunately, a magazine in the midst of one of the French batteries exploded, and occasioned considerable damage to the works, and I fear many casualties, and almost paralysed the efforts of the French artillery for the day.

The British batteries, however, manned by sailors from the fleet, under the command of Captain Lushington and Captain Peel, and by the royal artillery, under the superintendence of Lieutenant-colonel Gambier, kept up their fire with unremitting energy throughout the day to my own and the general satisfaction, as well as to the admiration of the French army, who were witnesses of their gallant and persevering exertions, materially injuring the enemy's works, and silencing the heavy guns on the top of the loopholed tower to which I adverted in my despatch of the 13th instant, and many of the guns at its base, and causing an extensive explosion in the rear of a strong redoubt in our immediate front; the enemy, notwithstanding, answered to the last from a number of guns along their more extended line.

The fire was resumed this morning at daylight by the British sailors and artillery, and responded to, though in a somewhat less degree, by the Russians; but the French troops, being occupied in the repair of their batteries, and in the formation of others, have not contributed to the renewal of the attack, except from a work on their extreme left; they expect, however, to be able to do so to-morrow morning.

I beg to lay before your grace a return of the loss sustained by the royal navy, and the army under my command,\* between the 13th and the 17th instant, and to this I am deeply concerned to add that of Colonel the Hon. Francis Hood, commanding the 3rd battalion grenadier guards, an excellent officer, whose death in the trenches this morning has just been reported to me.

The English, French, and Turkish fleets moved towards the mouth of the harbour about noon, and kept up a heavy fire upon the enemy's forts for several hours.

I am not fully acquainted with the details of the attack, or its result, but I understand that Rear-admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, with the *Agamemnon* and *Sanspareil*, assisted occasionally by the *London*, *Queen*, and *Albion*, gallantly approached to within 600 yards of Fort Constantine, the great work at the northern entrance, where he maintained himself till late in the afternoon, and succeeded in exploding a magazine, and causing considerable injury to the face of the fort.

Since I wrote to your grace on the 13th, six battalions of Turkish infantry and 300 Turkish artillery have been added to the force in front of Balaklava.

These troops have been sent from Constantinople, and placed under my command by the government of the Porte, and I feel greatly indebted to her majesty's ambassador, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, for the ability and energy with which he brought under the notice of the sultan the importance I attached to an immediate reinforcement of the imperial troops.

I have, &c., RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

The following is the despatch sent by Admiral Dundas to the secretary of the Admiralty:—

*Britannia*—off the Katcha, Oct. 18th.

Sir,—1. I beg you will acquaint the lords commissioners of the Admiralty that the siege batteries of the allied armies opened fire upon the Russian works south of Sebastopol about half-past six o'clock yesterday morning, with great effect, and small loss.

2. In consequence of the most urgent request of Lord Raglan and General Can-

\* The lists of killed and wounded are omitted for reasons already stated. See Note, page 233. The reader will understand this when such lists are referred to in future despatches.



robert, it was agreed by the admirals of the allied fleets that the whole of the ships should assist the land attack by engaging the sea batteries north and south of the harbour, on a line across the port, as shown in the accompanying plan, but various circumstances rendered a change in the position of the ships necessary and unavoidable.

3. The *Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, *Sampson*, *Tribune*, *Terrible*, *Sphinx*, *Lynx*, *Albion*, *London*, *Arethusa*, towed by the *Firebrand*, *Niger*, and *Triton*, engaged Fort Constantine and the batteries to the northward; while the *Queen*, *Britannia*, *Trafalgar*, *Vengeance*, *Rodney*, *Bellerophon*, with *Vesuvius*, *Furious*, *Retribution*, *Highflyer*, *Spitfire*, *Spiteful*, and *Cyclops*, lashed on the port side of the several ships, gradually took up their positions, as nearly as possible as marked on the plan.

4. The action lasted from about half-past one to half-past six, P.M., when being quite dark, the ships hauled off.

5. The loss sustained by the Russians, and the damage done to Fort Constantine and batteries cannot, of course, as yet be correctly ascertained.

6. An action of this duration against such formidable and well-armed works could not be maintained without serious injury, and I have to regret the loss of forty-four killed and 266 wounded, as detailed in the accompanying lists. The ships, masts, yards, and rigging are more or less damaged, principally by shells and hot shot. The *Albion* has suffered much in hull and masts; the *Rodney* in her masts, she having tailed on the reef, from which she was got off by the great exertions of Commander Kynaston, of the *Spiteful*, whose crew and vessel were necessarily exposed in performing this service; but, with the exception of the *Albion* and *Arethusa*, which ships I send to Constantinople to be repaired, I hope to be able to make my squadron serviceable in twenty-four hours. Foreseeing from the nature of the attack that we should be likely to lose spars, I left the spare topmasts and yards on board her majesty's ship *Vulcan* at this anchorage, where I had placed her with all the sick and prisoners.

7. I have now the pleasure of recording my very great satisfaction with the ability and zeal displayed by Rear-admirals Sir Edmund Lyons and the Hon. Montagu Stopford, and all the captains under my command, as well as my sincere thanks to them, and to the officers, seamen, and

marines employed, for their unremitting exertions and the rapidity of their fire, in the absence of a large number of the crews of each ship, who were landed to assist in working the siege batteries, &c., on shore, and to this circumstance I attribute the small loss of killed and wounded.

8. The gallant and skilful conduct of our French allies in this action was witnessed by me with admiration, and I hear with regret that they have also suffered considerable loss.

9. I beg to express my gratitude at the manner in which Ahmed Pasha, the Turkish admiral, did his duty.

I have, &c.,

(Signed) J. W. D. DUNDAS, Vice-admiral.

General Canrobert, then commander-in-chief of the French army in the East, forwarded the following report, dated 18th of October, to the minister of war. It frankly admits the misfortunes of the French during the preceding day, but is full of spirit and confidence:—

Monseigneur le Maréchal, — Yesterday, at sunrise, we opened our fire in concert with the English army. Matters were proceeding favourably, when the explosion of the powder magazine of a battery, which unfortunately was of a serious character, threw our attack into disorder. This explosion produced greater effect from the fact that our batteries were accumulated round the point where it took place. The enemy profited by it to increase his fire, and, in accord with the general commanding the artillery, I was of opinion that it was necessary for us to suspend ours in order to make repairs, and to complete towards our right, by fresh batteries connected with those of the English army, the system of our attack. This delay is no doubt to be regretted, but we must resign ourselves to it, and I am taking every necessary step to render it as short as possible.

The place kept up the fire better than was expected. The circle is of such a formidable development in a right line, and comprises guns of such large calibre, that it can prolong the struggle. On the 17th our troops took possession of the height before the point of attack called the Bastion of the Mat, and occupied it. This evening we shall raise upon it a masked battery of twelve pieces, and, if it be possible, also a second battery at the extreme right above the ravine.

All the means of attack are concentrated upon this bastion, and will enable us, I hope, soon to take possession of it, with the assistance of the English batteries, which are directed against its left face.

Yesterday, about ten o'clock in the morning, the English fleet attacked the external batteries of the place, but I have not yet received any particulars to enable me to give you an account of the result of this attack.

The English batteries are in the best possible condition. Eight new mortars have been placed in them, calculated to produce great effect. Yesterday there was, in the battery which surrounds the tower situated to the left of the place, a tremendous explosion, which must have done much injury to the enemy. Since then this battery has fired very little, and this morning there are only two or three guns which can fire.

I have no precise information about the Russian army. There is nothing to indicate that it has changed the positions it occupied, where it awaits reinforcements.

I have received almost the whole of the reinforcement of artillery which I expected from Gallipoli and Varna. General Levailant has just arrived with his staff, which increases to five divisions the effective force of infantry which I have under my orders. Their state of health is satisfactory, and their discipline excellent, and we are all full of confidence.

We enclose, also, the despatch of Vice-admiral Hamelin to the French government :—

*Ville de Paris*—before Katcha, Oct. 18th.

Monsieur le Ministre,—In my letter of the 13th of October I announced to your excellency that I had embarked with all my staff on board the frigate *Mogador*, in order to anchor as near as possible to the French head-quarters, and arrange with the general-in-chief a general attack by the land and sea forces against Sebastopol on the day when the fire of the siege batteries should commence. On the 14th I had an interview with General Canrobert, whose views were in conformity with mine. On the 15th a meeting of the admirals of the allied squadrons took place on board the frigate *Mogador*, and the arrangements for the general attack were made with common accord, and were then submitted to the generals of the land forces, who heartily agreed to them.

This general attack was fixed for the 17th, the day of the opening of the fire of the siege batteries.

With respect to the squadrons, they were to effect what follows :—The French squadron undertook to place itself towards the rocks to the south, and at about seven cables' length to operate against the 350 guns of the Quarantine Battery, the two batteries of Fort Alexander, and the battery of the artillery.

The English squadron had to attack towards the rocks of the north, at about the same distance, the 130 guns of the Constantine Battery, the Telegraph Battery, and the Maximilian Tower to the north.

If your excellency would imagine a line traced along the entry to Sebastopol from the east to the west, that line would separate into two parts the locality of the attack which devolved upon each squadron.

The Turkish admiral with two vessels, all that he retained at the time, was to cast anchor to the north of the two French lines—that is to say, in an intermediate position between the English and French vessels. On the morning of the 17th the attack of the siege batteries commenced; but, as the weather was calm, it was necessary to attach the ships-of-the-line to the steam-frigates before developing against Sebastopol the line of the twenty-six ships of the allied squadrons. Nevertheless, in spite of this difficulty, and the separation which had taken place between the ships of the allied squadrons, a part of which had anchored at Kamisch and part before the Katcha, I have the satisfaction to announce to your excellency that the ships of our first line advanced about half-past twelve in the day under the fire of the batteries of Sebastopol, which they stood against at first during more than half-an-hour without replying. A few minutes afterwards they replied vigorously to the fire, which did not fail to incommode them, from their small number. Afterwards the other French and English vessels successively arrived, and the attack became general.

Towards half-past two o'clock the fire of the Russian batteries slackened; it was stopped at the Quarantine Battery. This was the exact object desired by the French squadron, but our firing was redoubled and continued without interruption till night.

At the time I am writing to your excellency I am not aware of what was the success of our siege batteries, whose fire had



commenced before ours, and which attacked the Russian fortifications on the land side.

If the Russians had not closed the entrance to Sebastopol by sinking two ships-of-the-line and two frigates, I do not doubt that the vessels of the squadrons, after the first fire, would have been able successfully to enter the port and place themselves in communication with the army. Perhaps they would not have lost many more men in doing this than we have now to regret; but the extreme measure which the enemy adopted of sacrificing a portion of his ships, forced us to confine ourselves to attacking for five hours the sea batteries of Sebastopol, with the object of silencing them, more or less; of occupying a great many men of the garrison at the guns; and of giving thus to our army material as well as moral assistance.

To-day (the 18th) I have only time to give a hasty sketch to your excellency of this affair, which, in my opinion, does great honour to the French navy.

I subjoin to this sketch a list of the men killed and wounded on board of each ship. Without delay I shall send you a detailed report upon all the phases of the attack, and in reference to the part, more or less active, which each ship took in it.

At the commencement of the affair the enthusiasm was extreme. During the combat the tenacity of every one was not less so. Before commencing the fire I signalled to the squadron, "*France has her eyes upon you*," a signal which was received with cries of *Vive l'Empereur!*

I am, with deep respect, Monsieur le Ministre, your excellency's very obedient servant, the vice-admiral commander-in-chief of the squadron of the Mediterranean.

HAMELIN.

The result of this terrible day's work was a strong conviction that the fame of Sebastopol for adamant strength and almost fabulous resources, had not been unjustly acquired. Almost superhuman efforts had been made by the allies, but the towers of the grim fortress stood proudly erect as ever. Injuries were soon repaired—so soon, that it seemed almost the work of enchantment. The forts by the sea, against which the fleets of the allies had poured such fierce storms of iron and fire, exhibited a spotted appearance; but there they stood intact, while many ships were terribly injured. The *Albion* was set on fire in three places, and would have gone on shore, if

the *Cambria*, one of the steamers expressly kept ready for such an emergency, had not come up in time to rescue her from destruction. She was, however, so much damaged, that she was compelled to be towed, in a dismantled and battered condition, to Constantinople. The *Albion*, in conjunction with the *Agamemnon* and *Sanspareil*, bore the brunt of the action on the side of the English fleet. Admiral Lyons, in the *Agamemnon*, won golden opinions from all quarters. This vessel fired seventy rounds, and her broadside was scorched the whole length. At one time the *Sanspareil* withdrew, in consequence of her having expended her number of rounds of powder, and the forts on the hill directed their entire efforts at the *Agamemnon*. Sir Edmund Lyons, at the time occupied with the big fort, sent his flag-lieutenant through a galling fire to bring in the *Bellerophon*, and to get the *Sanspareil* back. "Tell them," said this worthy successor of our great naval heroes of earlier days, "tell them to come in; these forts will sink me, and I'm d——d if I leave this."

During this first day of the siege, two or three Turkish sail-of-the-line stood in and fired with some effect at the batteries on the Constantine side. Still the attack from the sea, fierce and terrible as it was, was regarded almost in the light of a failure. The vessels were compelled to fire from too great a distance to deal destruction upon solid stone walls; while, on the other hand, the ships were exposed to a tremendous fire. The firing from the French ships is described as one continuous and terrible roar, but an opinion was held that they were sometimes too far out, being generally about 1,400 yards from Fort Alexander.

A correspondent of the *Morning Herald* thus speaks of the results of the fire from the allied fleet:—"We passed close by the forts of Sebastopol. We were quite within range (though the enemy never attempted to fire), and therefore with our glasses we could see every chink and cranny in the fortresses, which we had ample time to survey. Every fort towards the sea—those of Alexander and Paul on the south side, and Nicholas and Constantine on the north—were perfectly covered, from the base to the summit, with shot marks. In this there was no difference between those attacked by the English or French, except that Fort Constantine, to the north, had two of the casemated ports knocked into one. It was at

the spot where the *Agamemnon* had been moored, and where her whole broadside had been concentrated with something like effect. As far as we could judge, it seemed that the amount of damage done to the batteries is literally and truly nothing. Where several shots have struck in the same place, the granite is splintered and broken away to the depth of about a foot, or even less. Where only one or two balls have struck, there are mere whitish marks, as if the spot had been dabbled with flour.

"To restore these forts to their original look would of course be expensive, because unnecessary. As forts, they are as strong as if a shot had never been fired against them. A very small amount of money would repair the *actual damage* done to the cornices of the lower embrasures. The spots on the walls below the embrasures are not worth notice, for a few inches of stone make little difference in a fort where the walls are fourteen, and in some parts eighteen feet thick. Unless I had seen it with my own eyes, I could never believe that such a tremendous fire could have been directed, incessantly for six hours, against stone walls with such trifling results. There are, however, several circumstances which account for this. Ships, to tell effectually against stone batteries, must double-shot their guns, and this can only be done when within 500 yards. Owing to the shallowness of the water, no vessel, French or English, was enabled to approach nearer than 750. The great majority, even of those attacking, were at 1,000 and 1,200 yards off."

The following letters, the one from an officer of the English, and the other from an officer of the French navy, give some further particulars of the efforts of the allied fleets on the memorable 17th of October:—

"H.M.S. *Britannia*, Oct. 18th.

"Yesterday the bombardment was begun by the batteries on shore, at daylight, and a tremendous cannonade was kept up. We have 1,000 men and 1,500 marines working with them. At two, P.M., we were in action; and as time will not allow me to give a long description, all I can say is, I never heard such a row in my life. We towed in with a steamer lashed alongside; took up a position, and let go the anchor; swung the ship broadside to the fort, and went to work. We were firing four hours and a-half; then up anchor and went out at sun-

set. Our list in the squadron is forty-four killed and 266 wounded. We had a wonderful escape in this ship; the shot came into us in all directions, and yet, I thank God! only nine wounded. The worst of it is, the Russians have sunk their ships across the harbour; we can't get in, and not half near enough outside on account of shoal water. However, I think they got a good dose; but no one can believe what a tremendous place this is. However, if all's well, we will have it yet. But everybody in England is in such a tremendous hurry, as though for our own sakes, before winter comes on us, everybody would not do his utmost. And then let them have a little consideration. In a month, or less, our army alone has been reduced from 25,000 to 16,000 by deaths and wounded. And yet I have no doubt they are crying out because Sebastopol is not yet taken, and upbraiding men who have passed through such scenes as will never be described. But enough of this. Yesterday, the shot, shells, and rockets began to fly about us long before we anchored, and the deafening noise, the hiss of the missiles, and the roar of some thousands of guns, you may amuse yourselves by trying to imagine. We were ordered not to fire before orders were given to begin from on deck. I had charge of eight of the heaviest guns, stood on the ladder, and waited for the word. At last it came. I tried to keep cool, but could not help getting a little excited, and sung out, 'Now, you beggars, let them have it.' And then began the row, which lasted till we could not see, and has left us all as deaf as beetles and as thirsty as cabmen.

"P.S. Tell — poor Chase, brother to the man at Oriel, is killed. The Russians shut up two French batteries on shore in two hours: blew their magazines up. They also made two sorties, but the French drove them back."

—  
"Before Sebastopol, October 18th.

"My ears are yet ringing with the cannonade they heard yesterday; but I have no time to arrange my thoughts, and I hasten to tell you that I am in excellent health. Yesterday morning the admiral's signals and our written orders left us no doubt about the intentions of the fleet. At nine o'clock every vessel received the order to advance. All the steamers, with the exception of the *Pluton* and *Eumenide*, were lashed alongside ships to conduct them to the fire. In the night



of the 16th and 17th the captain of the *Pluton* had been ordered to lay down buoys along the coast to guide the course of the fleet, and this morning, as soon as the signal was given, the *Pluton*, as best knowing the way, took the lead. She was followed closely by the *Charlemagne*, which was ordered to anchor as near as possible to the coast, so that the other ships might take up positions in line to the north and north-east of her. Our progress was slow, in consequence of the immense weight of the ships which had to be towed. We were nearly an hour and a-half doing three miles. At about half-past twelve, the *Vautour*, ensconced in a little creek, opened the fire, which was the signal for the Russians commencing in their turn. A light whistling, like the noise made by certain birds of prey, was audible at the mast-head. I asked myself what it could be, when a second rushing sound more distinct left me no doubt that it proceeded from a cannon-shot. Presently the bullets rained around us. We heard the noise they made before they neared us, and sometime after we saw the flash of the cannon which propelled them. We received three of the shots in our hull and paddle-boxes, but fortunately they hurt no one. Our masts, from which we had taken down all the yards, were not touched. Most of the bullets passed over our heads. The firing went on thus for half-an-hour, and then we went in closer to shore to make way for the *Charlemagne*, and found ourselves a little sheltered from the batteries by a tongue of land. The *Charlemagne*, doubtless, appeared a formidable adversary in the eyes of the Russians, and may have checked their ardour a little. At one o'clock she anchored and began to fire, and it was indeed high time, for she had received several bullets in her hull, her masts were injured, and a shell had burst in her engine-room. At two o'clock we must have blown up a part of Fort Constantine, for just after we had watched one of our 80-pounder shells hit the mark we aimed at, we saw a tremendous column of smoke and flame rising up over the fortress. Dressing by the *Charlemagne*, the half of the other ships came into line in the direction north-north-west. The others formed a second line, and fired through the interstices of the first. Two Turkish ships prolonged the French lines, and further on to the north-north-east of the second Turkish vessel was a line of eight English. The fire went on for five hours without ceasing, but unfortunately the smoke was so thick that a

great many shots must have been thrown away. We don't know how much harm we did to the enemy, only the Russians abandoned their batteries for about two hours; but they recommenced firing towards evening. Portions of their batteries were destroyed. There would not have remained one stone upon another, if the bars which surround the entrance to the harbour had allowed us to approach within 400 or 500 metres. As it was, we fired on an average at a distance of 1,400 or 1,500 metres. We expended something like 24,000 bullets and shells. The Russians, though they fire pretty straight (as we can testify, for all their shots against us were very well directed), killed but few in the squadron. [This unfortunately was a mistaken supposition, as the returns in the *Moniteur* show.] With regard to this, I only know that the *Charlemagne*, perhaps the most unlucky of all, had eight killed. Some say, however, the *Montebello* suffered still more. The *Jean Bart* had but two killed. The English fleet, anchored opposite Fort Constantine and the telegraph batteries, fought vigorously. We don't yet know what losses they suffered."

We shall now briefly trace the events which occurred in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, between the 17th of October until the famous cavalry action at Balaklava, on the 25th of the same month.

The Russians spent the night of the 17th in repairing their batteries, and, with the first blush of morning, the firing on both sides recommenced. The French had suffered so much on the previous day, principally from explosions, that on the 18th the fire on the part of the allies had to be carried on solely by the English. The next morning, however, the French resumed their fire with even more effect than on the 17th. The Russian gunners were much annoyed by our riflemen, who aimed at them from under cover. On one occasion some English and Russian riflemen came, by accident, close upon each other in a quarry before the town. The English had exhausted all their ammunition; and it might be supposed, under such circumstances, that they fell into the hands of their enemies. By no means—submission and surrender are the last thoughts of brave men. Seizing the blocks of stone that were lying about, the English opened a vigorous volley upon their foes. The astonished Russians, instead of using their weapons, snatched up stones

themselves, and replied in kind,—a contest which ended in their flight. Instances of individual courage were numerous during this period. Amongst them, the cool intrepidity of a young artillery officer, named Maxwell, who took some ammunition to the batteries through a tremendous fire, along a road so exposed to the enemy that it has been called the “Valley of Death,” elicited general admiration.

During the 19th and 20th, the scenes of the preceding days of the siege were repeated with but little variation, except that they did not approach the fury and terror of those enacted on the day when it commenced. Dense clouds of smoke filled the air, which rung almost incessantly with the roaring of artillery. During the 19th, some deserters from the enemy stated that Admiral Kornileff, who assisted at the massacre of the Turks at Sinope, had been killed on the first day of the siege. They said that he was wounded so severely in the thigh, while superintending the fire in the Round Tower battery, that he was compelled to submit to amputation, from the effects of which he died. On the 20th, several fires were observed within Sebastopol, caused by the explosion of our shells. It was reported that the hospital was burnt; the building being, according to the deserters, unhappily full of wounded men.

On the 22nd, Lord Dunkellin, captain of the Coldstream guards, and eldest son of the Marquis of Clanricarde, fell into the hands of the Russians. The manner of his capture was somewhat strange. Being out at night, with a working party of his regiment, they got a little out of their way, when suddenly a body of men were observed, through the early twilight of coming morning, in front of them. “There are the Russians!” said one of the English soldiers. “Nonsense!” returned his lordship; “they’re our fellows.” So saying, he approached the new-comers, and, as he got near, demanded, in a high tone, “Who is in command of this party?” The soldier was right; it was the Russians sure enough, and his lordship was instantly surrounded, seized, and carried off. It was supposed that he would be well treated, as his father had been ambassador at the court of the Emperor Nicholas, and was said to have enjoyed his friendship. Some days later, a Russian officer, who was taken prisoner, stated that he was in command of the picketing party into whose hands Lord Dunkellin had fallen. He

added, that his lordship had received every attention on the part of the Russian authorities.

The 22nd was Sunday, and religious service was performed in the camp during a continuous roll of cannon, as the Russians always opened a heavy cannonade upon that day. This might be deemed a little inconsistent on the part of such an exceedingly religious people as the Russians, especially while engaged in what they proclaimed to be a holy war against the infidel Turks, and the worse than infidel French and English. Towards the morning of this day, a second awkward mistake occurred. A party of Russians made a quiet sortie, and advanced stealthily close to the French pickets. On being observed and challenged, they answered, “Inglish, Inglish,” which our allies, it seems, mistook for veritable English; and before they had discovered their error, the Russians charged them, got into their batteries, and spiked five mortars. They were soon repulsed, but the trick they had practised, and the mischief they had done, extremely mortified the French. Strangely enough, it was but the night before they had fired upon a party of Russians who attempted a similar deception. A Polish deserter from Sebastopol, brought word that the Russians had lost 3,000 in killed and wounded. The town, he said, was in a frightful condition; the shops were closed, and the merchants had fled, after having first placed their goods for safety in the cellars. The man added, that there were no longer any volunteers to work the guns, but that the unwilling soldiers had to be forced to the batteries.

The next day (the 23rd) Lord Raglan addressed the following despatch, containing his lordship’s account of the siege, to the Duke of Newcastle:—

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 23rd.

My Lord Duke,—The operations of the siege have been carried on unremittingly since I addressed your grace on the 18th inst.

On that afternoon, the French batteries not having been able to reopen, the enemy directed their guns almost exclusively on the British intrenchments, and maintained a very heavy fire upon them till the day closed, with less damage, I am happy to say, to the works and with fewer casualties than might have been anticipated.

On the following morning, shortly after daylight, General Canrobert not only re-



sumed his fire from the batteries which had been injured, but materially added to the weight of his attack by the fire of batteries which he had caused to be constructed the previous day; and these have continued ever since; and he has had it in his power to push his approaches forward, and, like the English, materially to injure the defences of the place; but these are as yet far from being subdued, neither is a serious diminution of their fire perceivable.

Our fire has also been constant and effective; but the enemy, having at their disposal large bodies of men and the resources of the fleet and arsenal at their command, have been enabled by unceasing exertion to repair their redoubts to a certain extent, and to replace many of the guns that have been destroyed in a very short space of time; and to resume their fire from works which we had succeeded in silencing.

This facility of repairing and re-arming the defences naturally renders the progress of the assailants slower than could be wished; and I have it not in my power to inform your grace, with anything like certainty, when it may be expected that ulterior measures may be undertaken.

I have the honour to transmit to your grace the return of killed and wounded between the 18th and 20th inst. inclusive.

In my last, I announced to your grace the death, which had just been reported to me, of that deeply-lamented officer, the Hon. Colonel Hood, of the grenadier guards. No other military officer has since fallen; but Major Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar was slightly wounded on the 19th. His serene highness insisted, however, upon remaining in the trenches until the detachment to which he was attached was relieved at the usual hour, and he has now resumed his duty.

Captain Lord Dunkellin, of the Coldstream guards, was unfortunately taken prisoner yesterday morning before daylight, in front of the trenches.

The naval batteries have continued their exertions without intermission, and I regret to have to report the death of two gallant officers of the royal navy—the Hon. Lieutenant Ruthven, who has died of his wounds, and Lieutenant Greathed, of her majesty's ship *Britannia*. Both are universally regretted. The latter received a mortal wound while laying a gun, after having, to use the language of Brigadier-general Eyre, who was then in charge of the trenches, "per-

formed his duty in the batteries in a manner that excited the admiration of all."

A considerable body of Russians appeared two days ago in the vicinity of Balaklava, but they have since withdrawn, and are no longer to be seen in our front.

I have reason to believe that Prince Mentschikoff is not in Sebastopol. He is stated to have placed himself with the main body of the army in the field, which is represented to be stationed in the plains south of Bakshiserai.

Admiral Kornileff, the chief of the staff, and temporarily in command of Sebastopol, is reported to have died of his wounds the day before yesterday.

I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

The same day the following despatch was addressed to the secretary of the Admiralty by Admiral Dundas:—

*Britannia*—off the Katcha, Oct. 23rd.

Sir,—I beg to acquaint you, for the information of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, that since my letter of the 18th inst., the siege batteries have continued their fire against the Russian works, which appear to have suffered much, and the fire slackened, although it is still considerable.

2. The naval brigade are doing good service, and up to the 20th had a loss of twelve killed and fifty-three wounded, as per annexed list. By the desire of Lord Raglan, I have reinforced them by 410 officers and seamen, and placed Lord John Hay in the *Wasp*, under the orders of Captain Lushington.

3. Captain Brock, at Eupatoria, supported by the *Leander* and *Megara*, has maintained his position well, although threatened and attacked by heavy bodies of cavalry, with guns; we have drawn large supplies from there, but, as the Russians are destroying all the villages, I fear they will in future become very scanty and uncertain.

4. Since the action of the 17th, the enemy have been working incessantly in repairing their batteries, and in constructing new works on the north side of the harbour, commanding the approaches by sea and land.

5. I have sent the *Albion* and *Arethusa* to Constantinople to repair; the other ships of the fleet have fished their masts, &c., and are ready for service.

6. The *Lynx*, *Sphinx*, *Stromboli*, and *Viper*, have arrived.

7. The weather hitherto has been very favourable, and the crews of the ships are generally healthy.

8. The English and French steam division still continue in the bay of Odessa, actively employed in preventing communication with the Crimea.

I have, &c.,

J. W. D. DUNDAS, Vice-admiral.

To the Secretary of the Admiralty, &c.

In referring to the unexpected difficulties met by the allies in conducting the siege, and the painful delay necessarily arising in consequence, a leading journal observes: "It seems clear that the original garrison must have been joined by forces rendering it greatly superior to the besieging army, according to the principles of calculation in such cases established. The proportion of the besiegers to the besieged ought to be at least as three to one, whereas, it seems not improbable, that the force disposable by Prince Mentschikoff for the defence of Sebastopol, is equal to that under the command of the allied generals. The consequence is, that we are not merely conducting a great siege, but engaged with an army as powerful as our own. In many respects, indeed, the operations of this remarkable enterprise resemble those of field-service generally, rather than those of ordinary sieges. *The place is not completely invested*; on the north side it is perfectly open, and the garrison enjoys therefore the extraordinary privilege of free communication with the adjacent country. It is not protected on the side of the attack by regular fortifications, a breach in which might consummate the struggle, but is defended by large earthworks armed with heavy guns. There is a relieving army at hand, in addition to the garrison; and the forces of both, owing to the incompleteness of the investment, may be combined for any operation either of attack or defence. We may be called upon at any moment to encounter the whole Russian army in the Crimea, either under Prince Mentschikoff in one quarter, or General Liprandi in another." The onward course of events will soon illustrate the truth of these comments.

It is said that on the 23rd the Russian governor sent to Lord Raglan to ask for a day's truce, to afford time for the burial of the dead on both sides, and that his lordship refused to assent, saying, "he had no dead to bury." The delay, if accorded,

would not have been used by the Russians in paying the last duties to those of their countrymen who had perished, but have been devoted to strengthening their defences to a further extent. The usual roar of cannon continued through the 24th, the eighth day of the siege. On that day, a private of the 33rd regiment, named Maguire, performed an act of daring which elicited the notice of the commander-in-chief. Being in advance as a sharpshooter, he was taken prisoner by the enemy, and marched away between two Russian soldiers, a third being in the rear. Seeing his guard for a moment careless and looking in another direction, he suddenly wrenched a loaded musket from one of the men by his side, and discharged it at him. Having done this, he swung round the butt-end, and with it struck the second man to the earth. The third Russian, astonished at the summary way in which his comrades had been disposed of, evidently thought it discreet not to meddle with so formidable an antagonist, and decamped accordingly. Maguire, who was at the time within a hundred yards of the Russian lines, then effected his escape. His own Minié, which had been taken from him, was being carried by one of the two men at his side. This weapon he knew had been discharged, and he therefore, with a foresight very remarkable under the circumstances, snatched from the other soldier the musket which, fortunately, happened to be loaded. The affair was witnessed by a sergeant of the rifle brigade; and in consequence of his report, Lord Raglan presented Maguire with a gratuity of five pounds.

On the afternoon of the same day (the 24th) the roof of the Round Tower fell in, carrying with it the four guns on its summit. This fort is said to have been built at the voluntary expense of one man, who received the especial thanks of the emperor for his enterprise and devotion. It was reduced by the fire of our guns almost to a ruin.

Early on the 25th of October, the heavy clouds, which had poured out their contents upon the earth during the night, began to disperse, and the sun rose faintly on a day the events of which will ever be remembered when men discourse of deeds of almost superhuman courage and godlike endurance. If, it has been said, the exhibition of the most brilliant valour, of the excess of courage, and of a daring which would have reflected lustre on the best days of chivalry, can afford full consolation for the disaster of that day,



we can have no reason to regret the melancholy loss which we sustained in a contest with a savage and barbarian enemy.

The position of the English, in respect to Balaklava, was regarded as a very strong one. Our lines were formed by natural mountain slopes in the rear, along which the French had made very formidable intrenchments. Below these, and very nearly in a right line across the valley beneath, are four conical hillocks, one rising above the other as they recede from our lines. On the top of each of these hills earthen redoubts had been thrown up, three of which were armed with heavy guns. One English artilleryman was placed in each redoubt to look after these formidable weapons; but the redoubts were defended by Turks, 250 of whom were placed in each. No doubt they had been placed there in consequence of the reputation their countrymen had obtained for the obstinate and heroic defence of Silistria, and because it was generally believed that Turks would fight behind stone walls or earthworks to the last gasp. It must be remembered, however, that these Moslem troops were the poor, enduring, half-starved\* creatures, whose sufferings we lately mentioned; and also that they were newly-raised troops—mere novices in the art of war, and most of them past the prime of life;—young soldiers, but old men.

It is well to present, if possible, to the mind's eye of the reader, the scene of the fierce and terrible action we are about to describe. "These hills," says the correspondent of the *Times*, alluding to the ones on which the redoubts had been thrown up, "cross the valley of Balaklava at the distance of about two-and-a-half miles from the town. Supposing the spectator, then, to take his stand on one of the heights forming the rear of our camp before Sebastopol, he would see the town of Balaklava, with its scanty shipping, its narrow strip of water, and its old forts on his right hand; immediately below he would behold the valley and a plain of coarse meadow-land, occupied by our cavalry tents, and stretching from the base of the ridge on which he stood, to the foot of the formidable heights at the other side; he would see the French trenches lined with Zouaves a few feet beneath, and distant from him, on the slope of the hill; a Turkish redoubt lower down;

then another in the valley; then, in a line with it, some angular earthworks; then, in succession, the other two redoubts up to Canrobert's Hill. At the distance of two or two-and-a-half miles across the valley, there is an abrupt rocky mountain-range, of most irregular and picturesque formation, covered with scanty brushwood here and there, or rising into barren pinnacles and *plateaux* of rock. In outline and appearance, this portion of the landscape is wonderfully like the Trosachs. A patch of blue sea is caught in between the overhanging cliffs of Balaklava, as they close in the entrance of the harbour on the right. The camp of the marines, pitched on the hill sides more than a thousand feet above the level of the sea, is opposite to you as your back is turned to Sebastopol, and your right side towards Balaklava. On the road leading up the valley, close to the entrance of the town and beneath these hills, is the encampment of the 93rd highlanders.

"The cavalry lines are nearer to you below, and are some way in advance of the highlanders, but nearer to the town than the Turkish redoubts. The valley is crossed here and there by small waves of land. On your left the hills and rocky mountain-ranges gradually close in towards the course of the Tchernaya, till, at three or four miles' distance from Balaklava, the valley is swallowed up in a mountain gorge and deep ravines, above which rise tiers after tiers of desolate whitish rock, garnished now and then by bits of scanty herbage, and spreading away towards the east and south, where they attain the Alpine dimensions of the Tschlatir Dag. It is very easy for an enemy at the Belbek, or in command of the road of Mackenzie's Farm, Inkeremann, Simpheropol, or Bakshiserai to debouch through these gorges at any time upon this plain from the neck of the valley, or to march from Sebastopol by the Tchernaya, and to advance along it towards Balaklava, till checked by the Turkish redoubts on the southern side, or by the fire from the French on the northern side, *i.e.*, the side which, in relation to the valley of Balaklava, forms the rear of our position. It was evident that Mentschikoff and Gortschakoff had been feeling their way along this route for several days past, and very probably at night the Cossacks had crept up close to our pickets, which are not always as

\* We hardly know whether, in this case, the expression *half-starved* is strictly applicable. These placid descendants of the terrible "bone-breaker"

might, before rations had been allowed them by the English, have inquired with Lampedo, the poor doctor in Tobin's comedy, "Which half of me is fed?"

watchful as might be desired, and had observed the weakness of a position far too extended for our army to defend, and occupied by their despised enemy, the Turks. I say 'despised,' because we hear from prisoners and from other sources that, notwithstanding all the drubbings received on the Danube from the Osmanli, the Russians have the most ineffable contempt for the champions of the Crescent."

Early on the morning of the 25th, a powerful Russian force, consisting of 20,000 infantry, supported by large masses of cavalry and artillery, cautiously approached our position in front of Balaklava. From the description we have given, it will be seen that it fell to the small body of Turks in the redoubts first to oppose the progress of the approaching host. The numbers of the enemy were certainly overwhelming, but the Turks might have kept the Russians at bay with their great guns until portions of the English army had come up to their relief. The general impression seems to be that they acted in the most disgraceful and cowardly manner. It is said that they were seized by a panic upon the advance of the Russians. One writer observes: "An eye-witness in one of the batteries informed me that they (the Turks) seemed instantly to lose all control over themselves; hurrying to and fro in the most pitiable disorder. Their artillery, which was loaded, was levelled at random in a general volley at the foe. Nearly all the pieces were levelled too low, and struck the earth before the Russian troops. No attempt was made to improve the range: the guns were merely loaded and fired quick; and that was all. For the mischief they did, they might as well have been pointed in the air." Another writer from the spot observes: "It was soon evident that no reliance was to be placed on the Turkish infantry or artillerymen. All the stories we had heard about their bravery behind stone walls and earthworks, proved how differently the same or similar people fight under different circumstances. When the Russians advanced, the Turks fired a few rounds at them, got frightened at the distance of their supports in the rear, looked round, received a few shots and shell, and then 'bolted' and fled with an agility quite at variance with common-place notions of Oriental deportment on the battle-field." A third writer from the Crimea states: "This part of the action is completely shrouded in mystery, and the most contradictory statements are current about it. Some assert

that the Turks behaved shamefully, and thought of nothing but their own safety and goods and chattels, in the shape of blankets, pots, and pipes. Others assert that they fought gallantly, but were surprised and overpowered by numbers." It is right to mention, that the despatches from the generals commanding on that day, do not any of them impute cowardice to the Turks. Sir Colin Campbell, one of the bravest of brave men, said, that the Turkish troops persisted as long as they could.

The Russians advanced upon the first redoubt at about half-past eight. They were in six compact squares, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres, lance points, and accoutrements. With the first roar of cannon the English cavalry and infantry in the plain beneath the redoubts were roused into activity. The highlanders and rear guards fell into their ranks, almost with the swiftness of thought itself. While our infantry were forming, up galloped Sir Colin Campbell, the Earl of Lucan, and Lord Cardigan. The two brigades of cavalry, light and heavy, got into order in columns of squadrons, with a battery of horse artillery on the flanks of each, and the field-batteries ready for action in advance of the infantry.

Before this was done the Turks gave way. The enemy's skirmishers had been steadily advancing towards the redoubts without firing a shot. When within a hundred yards a dropping fire was opened, which had little effect except to increase the alarm of the Turks. The men began to desert their batteries; and it is said that, before the skirmishers were within sixty yards of the first redoubt, not a Turk remained behind. Directly the Turks fled, the Russians pushed forward and occupied the redoubt. Their horsemen also chased the flying Turks across the space which lay between the first and second redoubts, to which the Mussulmans fled for safety. The Russians turned our own guns in the first redoubt, and with them fired upon the second. The sight of the enemy in such force checked the advance of our troops; and the Turks, feeling themselves unsupported, abandoned the second redoubt, and fled for safety to the third. It was in vain; the third and fourth batteries were soon deserted also, and in the hands of the Russians.

The handful of Turks (for they were but a handful of men, in comparison with the army which had advanced against them) fled in confusion towards the town, and,



while running, fired their muskets at the enemy. The Russian cavalry advanced in skirmishing order, and many a wretched Turk fell quivering upon the earth, cloven to the chin, and even to the breast-belt. The sailors on the heights fired on the Russian cavalry, but the distance was too great for shot to tell upon them. Vainly, also, did the Turkish gunners, in the earthen batteries which were placed along the French intrenchments, strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fell short of the Russian horsemen, whose glittering sabres dripped with the blood of the miserable Turks. The latter at length found shelter behind the highlanders, where they checked their flight, and formed themselves into companies.

So great were the numbers of the enemy, that it was not a question as to whether we could retake the redoubts, but whether our own centre could maintain their ground until reinforcements came up from the camp. The brilliant conduct of our cavalry on this occasion, we shall relate in the spirited language of the *Times*' correspondent; himself a spectator of the scene he so vividly describes:—

“As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some 1,500 men along the ridge—lancers, and dragoons, and hussars. Then they move *en echelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry, who have been pursuing the Turks on the right, are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots grays and of their old companions in glory the Enniskillens; the second, of the 4th royal Irish, of the 5th dragoon guards, and of the 1st royal dragoons. The light cavalry brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon-bursts one can hear the clamping of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians, on their left, drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that thin red streak topped with a line of steel. The Turks fire a volley

at 800 yards, and run. As the Russians come within 600 yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards with the whole force of horse and man, through the smoke, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense everyone awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within 150 yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. ‘Bravo, highlanders! well done,’ shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. ‘No,’ said Sir Colin Campbell, ‘I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!’ The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-general Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d'élite*—their light blue jackets, embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of gray-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight, the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene, as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly everyone dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy;

but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the grays and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses 'gather way,' nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the grays rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the grays and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the grays and the red-coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can, to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. 'God help them! they are lost!' was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already gray horses and red-coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st royals, the 4th dragoon guards, and the 5th dragoon guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians, as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the grays and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm officers and men took off their caps, and shouted

with delight; and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once dispatched Lieutenant Curzon, aide-de-camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-general Scarlett, and to say 'well done.' The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. 'I beg to thank his lordship very sincerely,' was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about thirty-five killed and wounded in both affairs (the second will be detailed subsequently.) Major Clarke was slightly wounded, and had a narrow escape from a sabre-cut at the back of his head. Lieutenant-colonel Griffiths retired after the first charge, having been wounded at the back of the head. Cornet Prendergast was wounded in the foot. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry.

"In the royal horse artillery we had a severe, but I am glad to say a temporary loss. Captain Maude, who directed the service of his guns with his usual devotedness and dauntless courage, was struck in the arm by a shell, which burst at his saddle bow and killed his horse. To the joy of all the army, it is ascertained that he is doing well on board ship. After the charge, Captain the Hon. Arthur Hardinge came galloping up to Lord Raglan with the news of what the cavalry had done. He had been sent with orders to Lord Lucan, and at the moment of the charge he had joined the grays, and dashed with them into the Russian columns. He was an object of envy to all his friends on the staff while he described, in animating language, the glorious events of those brilliant five minutes.

"At ten o'clock the guards and highlanders of the first division were seen moving towards the plains from their camp. The Duke of Cambridge came up to Lord Raglan for orders, and his lordship, ready to give the honour of the day to Sir Colin Campbell, who commands at Balaklava, told his royal highness to place himself under the direction of the brigadier. At twenty minutes to eleven the fourth division also took up their position in advance of Balaklava. The cavalry were then on the left front of our position, facing the enemy; the light cavalry brigade was on the left



flank forward; the heavy cavalry brigade *en echelon* in reserve, with guns on the right; the 4th dragoons, and 5th dragoons, and grays on the left of the brigade; the Enniskillens and 3rd dragoons on the right. The fourth division took up ground in the centre; the guards and highlanders filed off towards the extreme right, and faced the redoubts, from which the Russians opened on them with such guns as had not been spiked.

"At ten minutes to eleven, General Canrobert, attended by his staff, and Brigadier-general Rose, rode up to Lord Raglan, and the staffs of the two generals and their escorts mingled together in praise of the magnificent charge of our cavalry; while the chiefs, apart, conversed over the operations of the day, which promised to be one of battle. The Russian cavalry, followed by our shot, had retired in confusion, leaving the ground covered with horses and men. In carrying an order early in the day, Mr. Blunt (Lord Lucan's interpreter, and son of our consul in Thessaly) had a narrow escape. His horse was killed; he seized a Russian charger as it galloped past riderless, but the horse carried him almost into the Russian cavalry, and he only saved himself by leaping him into a redoubt among a number of frightened Turks, who were praying to Allah on their bellies. I should mention here that the Turks, who had been collected on the flanks of the 93rd, fled at the approach of the Russians, without firing a shot! At five minutes to eleven, a body of cavalry (the *chasseurs d'Afrique*) passed down to the plain, and were loudly cheered by our men. They took up ground in advance of the ridges on our left."

We must now relate a gloomy, yet glorious incident, over the cause of which there hangs a veil of mystery. Up to this day the cavalry had no opportunity to exhibit that brilliant courage which they were soon to afford a fatal proof that they possessed in the highest degree. It had been hinted by those who bore the brunt of the fighting in the battle of the Alma, that the cavalry had scarcely done so much as they might have done; and that, indeed, they were rather a showy than a useful branch of the service. Smarting under this unjust imputation, and eager for glory, the cavalry were prepared for any achievement, even though its daring might merge into desperation.

An order was given, it is said, by the quartermaster-general, Brigadier Airey, to

Captain Nolan, of the 15th hussars, to take to Lord Lucan, *to advance* his cavalry nearer to the enemy. After reading the order, Lord Lucan inquired with astonishment, "Where are we to advance to?" "There are the enemy," rejoined Captain Nolan, pointing with his finger to the Russians, "and there are the guns, sir, before them; it is your duty to take them." Another account of this circumstance, informs us that Lord Raglan sent Captain Nolan to Lord Lucan with a written order instantly "to storm the Russian guns with his light cavalry, if practicable." Captain Nolan was wounded in carrying this despatch, and in the mental confusion which followed such an event, omitted delivering the paper, merely giving a verbal message to Lord Lucan, in which he unfortunately omitted the important words *if practicable*.

That it may be understood how far a successful attack on the Russian position was practicable, we must, in a few words, describe it. When the Russian cavalry retired before ours, they had abandoned the fourth redoubt taken from the Turks, but they retained possession of the other three. Having placed some guns on the heights over their position, their cavalry joined the reserves, and drew up in six solid divisions, in an oblique line across the entrance to the gorge. Six battalions of infantry were placed behind them, and about thirty guns were drawn up along their line, while masses of infantry were also collected on the hills behind the redoubts on our right. To attack an army in such a position with a single regiment was an act of madness; it was indeed sending our men to slaughter.

Still the order had been received, and Lord Lucan reluctantly transmitted it to Lord Cardigan, who is said to have remonstrated against its imprudence, though he instantly prepared for obedience. It is a recognised principle in war that cavalry should never act without a support; that infantry should be close at hand when cavalry carry guns; because, however brilliant the effect produced may be, it is but instantaneous. Our light cavalry, however, were only supported by the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them; the infantry and guns being far in the rear. Soon after eleven o'clock the light cavalry brigade rushed to the front. Their numbers have been differently estimated from 607 sabres to 800. The description of that terrible death-charge we will take from the

vigorous account of the writer we have just quoted:—

“The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they passed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true; their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of 1,200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken; it is joined by the second; they never halt or check their speed an instant; with diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow’s death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewn with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scat-

tered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done what we had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilised nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin. It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.”

Terrible was the result of this heroic devotion to duty! this bravery which scorned death and won eternal honour! Of the number that went into action (600 or 800, be it as it may), but 198 returned! All the missing were not killed, some might perhaps be prisoners, and about eighty afterwards came in separately. The wonder, however, is, not that so many perished, but that a single man escaped. Unless we had, unhappily, too much evidence of the truth of this untoward circumstance, it would seem like a wild and almost incredible romance, that a regiment of cavalry actually threw themselves, sword in hand, before the threatening mouths of a terrific battery, their path also raked by cross fires, and the object of their attack defended by an army.\*

In this desperate charge Lord Cardigan

\* The special correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* penned the following remarks upon this brilliant but unfortunate charge:—“By an imbecile command, a misconception as to its nature, or by

some mysterious circumstance which will probably never be sifted, the flower of the British army were thus led to certain butchery. It was not an ambush into which they fell, for the three batteries were



had his horse shot under him, and received a slight wound in the right leg from a lance. Captain Nolan, to whose error or indiscretion the misfortune was generally attributed, would, if he had survived, have been tried by court-martial, but he joined the heroic charge, and perished in it. He was a young officer of great promise, and had a perfect passion for the profession of arms which he adopted at the early age of fourteen. He had lately published a book on the *Organisation, Drill, and Manœuvres of Cavalry Corps*; a work which had created some sensation, and in which he maintained that cavalry could be made to do anything when properly managed. He was regarded as one of the finest riders in the army, and he literally died upon horseback. A Russian shell having pierced his heart, he sprang up in his saddle, gave a loud cry, expired on the instant, and his horse turned and galloped back with its dead rider still rigidly fixed in his seat. Mr. Wombwell, an officer of the 17th, had a narrow escape. Being dragged from his horse and taken prisoner by the Cossacks, a Russian officer told him not to be afraid, for although the soldiers were rather rough in their manners, he would be well taken care of. Mr. Womb-

visible to the dullest eye, and it was to be supposed that supporting the strong line of cavalry beyond were masses of infantry. Never was more wilful murder committed than in ordering an advance against such fearful odds and certain destruction. The popular voice has united in ascribing this great calamity to Captain Nolan. If the latter was indeed to blame, he has paid, poor fellow, the penalty of his impetuous courage. Like many another heroic officer he fell on the field of battle, and in him was buried the finest rider, and one of the noblest spirits in the British service. But what baffles the understanding is, in what respect Captain Nolan, whose position was merely that of aide-de-camp, should thus have proved the unwitting instrument of the light brigade's destruction. Before entering into so fearful a contest, the Earl of Lucan would have naturally awaited written instructions from the commander-in-chief. Either he received these from Lord Raglan—in which case his lordship would risk losing his well-earned reputation for prudence and caution—or he undertook the responsibility of the act himself. If, as it is said, the noble earl was influenced either by the petulance or the eager spirit of Captain Nolan, he was to blame; for a commanding officer is supposed to possess sufficient self-command and certain discretionary powers. Let the fault lay on whom it may, this morning of the 25th of October was a calamitous one for old England. When shall we speedily raise again such dashing hussars and light dragoons—such skilful horsemen—such heroic soldiers? On the day of Alma, when victory had crowned the brave efforts of our infantry, and when the complete rout of the enemy, the loss of his artillery and, perhaps, the fate of

well saved them the trouble, for in the last charge he escaped and got back to his lines.

"The loss of 400 men in killed and wounded," said one of the writers of a leading journal, "is what might easily have occurred in a skirmish of no great significance, in forcing a pass, in covering a retreat, or in repelling a surprise. It hardly exceeds the loss by a day's cholera two months before. But there is something in the pomp and solemnity of this fatal exploit which takes it out of ordinary war, and makes it a *grand national sacrifice*. The Roman citizen hardly rode more gallantly, more deliberately into the fabled gulf in the forum, than those devoted 600 rushed to the place of their glorious doom. They went as fanatics seek the death that is to save them, and as heroes have sought death in the thick of the fight, when they could no longer hope to conquer. But this was something more than individual prowess, or the enthusiasm of a crowd. There was organisation and discipline; there was even experience and military skill—at least enough to enable the chiefs to know the terrible nature of the deed. They saw that in the execution of the order in their hands, they would have to run the gauntlet of batteries,

Sebastopol, hung on a dashing cavalry pursuit, then our force was deemed insufficient; but now, in a miserable skirmish, this very force was dispatched against formidable batteries, a cavalry thrice superior in number, and an unknown force of infantry. Verily, it is heartrending to record this fatal sacrifice. It is a consolation, though a very sad one, that the fame of old England was never sustained with greater valour than on this cruel day. What stout hearts and stout arms could effect was done by the gallant victims, not of steel, but of shot, shell, and grape. French officers, who saw with dismay the madness of the act and the certainty of destruction, express themselves amazed at the invincible spirit displayed by our men. Through a crossed fire of three batteries did they penetrate, entering one of these and cutting down the gunners on their own pieces. The loss inflicted on the Russian cavalry was equal to that sustained by the British army; but then we have no reserves to fall back upon, and the men were of a far different stamp. The nation will share the sorrow of the army at the bitter loss we have had; and truly the brave fellows deserved a better fate. I will not give the names of the officers who fell that day—the *Gazette* will, while ennobling their deeds, also record their lamented names. Some of the survivors of the action escaped almost miraculously. Not one but who lost a horse, or received one or several wounds, more or less severe. Lord Cardigan was magnificent in his cool contempt of danger, and in the gallantry which he exhibited upon this occasion. When everybody behaved heroically, it would certainly be out of place and an act of injustice to particularise individuals, or I might mention many deeds of valour done that day."

ambuscades, reserves, enough for the destruction of an army; but they went with their eyes open, as if under a spell. It was a skilful, murderous, and powerful foe that prepared the path for their destruction; and yet at the challenge they went on and persevered to their doom. This was not war, as the French general said; it was a spectacle, and one worthy of the 'cloud of witnesses' that encompassed the performers. When our first horror and admiration have subsided, one feels a species of mystery in the deed. What is the meaning of a spectacle so strange, so terrific, so disastrous, and yet so grand?"

While the Russian guns were pouring their deadly fire upon our heroic cavalry, a body of French *chasseurs d'Afrique* made a brilliant charge at the battery on the left of the valley, and cut down the gunners who were firing at our men. This generous assistance cost the French a loss of two captains and twenty men, killed and wounded, out of a little force of 200. After sabreing among the Russian skirmishers, the *chasseurs* were compelled to retire.\*

After the return of our heroic cavalry, an attempt was made to recover the redoubts which the Turkish troops had abandoned to the Russians. Our infantry made a movement towards the redoubts, and the Russian infantry in advance slowly retired to the gorge. The French cavalry also pushed forward on the Russian right and held it in check, besides pushing out a line of skirmishers, and forcing the enemy to withdraw their guns. The Russians showered shot and shell from our own redoubts upon our infantry with such vigour, that our men (the first division) were ordered to lie down to escape the effect. The fourth division, covered by the rising ground, and two regiments of French infantry, moved onward to operate against the Russian right, already threatened by the French cavalry. The Russians, feeling alarmed at our steady advance, retired successively from three of the redoubts they had taken, but retained the fourth. They blew up the powder magazines in two of them, and succeeded in carrying off seven out of the nine guns contained in these earthworks. Several military manoeuvres were executed which it is unnecessary here to relate, as they would pro-

bably be understood only by military readers. The object of the Russians was, by retiring, to draw the allies into the gorge, where they had placed their guns. The latter perceived the snare, and held aloof from it; on the other hand, the Russians would not advance, and at about a quarter past one the cannonade, which for some time had languished, ceased altogether, and the engagement was at an end. Lord Raglan continued watching the enemy until dark, and the last gleam of day lit up the points of the Russian lances in their old position in the valley.

"The advantages of the battle," said the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, "such as they are, most decidedly remain with the enemy, as they succeeded in turning the right of our position; capturing (though not retaining) three Turkish redoubts and twelve pieces of cannon. All this we owe to the cowardice and treachery of our Mohammedan allies—most probably both. As a matter of course, the field on both sides where the cavalry contests had taken place, was a horrible sight; more so from the peculiarly ghastly nature of sabre wounds. In such places the dead and dying horses literally covered the ground. Both ourselves and the enemy appear to have had two horses killed or wounded for one man. This gave the field an unusually sanguinary appearance, very likely to mislead those not on the spot. I have always imagined that split skulls and cloven heads were figures of speech until to-day, when I have indeed been terribly convinced of the reality of such horrors. Some of the dead had their heads as completely cloven as if the operation was performed by a surgeon with a saw. Nearly all the Russians were so killed. Our fellows had been principally slain with lance thrusts. I saw one man with thirteen such wounds through the chest and stomach. Another man had six, which were all mere flesh wounds, and not dangerous. The same man (in the 17th lancers), extraordinary and incredible as it may appear, had two horses killed under him, one or two sabre and bullet wounds in his cap, his sword bent double in its sheath by a Minié bullet, five bullets in his saddle, one in his lance staff, and sword cuts innumerable." One effect of this engagement was,

restrained, and did much better service by charging a Russian battery on the flank, and for a time checking its fire." It may be truly said that the French and English were *brothers* in arms.

\* A leading journal observed: "The enthusiasm of the moment, and the fellow-feeling of the two armies, almost led the *chasseurs d'Afrique* to follow the British brigade to its doom; but they were wisely



that Lord Raglan at first resolved to abandon Balaklava and retire to the hills overlooking the town; but, on further consideration, he decided on retaining this important place.

We append Lord Raglan's despatch, containing an account of this engagement, together with enclosures by Lord Lucan and Sir Colin Campbell:—

Before Sebastopol, October 28th.

My Lord Duke,—I have the honour to acquaint your grace that the enemy attacked the position in the front of Balaklava at an early hour on the morning of the 25th instant.

The low range of heights that runs across the plain at the bottom of which the town is placed was protected by four small redoubts hastily constructed. Three of these had guns in them; and on a higher hill, in front of the village of Camara, in advance of our right flank, was established a work of somewhat more importance.

These several redoubts were garrisoned by Turkish troops, no other force being at my disposal for their occupation.

The 93rd highlanders was the only British regiment in the plain, with the exception of a part of a battalion of detachments composed of weakly men, and a battery of artillery belonging to the third division; and on the heights behind our right were placed the marines, obligingly landed from the fleet by Vice-admiral Dundas. All these, including the Turkish troops, were under the immediate orders of Major-general Sir Colin Campbell, whom I had taken from the first division with the 93rd.

As soon as I was apprised of this movement of the enemy, I felt compelled to withdraw from before Sebastopol the first and fourth divisions, commanded by lieutenant-generals his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge and the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, and bring them down into the plain; and General Canrobert subsequently reinforced these troops with the first division of French infantry and the *chasseurs d'Afrique*.

The enemy commenced their operations by attacking the work on our side of the village of Camara, and after very little resistance carried it.

They likewise got possession of the three others in contiguity to it, being opposed only in one, and that but for a very short space of time.

The furthest of the three they did not retain, but the immediate abandonment of the others enabled them to take possession

of the guns in them, amounting in the whole to seven. Those in the three lesser forts were spiked by the one English artilleryman who was in each.

The Russian cavalry at once advanced, supported by artillery, in very great strength. One portion of them assailed the front and right flank of the 93rd, and were instantly driven back by the vigorous and steady fire of that distinguished regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Ainslie.

The other and larger mass turned towards her majesty's heavy cavalry, and afforded Brigadier-general Scarlett, under the guidance of Lieutenant-general the Earl of Lucan, the opportunity of inflicting upon them a most signal defeat. The ground was very unfavourable for the attack of our dragoons, but no obstacle was sufficient to check their advance, and they charged into the Russian column, which soon sought safety in flight, although far superior in numbers.

The charge of this brigade was one of the most successful I ever witnessed, was never for a moment doubtful, and is in the highest degree creditable to Brigadier-general Scarlett and the officers and men engaged in it.

As the enemy withdrew from the ground which they had momentarily occupied, I directed the cavalry, supported by the fourth division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Cathcart, to move forward, and take advantage of any opportunity to regain the heights; and, not having been able to accomplish this immediately, and it appearing that an attempt was making to remove the captured guns, the Earl of Lucan was desired to advance rapidly, follow the enemy in their retreat, and try to prevent them from effecting their objects.

In the meanwhile the Russians had time to re-form on their own ground, with artillery in front and upon their flanks.

From some misconception of the instruction to advance, the lieutenant-general considered that he was bound to attack at all hazards, and he accordingly ordered Major-general the Earl of Cardigan to move forward with the light brigade.

This order was obeyed in the most spirited and gallant manner. Lord Cardigan charged with the utmost vigour, attacked a battery which was firing upon the advancing squadrons, and, having passed beyond it, engaged the Russian cavalry in its rear; but there his troops were assailed by artillery and infantry as well as cavalry, and necessarily retired,

after having committed much havoc upon the enemy.

They effected this movement without haste or confusion; but the loss they have sustained has, I deeply lament, been very severe in officers, men, and horses, only counterbalanced by the brilliancy of the attack and the gallantry, order, and discipline which distinguished it, forming a striking contrast to the conduct of the enemy's cavalry which had previously been engaged with the heavy brigade.

The *chasseurs d'Afrique* advanced on our left and gallantly charged a Russian battery, which checked its fire for a time, and thus rendered the British cavalry an essential service.

I have the honour to enclose copies of Sir Colin Campbell's and the Earl of Lucan's reports.

I beg to draw your grace's attention to the terms in which Sir Colin Campbell speaks of Lieutenant-colonel Ainslie, of the 93rd, and Captain Barker, of the royal artillery; and also to the praise bestowed by the Earl of Lucan on Major-general the Earl of Cardigan and Brigadier-general Scarlett, which they most fully deserve.

The Earl of Lucan not having sent me the names of the other officers who distinguished themselves, I propose to forward them by the next opportunity.

The enemy made no further movement in advance, and at the close of the day the brigade of guards of the first division and the fourth division returned to their original encampment, as did the French troops, with the exception of one brigade of the first division, which General Canrobert was so good as to leave in support of Sir Colin Campbell.

The remaining regiments of the highland brigade also remained in the valley.

The fourth division had advanced close to the heights, and Sir George Cathcart caused one of the redoubts to be reoccupied by the Turks, affording them his support, and he availed himself of the opportunity to assist with his riflemen in silencing two of the enemy's guns.

The means of defending the extensive position which had been occupied by the Turkish troops in the morning having proved wholly inadequate, I deemed it necessary, in concurrence with General Canrobert, to withdraw from the lower range of heights, and to concentrate our force, which will be increased by a considerable body of seamen to be

landed from the ships under the authority of Admiral Dundas, immediately in front of the narrow valley leading into Balaklava, and upon the precipitous heights on our right, thus affording a narrower line of defence.

I have, &c., RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

(Enclosures.)

Balaklava, Oct. 27th.

My Lord,—I have the honour to report that the cavalry division under my command was seriously engaged with the enemy on the 25th inst., during the greater part of which day it was under a heavy fire; that it made a most triumphant charge against a very superior number of the enemy's cavalry, and an attack upon batteries which, for daring and gallantry, could not be exceeded. The loss, however, in officers, men, and horses, has been most severe.

From half-past six in the morning, when the horse artillery first opened fire, till the enemy had possessed itself of all the different forts, the cavalry, constantly changing their positions, continued giving all the support they could to the Turkish troops, though much exposed to the fire of heavy guns and riflemen, when they took post on the left of the second line of redoubts by an order from your lordship.

The heavy brigade had soon to return to the support of the troops defending Balaklava, and was fortunate enough in being at hand when a large force of Russian cavalry was descending the hill. I immediately ordered Brigadier-general Scarlett to attack with the Scots grays and Enniskillen dragoons, and had his attack supported in second line by the 5th dragoon guards, and by a flank attack of the 4th dragoon guards.

Under every disadvantage of ground, these eight small squadrons succeeded in defeating and dispersing a body of cavalry estimated at three times their number and more.

The heavy brigade having now joined the light brigade, the division took up a position with a view of supporting an attack upon the heights, when, being instructed to make a rapid advance to our front, to prevent the enemy carrying the guns lost by the Turkish troops in the morning, I ordered the light brigade to advance in two lines, and supported them with the heavy brigade. This attack of the light cavalry was very brilliant and daring; exposed to a fire from



heavy batteries on their front and two flanks, they advanced unchecked until they reached the batteries of the enemy, and cleared them of their gunners, and only retired when they found themselves engaged with a very superior force of cavalry in the rear. Major-general the Earl of Cardigan led this attack in the most gallant and intrepid manner; and his lordship has expressed himself to me as admiring in the highest degree the courage and zeal of every officer, non-commissioned officer, and man who assisted.

The heavy brigade advanced to the support of the attack under a very galling fire from the batteries and infantry in a redoubt, and acted with most perfect steadiness, and in a manner to deserve all praise.

The losses, my lord, it grieves me to state, have been very great indeed, and, I fear, will be much felt by your lordship.

I cannot too strongly recommend to your lordship the two general-officers commanding the brigades, all the officers in command of regiments, as also the divisional and brigade staffs; indeed, the conduct of every individual, of every rank, I feel to be deserving of my entire praise, and, I hope, of your lordship's approbation.

The conduct of the royal horse artillery troop, first under the command of Captain Maude, and, after that officer was severely wounded, of Captain Shakespear, was most meritorious and praiseworthy. I received from those officers every possible assistance during the time they respectively commanded. I have, &c.,  
LUCAN,  
Lieut.-general commanding cavalry division.  
His Excellency commander of the forces, &c.

Camp Battery, No. 4, Balaklava, Oct. 27th.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that on the morning of the 25th inst., about seven o'clock, the Russian force which has been, as I already reported, for some time among the hills on our right front, debouched into the open ground in front of the redoubts, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, which were occupied by Turkish infantry and artillery, and were armed with seven 12-pounders (iron.) The enemy's forces consisted of eighteen or nineteen battalions of infantry, from thirty to forty guns, and a large body of cavalry. The attack was made against No. 1 redoubt by a cloud of skirmishers, supported by eight battalions of infantry and sixteen guns. The Turkish troops in No. 1 persisted as long as they could, and then retired, and they suffered considerable

loss in their retreat. This attack was followed by the successive abandonment of Nos. 2, 3, and 4 redoubts by the Turks, as well as of the other posts held by them in our front. The guns, however, in Nos. 2, 3, and 4, were spiked. The garrisons of these redoubts retired, and some of them formed on the right, and some on the left flank of the 93rd highlanders, which was posted in front of No. 4. battery and the village of Kadikoi. When the enemy had taken possession of these redoubts, their artillery advanced with a large mass of cavalry, and their guns ranged to the 93rd highlanders, which, with 100 invalids under Lieutenant-colonel Daveney in support, occupied very insufficiently, from the smallness of their numbers, the slightly rising ground in front of No. 4 battery. As I found that round shot and shell began to cause some casualties among the 93rd highlanders and the Turkish battalions on their right and left flank, I made them retire a few paces behind the crest of the hill. During this period our batteries on the hills, manned by the royal marine artillery and the royal marines, made most excellent practice on the enemy's cavalry, which came over the hill ground in front. One body of them, amounting to about 400 men, turned to their left, separating themselves from those who attacked Lord Lucan's division, and charged the 93rd highlanders, who immediately advanced to the crest of the hill, and opened their fire, which forced the Russian cavalry to give way and turn to their left, after which they made an attempt to turn the right flank of the 93rd, having observed the flight of the Turks who were placed there, upon which the grenadiers of the 93rd, under Captain Ross, were wheeled up to their right and fired on the enemy, which manœuvre completely discomfited them.

During the rest of the day the troops under my command received no further molestation from the Russians. I beg to call Lord Raglan's attention to the gallantry and eagerness of the 93rd highlanders, under Lieutenant-colonel Ainslie, of which probably his lordship was an eyewitness; as well as the admirable conduct of Captain Barker, and the officers of the field-battery under his orders, who made most excellent practice against the Russian cavalry and artillery while within range.

I have, &c.,  
COLIN CAMPBELL,  
Major-general.  
Brigadier-general Esteourt, Adj.-general.

The following despatch was received by the French minister of war from General Canrobert :—

Camp before Sebastopol, Oct. 27th.

M. le Maréchal,—We are continuing the construction of fresh batteries, destined to batter the eastern front of the bastion which we are attacking. They are placed on the bare rock, and it is only by the explosion of petards and by means of sand-bags and other laborious expedients that we make our way. Still we shall in a short time be able to multiply our fire against the defences, in repairing which as fast as they are destroyed, the enemy labours with remarkable obstinacy.

This siege will evidently form an epoch among the most laborious operations of the kind.

The town has suffered much from our fire, and we know that the loss of the defenders has been enormous.

The English protect Balaklava, where they disembark their munitions, with a body of marines, a battalion of infantry, and some Turks.

On the morning of the 25th, at break of day, some hills, 2,500 metres distant from the port, defended by some very imperfect redoubts, each manned by about 150 Turks, were carried by a very superior Russian force, which occupied them, having driven out the Turks.

As soon as information of this affair reached Lord Raglan and myself, we proceeded to the heights which border the valley of Balaklava, and form the limits of our position.

The enemy then occupied the hills I have mentioned, covering in masses the woody heights which bound the valley towards the Tchernaya, and displaying a force estimated at 20,000 men, besides those which were hidden from our view by the ravines and thickets.

It was evidently his intention to entice us into deserting our excellent position, and to make us descend towards him into the plain. I contented myself with uniting, at the request of Lord Raglan, my cavalry to the English horse, which occupied a position on the plain before Balaklava, and which had already executed a most brilliant charge against the enemy's cavalry.

Besides this, and while Lord Raglan established two divisions of infantry before the port, I caused all the men that I could spare from my first division to descend to

the foot of the front slopes of our position.

Things were in this state, and the day already far spent, when the English light cavalry, 700 strong, led away by too much ardour, charged vigorously the whole mass of the Russian army.

This impetuous charge, executed under a cross-fire of musketry and artillery, produced at first great confusion among the enemy's ranks, but this troop, hurried away too far from us, suffered considerable loss. After having sabred the gunners of two batteries it was forced to return, weakened by the loss of 150 men.

During this time my brigade of *chasseurs d'Afrique*, which was in the plain on the left of the English cavalry, was eager to get to its assistance, and did so by a bold manoeuvre, which was much spoken of, and which consisted in attacking on the left a battery of guns and some battalions of infantry, which it forced to retreat, and thus stopped a murderous fire which had been kept up on the English. In this affair we lost about twenty men killed and wounded, two of whom were officers. The loss on the enemy's side was considerable, and he suffered our chasseurs to effect their retreat in good order and without molestation.

The night supervened to put an end to the combat.

The day after the Russians made a sortie from the place, and towards Inkermann attacked the division of Sir De Lacy Evans, which covered the siege works. Received by a crushing fire, and with that solidity which is peculiar to our allies, the Russians left on the ground more than 300 dead, and found themselves chased to the outskirts of the town, losing in their flight about 100 prisoners.

This short and smart affair was most brilliant, and has certainly compensated for the painful incidents of the day before.

The judgments of history should be impartial; to this end the representations of both sides should be considered. We append, therefore, the Russian account, or the report of Lieutenant-general Liprandi, chief of the twelfth division of infantry, to Aide-de-camp General Prince Mentschikoff, dated October 26th :—

According to the orders of your highness, the troops of the division intrusted to my command and those attached to it executed



on the 25th of October, a general movement in advance from the village of Tchorgoum, and attacked the fortifications of the heights forming the valley of Kadikoi.

Conformably with the arrangement which I had made on the evening of that day, all the troops of the detachment left, at five o'clock in the morning, the village of Tchorgoum by two defiles. A regiment of chasseurs of the Ukraine, under the command of Major-general Lévousky, marched by the principal defile leading from Tchorgoum to Kadikoi, with four guns of the battery of position No. 4, and six guns of the light battery No. 7. These troops advanced with precision, and, on approaching the heights of Kadikoi, opened their fire upon the redoubts Nos. 1 and 2. After them the Azoff infantry regiment, the 4th battalion of the regiment of the Dnieper, with four guns of the battery of position No. 4 and six guns of the light battery No. 6, moved on under the command of Major-general Semiakine. By the second defile, leading to the valley of Baidar, an advance was made under the command of Major-general Gribbe, of the first three battalions of the infantry regiment of the Dnieper, with six guns of the light battery No. 6, four pieces of the battery of position No. 4, a detachment of the regiment No. 53 of Cossacks of the Don, and a squadron of the combined regiment of the lancers. Major-general Gribbe, who had marched in advance, occupied the village of Kamary, after having dispatched the detachment of Cossacks in the direction of the valley of Baidar. Simultaneously with this movement Major-general Semiakine in taking up his position to the left of the regiment of the Ukraine, covered by the fire of the artillery and a chain of riflemen, formed by the second company of the battalion of riflemen with the carabineers of the infantry regiment of Azoff, advanced rapidly with the latter regiment in two lines by columns of companies, there not being a space of more than 100 paces between the two lines, and in third line the first battalion of the regiment of Azoff and the 4th battalion of the regiment of Dnieper, by columns of attack. After having approached in this order to the distance of not more than 100 paces from the fortified height of the enemy, Major-general Semiakine gave orders for the assault. The companies made a rapid movement in advance, and at half-past seven o'clock the regiment of Azoff had hoisted its flags upon the fortifications. The tro-

phies gained upon this point were three rampart guns and a camp. In this redoubt the loss of the enemy in dead only was more than 170 men.

At the same time the enemy, from the rapidity with which the principal height had been occupied, and in consequence of his seeing the advance of the regiment of chasseurs of the Ukraine, abandoned the redoubts Nos. 2 and 3 (the former armed with two guns and the latter with three), which were immediately occupied by our troops. The regiment of chasseurs of Odessa, with the light battery No. 7, under the command of Colonel de Scudari, advanced to the redoubt No. 4; but the enemy, terrified upon this point also, did not wait for our attack, and abandoned the redoubt, in which there were three guns. Besides this, in each of the redoubts the enemy had left his tents, and his powder magazines, and engineering tools.

Immediately after the occupation of the redoubts, I ordered the troops to establish themselves there. I immediately ordered the redoubt No. 4 to be razed, as it was too much advanced, and I ordered its guns to be spiked, and their wheels and carriages to be broken, and the fragments to be thrown down the mountain. When these orders had been executed, the troops who had occupied the redoubt joined the general line of the other corps.

The brigade of hussars of the sixth division of light cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant-general Ryjoff, who accompanied the detachment, was posted at the right wing of our general line of battle, with the light horse battery No. 12, and the Cossack battery of position No. 3. During the movement of the troops in advance, the artillery of the Don moved rapidly forwards, and, having placed itself in position, contributed by its well-directed fire to the success of the general attack.

When all the redoubts had been occupied, I ordered the advance of the cavalry, with the regiment No. 1 of the Cossacks of the Oural and three detachments of the regiment No. 53 of Cossacks of the Don, upon the enemy's camp, situated upon the other side of the mountains. Our cavalry advanced rapidly, even to the camp; but, attacked in flank by the fire of the enemy's riflemen, and in front by the English cavalry, it was compelled to halt, and afterwards resumed its first position at the right wing of the general order of battle, being so

placed that its front did not present a right line, the direction of one of its wings forming an angle with that of the centre.

At this time Major-general Jabrokritsky, with a detachment of the infantry regiment of Vladimir (three battalions) and that of Souzdal, ten guns of the battery of position No. 1, four guns of the light battery No. 2 of the 16th brigade of artillery, two companies of the battalion of riflemen No. 6, two squadrons of the regiment of hussars of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and two detachments of the regiment No. 60 of Cossacks (of Popoff), advanced upon the heights to the left of our cavalry, and occupied them. Our cavalry hardly had time to form in order of battle beyond the right flank of our infantry, when, from the other side of the mountain, where the redoubt No. 4 was raised, the English cavalry appeared, more than 2,000 strong. Its impetuous attack induced Lieutenant-general Ryjoff to turn back upon the route to Tehorgoun to draw the enemy. At the same time I ordered to advance towards my right wing the combined regiment of laneers, under the command of Colonel Yeropkine, which came from Baidar to join the detachment of Major-general Gribbe, and I ordered that regiment to post itself behind the infantry in a concealed position. The enemy made a most obstinate charge, and, notwithstanding the well-directed fire of grape from six guns of the light battery No. 7, and that of the men armed with carbines of the regiment of chasseurs of Odessa, and of a company of the 4th battalion of riflemen at the right wing, as well as the fire of a part of the artillery of the detachment of Major-general Jabrokritsky, he rushed upon our cavalry; but at this moment three squadrons of the combined regiment of laneers attacked him in flank. This unexpected charge, executed with precision and vigour, was attended with brilliant success. The whole of the enemy's cavalry in disorder precipitated itself in retreat, pursued by our laneers and by the fire from our batteries. In this attack the enemy had more than 400 men killed and sixty wounded, who were picked up on the field of battle, and we made twenty-two prisoners, one of whom was a superior officer.

A French squadron of African horse chasseurs rushed upon the detachment of Major-general Jabrokritsky. Having turned the left flank of the battery of position, it reached the chain of riflemen and began

to put the artillery to the sword. Two other squadrons followed. Upon this, two battalions of the regiment of Vladimir, under the command of Major-general Jabrokritsky in person, precipitated themselves in advance at the point of the bayonet, and induced the enemy's cavalry to retreat, and it was pursued as far as the foot of the mountain by the well-directed fire of the foot Cossacks of the Black Sea, armed with carbines, and that of the riflemen. More than ten bodies and several horses remained upon the spot; three prisoners were taken, and the officer who commanded the attack made by the enemy was killed.

Remarking that the enemy again brought up fresh troops to his left wing, I reinforced my right wing, and disposed all the troops of the detachment in the following order:—

A battalion of the regiment of the Dnieper occupied the village of Kamary; the regiment of infantry of Azoff and the 1st battalion of that of the Dnieper were ordered to defend the redoubt No. 1; a battalion of the regiment of chasseurs of the Ukraine was left in the redoubt No. 2; and another battalion of the same regiment in redoubt No. 3, near which were also placed the whole regiment of chasseurs of Odessa, two battalions of a regiment of the Dnieper, and a battalion of that of the chasseurs of the Ukraine. All the artillery was ranged on advantageous positions; the cavalry, as before, remained on the right flank of the infantry. However, the enemy did not make any fresh attack, and ceased his fire at four o'clock in the afternoon.

In the taking by assault of such a strong position, I consider our loss in infantry as very insignificant. That of the cavalry was more important. Subjoined is a list, rapidly drawn up, in reference to this point. (This list includes six superior and subaltern officers and 232 men killed; one general, nineteen superior and subaltern officers, and 292 wounded.) I owe the success of the day to the zeal and excellent arrangements of the respective chiefs, and the courage and ardour of all the troops; more particularly Major-general Semiakine, chief of the 1st brigade of the division intrusted to my command, and under his orders Colonel de Krudener, in command of the regiment of infantry of Azoff, who were ordered to attack the strongest redoubt, No. 1, situated upon a very steep height, personally exhibited an example of courage and judicious arrangements. The attack of the regiment of in-



fantry of Azoff was executed with boldness, celerity, and decision. The 2nd company of the 4th battalion of riflemen, under the command of Second-captain Kalakoutsky, six guns of the light battery No. 6, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Afanasieff, and four guns of the battery of position No. 4, commanded by Lieutenant Posnikoff, who accompanied that column, acted with precision and celerity, and thus facilitated the capture of the height.

When the enemy's cavalry charged, and while it was being repulsed, eight guns of the light battery No. 7, which were stationed near the regiment of chasseurs of Odessa, directed by Captain Bojanoff, did the most injury to the enemy's cavalry by the precision of their fire of grapeshot.

All the operations of the artillery of the 12th brigade of that arm, directed by Colonel Nemoff, commandant of that brigade, were crowned with brilliant success. Staff-major Guersivanoff, and the aide-de-camp of your highness, captain of corvette Baron Willebrandt, whom your highness sent to me, and who was at my side during the whole of the combat, rendered me very useful assistance, transmitting, with the most strict exactness, all my orders to the troops in the first line.

With the present report I have the honour to present to your highness the flag and the Turkish standard taken in the redoubt No. 1.

There was great rejoicing within the walls of Sebastopol on the evening of the 25th, when the English cannon captured from the redoubts was carried triumphantly into the city. The Russians proclaimed that they had achieved a great victory; and after firing a salvo of artillery in celebration of what they deemed their triumph, they opened a tremendous cannonade against the English lines—happily without much effect. Encouraged by their partial success, the Russians renewed the contest on the 26th by making a sortie from Sebastopol. About noon a body of troops, variously reported as consisting of 4,000 or 9,000 men, and attended by a numerous artillery, issued from the fortress and ventured an attack on the right flank of the British lines. They advanced in three large columns, along a ravine which ran to the extreme right of the British position. Sir De Lacy Evans' division instantly stood to arms, and waited until the enemy should

reveal his intentions. The enemy advanced with confidence, but no sooner had he come within the range of our guns, than the command was given to fire, and a shower of shot and shell checked his approach. "Re-load!" was the word, and soon a second roar and a second deadly storm of missiles from the mouths of our cannon, caused the Russians to wheel round and retire. One Lancaster gun, in Captain Pecl's battery, did terrible execution, mowing down about twenty of the Russians at every discharge. Confusion and retreat followed, and the latter was soon converted into an utter rout.

Sir De Lacy Evans ordered his division to advance and follow up the retreating enemy. This was done with enthusiasm by the officers and men, who longed to settle scores with the enemy for many a night of false alarms. Regiment after regiment dashed forward after the fleeing foe. The officers endeavoured to preserve the dignity of a British charge, but, for once, in vain. Their "Steady, boys!" and "Keep in line," were scarcely listened to in the general eagerness to come up with the enemy. A mass of brushwood soon interfered with the line movement, and the men pursued skirmishing. The Russians were overtaken at the crest of the hill, and a heavy musketry fire was exchanged; they then continued their flight, and sought for safety within the walls of Sebastopol. It is said that General Gortschakoff commanded in this sortie, and that he was wounded in the hip. About eighty prisoners were taken, including three officers; one of the latter was a man of gigantic stature, and in appearance the very model of a soldier. We had nine men killed, and four officers and fifty-eight men wounded. Colonel Conolly, who was in command of a picket, was severely wounded, after having behaved in the most gallant manner. This young officer, at the head of a few men, held their ground against a host until relief arrived. Just as the support came up, he was seen, sword in hand, engaged with four of the enemy, one of whom finding that he would not be taken prisoner, shot him through the breast. The ball passed quite through his body, but did not prove fatal. The Russian loss, in killed and wounded, was estimated at between five and six hundred. More than 200 were found dead upon the ground.

The following is Sir De Lacy Evans' report of this sortie, addressed to the commander-in-chief:—

Second division, heights of the Tchernaya,  
October 27th.

My Lord,—Yesterday the enemy attacked this division with several columns of infantry, supported by artillery. Their cavalry did not come to the front. Their masses, covered by large bodies of skirmishers, advanced with much apparent confidence. The division immediately formed line in advance of our camp, the left under Major-general Pennefather, the right under Brigadier-general Adams. Lieutenant-colonel Fitzmayer and the captains of batteries (Turner and Yates) promptly posted their guns and opened fire upon the enemy.

Immediately on the cannonade being heard, the Duke of Cambridge brought up to our support the brigade of guards under Major-general Bentinck, with a battery under Lieutenant-colonel Dacres. His royal highness took post in advance of our right to secure that flank, and rendered me throughout the most effective and important assistance. General Bosquet, with similar promptitude, and from a greater distance, approached our position with five French battalions. Sir G. Cathcart hastened to us with a regiment of rifles, and Sir G. Brown pushed forward two guns in co-operation by our left.

The enemy came on at first rapidly, assisted by their guns on the Mound Hill. Our pickets, then chiefly of the 49th and 30th regiments, resisted them with very remarkable determination and firmness. Lieutenant Conolly, of the 49th, greatly distinguished himself, as did Captain Bayly, of the 30th, and Captain Atcherley, all of whom, I regret to say, were very severely wounded. Sergeant Sullivan also displayed at this point great bravery.

In the meantime our eighteen guns in position, including those of the first division, were served with the utmost energy. In half-an-hour they forced the enemy's artillery to abandon the field. Our batteries were then directed with equal accuracy and vigour upon the enemy's columns, which (exposed also to the close fire of our advanced infantry) soon fell into complete disorder and flight. They were then literally chased by the 30th and 95th regiments over the ridges, and down towards the head of the bay. So eager was the pursuit that it was with difficulty Major-general Pennefather eventually effected the recall of our men. These regiments and the pickets were led gallantly by Major Mauleverer, Major Champion, Major Eman, and Major Hume. The Russians were

similarly pursued further towards our right by four companies of the 41st, led gallantly by Lieutenant-colonel the Hon. P. Herbert, A.Q.M.G. The 47th also contributed. The 55th were held in reserve.

Above eighty prisoners fell into our hands, and about 130 of the enemy's dead were left within or near our position. It is computed that their total loss could scarcely be less than 600.

Our loss, I am sorry to say, has been above eighty, of whom twelve officers are killed, and five wounded. I am happy to say hopes are entertained that Lieutenant Conolly will recover, but his wound is dangerous.

I shall have the honour of transmitting to your lordship a list of officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates whose conduct attracted special notice. That of the pickets excited general admiration.

To Major-general Pennefather and Brigadier-general Adams I was, as usual, greatly indebted. To Lieutenant-colonel Dacres, Lieutenant-colonel Fitzmayer, captains Turner, Yates, Woodham, and Hemlin, and the whole of the royal artillery, we are under the greatest obligation.

Lieutenant-colonel Herbert, A.Q.M.G., rendered the division, as he always does, highly distinguished and energetic services. Lieutenant-colonel Wilbraham, A.A.G., while serving most actively, I regret to say, had a very severe fall from his horse. I beg leave also to recommend to your lordship's favourable consideration the excellent services of captains Glazbrook and Thompson, of the Quartermaster-general's department, the brigade-majors captains Armstrong and Thackwell, and my personal staff, captains Allix, Gubbins, and the Hon. W. Boyle.

I have, &c.,

DE LACY EVANS, Lieutenant-general.  
The Right Hon. Lord Raglan, G.C.B., &c.

This report was forwarded by Lord Raglan to the minister of war, enclosed in the following despatch, giving some account of the progress of the siege, which at this point was flagging, while the harassed French and English were almost worn out. With it we will close this chapter:—

Before Sebastopol, October 28th.

My Lord Duke,—I have nothing particular to report to your grace respecting the operations of the siege since I wrote to you on the 23rd instant. The fire has been somewhat less constant, and our casualties have been fewer though I regret to say that Captain



Childers, a very promising officer of the royal artillery, was killed on the evening of the 23rd, and I have just heard that Major Dalton, of the 49th, of whom Lieutenant-general Sir De Lacy Evans entertained a very high opinion, was killed in the trenches last night.

The enemy moved out of Sebastopol on the 26th with a large force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery—amounting, it is said, to 6,000 or 7,000 men—and attacked the left of the second division, commanded by Lieutenant-general Sir De Lacy Evans, who speedily and energetically repulsed them, assisted by one of the batteries of the first division and some guns of the light division, and supported by the brigade of guards and by several regiments of the fourth division, and in rear by the French division commanded by General Bosquet, who was most eager in his desire to give him every aid.

I have the honour to transmit a copy of Sir De Lacy Evans' report, which I am sure your grace will read with the highest satisfaction, and I beg to recommend the

officers whom he particularly mentions to your protection.

Captain Bayly, of the 30th, Captain Atcherley, of the same regiment, and Lieutenant Conolly, of the 49th, all of whom are severely wounded, appear to have greatly distinguished themselves.

I cannot speak in too high terms of the manner in which Lieutenant-general Sir De Lacy Evans met this very serious attack. I had not the good fortune to witness it myself, being in front of Balaklava at the time it commenced, and having only reached his position as the affair ceased, but I am certain I speak the sentiments of all who witnessed the operation in saying that nothing could have been better managed, and that the greatest credit is due to the Lieutenant-general, whose services and conduct I have before had to bring under your grace's notice.

I enclose the return of the losses the army has sustained since the 22nd.

I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

## CHAPTER XXI.

REFLECTIONS ON WAR; A COLLECTION OF LETTERS CONCERNING CAMP LIFE, THE SIEGE, AND THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

LET us pause, and reflect a little upon this history of carnage and horror! We would fain that such gigantic calamities should yield some good to humanity, some lessons to the world. If seas and mountains have their meaning, and with a silent yet sublime eloquence, which is felt, not heard, impress on the beholder elevating and gentle thoughts; if the hoarse murmur or shrill scream of the bleak wind through the dense dim forests has a voice to those who listen in the spirit of the seer; if stones, and trees, and running brooks preach mute sermons to the philosophic mind; if the mysterious and silent stars sing in their course like millions of radiant angels, and shed an inspiration on the rapt beholder;—if these things are so (and in a metaphorical sense they are), then surely WAR, in all its ghastly and fiendish majesty,—WAR, with its regal preparations, with its pomp, its gold, its scarlet, and its grand swelling strains of

music,—WAR, with its roarings and its thunders, with its terrific lightnings, which more than rival those of heaven; with its cataracts of fire, hurling from ten thousand iron mouths the deadly messengers whose shocks are as if some infernal deity had smote the staggering earth until the mountains reeled and the astonished sea stood still,—WAR, the stupendous destroyer, who sows in wantonness and reaps in blood, whose dreadful harvests are the gory fields covered with mangled corpses, with blood-bespattered faces, and sightless glaring eyes, fixed on the blue vault of heaven, as if vainly appealing to that merciful God, who seems for a time to have abandoned his creation, and have given it over to be the grim sport of fiends;—surely this dreadful power has its teachings, if we could glean them!

Alas! for man; alas! for the promised millennium of peace, and joy, and charity;

alas! for the poetic dream of universal brotherhood, when nations are to dwell together in a sublime amity, when kings shall be the parents of their peoples, when wise governments shall have removed the chief causes of crime, and each man shall grasp with fellowship the hand of his neighbour! Glorious visions! your time is not yet; may the unbegotten future reveal your realisation. In this age it must be recorded that the greatest efforts of the most civilised nations of the earth were devoted—muscle, nerve, heart, brain, soul, and sense—to the science and labour of destruction. It must be recorded that war, like an inscrutable fatalism, demands all, and yields nothing—nothing that if the world were wise, if the spirit of destruction did not burn in the hearts and in the bones of men, but that could be obtained without its aid. The teachings of war are indeed small, and consist chiefly of spectral warnings to avoid all injustice and aggression that may lead to it. As the sickness of the air leads to plagues, and the sickness of the earth to convulsive quakings and vomitings of fire, so, in like manner, the sickness of society results in war. War is, indeed, sometimes the herald of civilisation; but it civilises after the fashion in which the knife and saw of the surgeon heals. Well, it is useless to mourn over these things; they are the destiny of the age, the impenetrable and mysterious necessity of either an evil nature in our race, or a sickly and imperfect civilisation.

Leaving these reflections, let us, before we proceed with our narrative, take another glance or so from different points of view of the scenes we have just gone through. Let us compose another chapter of the obscure literature of the war, and glean together a few letters from men of all ranks engaged in the great struggle;—letters which, in many instances, have sprung up like wild-flowers in uncultivated soil, but which, to continue the metaphor, will be found to possess both honey and fragrance. In other words, we mean that the letters thus selected and woven into a whole—though often the work of untutored minds, of private soldiers—will be found to contain much genuineness of feeling and simplicity of diction. If, indeed, they are at times a little confused in expression, let us remember that they contain descriptive fragments scarcely to be found in the despatches of generals, or in the full and well-turned periods of historians.

The following letter, dated the 28th of October, and written from the camp before Sebastopol, was received from a French officer of rank:—

The following is the state of affairs with us since my last letters. The batteries, which are constructed in the parallel of 300 metres from the point of attack, are in course of completion. The work does not go on with such rapidity as we desire, in spite of the unexampled efforts each of us is making to arrive at the result, because the ground is decidedly unfavourable; there is little earth, but a great deal of stone and rock, which we are obliged to blow up with gunpowder, in order to establish our platforms. These batteries, destined to receive about forty pieces, will open their fire all at the same time, and from them we expect the best result. We hope they will commence acting to-morrow morning, and the assault some days after. I have mentioned the works executed on the side where the French attack. As for the English, they have made a parallel at 400 metres in advance of their left battery. This parallel is destined to receive the infantry, which has been already there for the last two or three days. A battery will not be established, because the nature and the configuration of the ground do not permit it; and, moreover, it would not produce more effect than the batteries which are 400 metres in the rear. General Sir J. Burgoyne is just going to find out General Bizet, and come to an understanding with him as to whether the English could not co-operate in the establishment of some batteries on the French side. There is no possibility of carrying on other works on the attacking side of the English. The Russians offer a most vigorous resistance. They labour with great energy for the re-establishment of their works, and for the construction of new batteries; but whenever the struggle comes *corps à corps*, they will have to abandon the ground.

We have been, since the 25th, in presence of the army of Mentschikoff, which has come down from the heights into the valley of the Tchernaya. It wished to make, on that day, an attempt on Balaklava, the port of which is so important for the English. That attempt has failed. This is how it occurred:—About twenty Russian battalions, accompanied by several batteries of artillery and a numerous cavalry, appeared at break of day. The Russian artillery soon



opened its fire against the works in front of Balaklava. The Turks who occupied them retreated before the masses of the enemy. The Russians dashed down, and at the same time pushed their cavalry on to Balaklava; but they were destined to find far different enemies before them. The gallant Scotch waited till they were at point blank range from the head of the column before they fired a shot; when they did, the cavalry fell back in the greatest disorder. The squadrons that were at the tail of the column turned obliquely to the right, to avoid the fugitives, and then went in the direction of the English cavalry, which was coming up. The noble regiment of Scots grays then executed an admirable charge against the Russian cavalry, pierced them through and through, and completely scattered them. The Russian cavalry, thus beaten, fell back, and threw into confusion their infantry, which was in turn forced to retreat. The English infantry retook two of the works on the left; and the Russian army, being completely routed, was about to abandon the two on the right, when another charge from the light brigade of the English cavalry—but as untoward as could well be, though the execution was heroic—all of a sudden changed the state of affairs. The Russians, when retiring from the two works on the right, were, perhaps, going to carry off the seven guns they found there, when Lord Raglan sent to the officer commanding the cavalry the order to advance and follow the retreat of the Russians, in order to retake the guns. The officer who was the bearer of the order, and who was killed in the charge of which I am about to speak, told Lord Lucan to charge the Russian batteries, in order to take the guns. Lord Cardigan, commanding the light brigade, to whom the order was transmitted, observed that the battery which he was thus ordered to charge was flanked by two other batteries which crossed their fire on the ground he was to pass over; that the distance was enormous; that the infantry was about to unite its fire with that of the artillery; and that the Russian cavalry would also act in its turn. The order, however, was emphatically given, such as it was believed to have been given by the general-in-chief. Lord Cardigan dashed on with his 800 men, who behaved like heroes. They advanced under the fire of artillery and musketry. Those whom the fire did not bring down in their course reached the battery, which many of them penetrated;

but the horses were completely blown. They had to retire and again pass over the ground, which was ploughed up with the enemy's bullets. Four hundred horses remained on the field; 160 men were killed, wounded, or made prisoners. The rest succeeded in returning; and that gallant charge produced such an effect on the Russians, that they did not dare to pursue them. Recovering, however, from their surprise, they arrested their retrograde movement, while preserving the two works on the right, and the seven guns which they contained.

We remained under arms, in expectation of being attacked by the Russians, until nightfall; but they did not think proper to leave the position they occupied on the 25th. We have been told that the Russians have chanted a *Te Deum* in Sebastopol for the affair of the 25th! They, no doubt, will sing many others. Their jey, however, was of short duration. The next day (the 26th) they resolved to attack the right of the English besieging corps, and advanced, to the number of seven or eight thousand men, with eight pieces of artillery, in the direction of Inkermann. General De Lacy Evans was ready to receive them. The engagement only lasted a few moments. The Russians were put to flight, leaving on the ground 700 killed and wounded, while the English only lost sixteen killed and forty wounded. General Bosquet advanced, in all haste, to the assistance of our allies, with several French battalions; but, to his great regret, he arrived when all was over. Lord Raglan warmly thanked him on the occasion, and congratulated the troops on the promptitude with which they had hastened to the relief of the English. We are informed that the British government has five or six thousand men ready to embark. These troops might be sent to Marseilles by railway and down the Rhone, and steamers could proceed from this to take them on board. Yesterday several English steamers left for Varna and Bourgas, to convey to the Crimea 430 French dragoons and 600 artillery horses. We are under great obligations to our allies for the readiness with which they place at our disposal the vessels necessary for the conveyance of our reinforcements. They are, to be sure, as interested as ourselves in their arrival; but there exists, in all our relations, an understanding and a cordiality worthy of remark. The *entente* between the generals-in-chief is, if I may use the expression, more

than perfect. Lord Raglan entertains the highest esteem for General Canrobert, and feels for him a real affection. They had together, some days ago, a long conversation, after which Lord Raglan manifested to me his satisfaction at concurring, in many respects, in the opinions of General Canrobert, particularly with regard to our emperor. This perfect understanding between the two generals-in-chief is, I need not add, a most important point. I do not consider the trial of the 25th as decisive for the Turks, who have behaved so well on other occasions. I hope they will soon find an opportunity of retrieving their character. I was forgetting to mention a brilliant charge effected by our *chasseurs d'Afrique* on one of the batteries which decimated the English cavalry. Six troops of that brave corps rushed upon that battery, cut down the men at their guns, and were preparing to carry off the latter, when three Russian battalions formed into hollow squares, opened their fire upon them, and obliged them to retreat. Our brave *chasseurs* lost two officers and about twenty killed and wounded.

The following letter was received from a young officer on board the English fleet:—

Off Katcha Bay, Saturday, Oct. 28th.

I am sorry to say that Sebastopol is not ours yet. We received the news a short while since from the reports of a French officer who was taken prisoner, but managed to escape, that, in addition to our killing the Russians, they are killing themselves. He says: "When I came to the market-place (or what used to be the market-place), I saw a pair of gallows erected, and 300 Poles and Russians led out to be hung." This they do if any refuse to work the guns, or if they utter a word in objection. The others the officers keep to their guns with the point of the bayonet. A few days ago a Russian officer, of the rank of captain, deserted; and he said that the Poles would come on our side, against the Russians, as soon as we stormed the place. I suppose you heard that a blue-jacket of the —, two royal artillerymen, and one royal marine artilleryman, deserted and joined the Russians. The captain, on hearing this, had the magazine shifted immediately; and it was lucky he did, for on the next day the shot and shell came pitching on the place where the magazine had been, like so many hailstones. I am happy to say that the fellow was a Yankee. By this time he has

got his deserts, I think; for, two days ago, he ventured out at the head of a party of Russians, as leader, and, when these were driven back, he was taken by us. When captured he was in Russian uniform, cross-belted and all. The 46th regiment and 20,000 French are coming out here. Two thousand French troops are already at Constantinople. They say they are waiting for them to come up before they storm the place. We got the news to-day, that yesterday about 800 of our cavalry attacked 2,000 Russian cavalry. So bloodthirsty were the Russians, that they would not allow the two cavalry regiments to fight it out fairly, but their artillery and infantry opened fire right in among the two. They did not care how many of their own men they killed, so long as they killed one of ours. We lost 400 out of the 800; but, owing to the Russian artillery and infantry opening fire among the two indiscriminately, the Russians lost about twice as many as they otherwise would have done. The Scotch fusiliers came up at the head of the engagement, and cut up the Russians frightfully. We have about three or four thousand Russians so hemmed in near Balaklava, that they must either surrender or fight their way out. Our fellows are so much exasperated, that they say they will allow them no quarter whatever, but will kill every man they possibly can. We hear that, when the southern forts are taken, six ships are to go in to attack and destroy the forts facing the sea. I hope that my ship will be one of the six. Lord Lucan's aide-de-camp is dead. It is reported that it was owing to a mistake that we lost the 400 men I have spoken of, and that Lord Raglan told him to order Lord Lucan to act on the defensive. The aide-de-camp understood offensive, and told Lord Lucan; consequently, he at once ordered them to the charge. Such, at all events, is the report.

The following letter, from on board her majesty's ship *Himalaya*, is dated Balaklava Bay, October 27th:—

Since my last we have brought up from Constantinople 550 troops of different regiments convalescent, arriving here on the morning of the 24th, also a quantity of charcoal for the troops. As we approached the land we could see and hear heavy firing about Sebastopol. Among the officers who came up with us were Captain Dickson, of the 30th, and Captain Warden, of the 19th. Both



these gentlemen had been wounded at Alma, and sent to Scutari hospital, with leave to proceed home; but they thought themselves sufficiently recovered to be again of service to her majesty's arms, and, with more zeal than I think discretion, have marched up and rejoined their respective corps. When we see cases such as these of devotion to the service, one cannot wonder at the general success of the British forces. I shall now give you an account of what I have either witnessed myself or heard from those actually engaged in it.

Oct. 25th.—At daylight heard very sharp and heavy firing towards Sebastopol, and also near Balaklava, increasing towards nine o'clock, and from that time incessant. Could see occasionally shells bursting over the high hills by which the bay is surrounded; so as soon as possible I went on shore, and found that a very heavy cavalry action, with artillery, was going on, the Russians having driven the Turks completely out of three batteries which had been erected and armed with our guns, and the Turks placed to man them. However, they got panic-stricken and fled, and down came the Cossacks and Russian cavalry (imperial guard) to attack ours, and a most bloody fight ensued, our light cavalry—viz., 4th dragoons, 8th and 11th hussars, and 17th lancers—being dreadfully cut up, having charged a battery of guns numbering thirty. They were supported by the grays, who have again distinguished themselves beyond praise, suffering, however, severely in the affair. They charged right through the Russian cavalry, who numbered about five to one; got surrounded by them, made another charge, and cut themselves out by sheer fighting. Colonel Griffith got shot in the head, Brevet-major Clarke a sabre cut at the back of his neck, Cornet Prendergast shot right through the foot, Cornet Handley stabbed in the side and arm, being at one time surrounded by four Cossacks, three of whom he shot with his revolver, and the fourth was cut down by his sergeant. I saw this young gallant fellow a few hours after, and he was then getting ready to rejoin his regiment from the temporary hospital, not finding his two wounds of sufficient consequence to keep him from his post. The colonel did the same, after getting his head dressed. Major Clarke did not, I believe, leave the field. I also saw Lieutenant Elliot, 5th dragoon guards, riding into Balaklava, his face so covered with blood and his head bound up that we could not recognise him. The gallant Captain White,

too, of the 17th lancers, was lying on his back when we came up to him, with a round shot right through his leg, with Sir W. Gordon, dreadfully cut about the head, both receiving, however, every attention and care from Surgeon Kendall, who was formerly at Southampton with Mr. Ward, surgeon of that town. In this garden and temporary hospital could be seen men with every description of wound, from the sabre cut to the grape and canister shot. One poor fellow's leg was taken off while we were there, nor can one easily forget the shocking scenes, the result of such a day's fighting. The surgeons (Brush and his assistant, Chapple) of the grays were working away with their sleeves turned up, arms bloody, faces the same, looking more like butchers than surgeons, so hard had they worked all day.

During the afternoon, subsequently to the Russians being repulsed with heavy loss, their object evidently being to take Balaklava, they retreated to the brow of a hill on the right, and formed themselves round the battery they had driven our allies, the Turks, out of; and our troops, with the rifles in front, were formed in line of battle, not more than three-quarters to one mile from them, occasionally trying the effect of the shells from the artillery guns; and the precision with which these missiles are directed is truly astonishing. Poor Captain Maude, of the horse artillery, than whom I believe it is universally admitted a more gallant or more efficient officer does not hold a commission in her majesty's service, was severely wounded early in the day by a shell, which, bursting near, hit him in three places. The loss of his services will be severely felt, and he is universally regretted. He was carried into the harbour, and placed on board ship. I cannot conceive a more splendid sight than was witnessed during this afternoon, the two armies, the Russians being enormously strong, and our own, waiting for one or the other to advance, with an occasional shell by way of invitation or challenge. But for several hours there they stood, as if content with what had already taken place, and we so near the two, that with the aid of my glass, a good Dollond, I could distinctly see the colour of their uniform (gray), and their standard, with an eagle on the top of it; I could also plainly see the dead, both men and horses, on the scene of the late encounter. I observed one horse stand fully an hour by the side of his dead rider, while others were wildly galloping about, not knowing which way to turn their

ridersless course. One of the most wonderful things, I think, is to see the way in which our riflemen go about in small detached parties, crawling along on the ground up the side of a hill, till they appear to be within 300 yards of the enemy, and thus they lie on their bellies till a chance offers, when crack goes a Minié, and down falls a Russian. I was informed most credibly that one of these brave fellows a few days since thought he would go and do a little business on his own account, got away from his company, and crawled up close to a battery under shelter of a hill, lay on his back and loaded, and turned over and fired, when, after killing eleven men, a party rushed out, and he took to his heels, but, sad to say, a volley, fired after him by this party, levelled him with the earth, and he was subsequently picked up with thirty-two balls in his body. A party of Russian sharpshooters made a sort of attempt to come up to the battery manned by the marines, but a few well-directed shots from that gallant little body sent them back again, having taken nothing by their motion. Lieutenant Maxse, aide-de-camp to Lord Cardigan, was severely shot in the foot and ankle, and was carried on board his lordship's yacht the *Dryad*. He was close to the unfortunate Captain Nolan, of the 15th hussars, who was shot in the breast while cheering and gallantly charging the enemy, and who, after getting off his horse, made two or three staggers forward, and fell dead.

Whenever during the day you saw any of

\* We have already said that the reported cowardice of the Turks is not an indisputable and established fact. It is scarcely just to slander and abuse these poor creatures because they did not exhibit as much heroism as would have been shown by French or English troops. On this point we insert a portion of a letter which appeared in one of the morning journals, entitled *Justice to the Turks*:—"Sir,—Perceiving that the Turkish troops have been severely animadverted on for prematurely abandoning their guns in front of Balaklava on the 25th ult., and even hooted by women in our camp as cowards, I think it unjust to allow a stigma of this nature to remain on any portion of our allies without offering a few words in their defence. I would therefore ask those who are so ready to condemn on *ex parte* statements, if it would have been possible for a few hundred Turks, recently landed in the Crimea, and thus placed in front of our position, and even of our cavalry in charge of guns, without any available support, successfully to resist an attack of 20,000 Russian troops of all arms, or, without horses, to carry off the guns thus placed under their care from redoubts described in the despatches of Lord Raglan and General Canrobert as imperfect and hastily constructed? As official despatches, sir, ought to be considered the best evidence before the bar of public opinion in cases of this nature, I may also refer

the Turkish soldiers, you saw the people hooting them and calling them cowards and runaways. I witnessed two Irish women actually driving four of these chivalrous gentry before them, making them carry some things for them, probably to their own wounded husbands, and saying, "Eh! ye cowardly divils; this is all you're fit for, to be our servants; sure, you are afraid to fight;" and on our return I saw a young middy drawn up before some fifty of them, abusing them most heartily for their having run away.\* One of them made a sign as if he was going to draw his sword, when master middy sang out, "Oh," said he, "I'm not afraid of you, such a set of cowards as you are," set his arms a-kimbo, and then stood, the picture of a young lion, and, I should say, about as brave. Lord Raglan, after the grays' charge, sent a message down to be told to the men, that he had never seen anything more brilliant, or more gallantly executed.

Had our Turkish friends only spiked the guns before deserting them, it would have been less disastrous; but that our own guns should be made use of, with our own ammunition against us, and that through the cowardly conduct of these men, for whom we are sacrificing England's best blood and treasure, is too provoking and discreditable to write about; and I am sorry to say that, not content with deserting their post, they plundered everything they could lay their hands on, even to the very breakfasts which some men of the grays were preparing for to that of the Russian commander, General Liprandi, who reported that in the first of these imperfectly constructed redoubts, the Turks maintained their post until 170 of them were killed, which does not look much like a premature abandonment or cowardice. Your own correspondent, another eye witness, in his interesting description of the deeds of that day, says that after this overwhelming attack, 'the Turks fled in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy until they were lapped by the Russian cavalry. Steel flashed in the air, and down go the poor Moslem, quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin. There was no support for them. It was evident the Russians had been too quick for us.' I will now ask, sir, what would an equal number of British or French troops have done if placed in a similar position? They might have been made prisoners, which must have been the inevitable result had they remained, and it is possible their lives might have been spared; but the Turks, expecting no quarter from their inveterate foes, and seeing no support moving to their aid from their faithful allies, had no alternative but that of seeking safety by flight. Are they, then, the only parties to be blamed? Are they to be unjustly assailed by those allies for having been thus exposed as *enfants perdus* to be overpowered by their foes?"



their officers, who were then out in face of the enemy. The universal feeling is, that a very severe example should be made of this flagrant act of cowardice, the probable results of which will be another hard-fought battle, with a possibility of evacuating Balaklava!

The charge of the light brigade of cavalry on the batteries of the enemy, some thirty guns strong, though brilliantly and bravely done, was most disastrous in its consequences to that gallant and devoted band, for it seems that out of 700 who went into the fray only 130 answered their roll when it was over; and it appears to have been done under a misapprehension of an order from the commander-in-chief. Lord Cardigan pointed out to his superior officer the immense difficulty of charging a battery, flanked by another, into a sort of *cul de sac*, with the hills lined with rifles and guns; but, receiving the positive order to charge, at it he and his splendid brigade went, and as they approached within a few hundred yards of the big battery a shell burst close to him, and struck Captain Nolan in the chest, which caused the poor fellow to scream awfully, and his horse turned and galloped to the rear, when his gallant but impetuous rider was found lying dead. The light brigade still kept sweeping on till they were right in front of them, when a 32-pounder went off within two feet of Lord Cardigan's horse, quite lifting him off the ground, but he got in among them, and was, where he always will be when it comes to the point, in the first rank. It seems they rode right through the guns and turned, after killing the men who were serving them. His lordship's extra aide-de-camp, it is supposed, was wounded and taken prisoner, for he has not since been heard of. Mr. Wombwell, of the 17th lancers, had a most extraordinary escape, showing a monstrous deal of pluck. His horse was—it is said two were—shot under him, and he was taken prisoner, but while being marched off he saw an opportunity, mounted a Russian's horse, and galloped back, rejoining some of his brigade who had re-formed, and charging again without sword or pistol. Mr. Cook, of the 11th, also had a regular run for his life of a mile and a-half, pursued by the Russian cavalry, to avoid whom he ran under range of the guns of one of their batteries, and finally escaped. Major Clarke, of the grays, in addition to a bad cut in the neck, had his horse's tail almost cut off by a sabre cut; and I hear the gallant

Adjutant Miller, an unusually powerful man, did extraordinary execution when he got to close quarters with them.

Lord Cardigan was attacked by two Cossacks, who with their lances gave him several prieks, and rather staggered him in his saddle; but his lordship being well mounted, and a good cross-country rider, and, moreover, as cool as brave men ever are in real danger, parried their thrusts, and escaped with the aforesaid lance prieks in his leg.

Oct. 26th.—To-day a number of wounded were sent on board different ships in Balaklava harbour, and a most mournful sight it was to see the poor fellows carried down on stretchers, some minus a leg, others an arm; one with his face battered to pieces, another with a sabre cut at the back of his head. To-day the Russians were hovering round in large force, and it was fully expected that an attack would be made on Balaklava. I went to the top of the hills, near our marine battery, and could distinctly see them bringing guns up to a village about a mile off, while numerous Cossacks kept wandering about, keeping a sharp look-out for stragglers, the main body of the Russians being round the battery which they took yesterday, but they did not during the day make any attack. However, a very smart sortie was made upon Sir De Laey Evans' brigade from Sebastopol, which was, in half-an-hour, sent flying back, with a loss of some 300 killed and wounded. Most of the transports were got out of the harbour to-day; and on the morning of the 27th, the *Sanspareil*, *Tribune*, *Sphinx*, and *Arrow* came round from the fleet to go in and protect the town, should the Russians succeed in forcing the position now occupied by our marines, the 93rd, &c. The men-of-war, by being placed across the harbour, can command the whole of the valley, and effectually prevent any approach of cavalry. Lieutenant-commander Jolliffe has been for some time in his gun-boat, the *Arrow*, at Eupatoria, which place is kept constantly on the alert by the Cossacks who hover round; a large party of them were pointed out to the *Arrow*, and, though they considered themselves well out of range, Lieutenant Jolliffe managed to plump a shot at 3,400 yards right in among them, killing, as they were informed next day by a Turk, some sixteen, and so astonishing the rest as to cause them to bolt from the proximity of such terribly long shots.

The *Himalaya* is just ordered off to Varna for stores and troops, and to return to the

fleet. Verily, this noble ship is kept well up to her work.

From an artillery officer :—

In front of Sebastopol, Oct. 27th.

The partial success of the Russians at Balaklava on the 25th, emboldened them yesterday to make an attack on our front (that of the second division), on the extreme right of the allied position. At about twelve o'clock we were ordered up to the front, and it soon appeared that the Russians were advancing in force—in masses of columns, as they always move. Our field-battery got up into position on the brow of the hill opposite to that over which the Russians were advancing. We were just in the nick of time, and peppered them most thoroughly. They brought up a field-battery, which opened on us, and fired about twenty rounds, after which the battery seemed to find our fire too hot, and limbered up and retired. We continued to fire on the enemy's columns as long as they were within range; but they could not face it long, and our infantry went in at them in splendid style, and finished them off. We took a good many prisoners, and the enemy's loss in killed and wounded was considerable, though I have not heard from any authentic source what it was. The loss of the second division was sixty-five (perhaps this number is correctly stated, and the official return of eighty-two includes the losses in the first division, which came to the support of the second) in killed and wounded. The *on dit* is, that the sortie was headed by Prince Mentschikoff himself. I met our chief, Sir De Lacy Evans, as I was taking our battery back to the camp. This affair is a slight set-off against that of Balaklava of the day before.

We are now getting fresh meat again, which is a great boon, and we all feel much better for the change. I have had my pack-horse and kit all through the campaign. In this respect, and in being always able to carry their tents, the artillery have a great pull over other corps.

I cannot say much in favour of my stud as to condition, though in numbers it is very flourishing. I have got three ponies and an Arab; but, except the Arabs, which keep their condition wonderfully, all the nags are looking more like greyhounds than horses. One of my ponies is a Russian, captured at Balaklava; another, my government pack pony; and the third I picked up for £1 at a

sale in Bulgaria. The Arab that I originally had fell lame of ringbone, and I have now got a very good beast, an iron-gray, very good-looking, standing only fourteen hands two inches, and compactly built. He makes an admirable charger, and is as steady as a rock under fire, which is everything to me now. I have been out on picket all day with a demi-battery, and, having to turn out again at two in the morning, it is now high time for me to turn in.

From a soldier of the 68th :—

Heights above Sebastopol, Oct. 24th.

We are now encamped on the heights overlooking Sebastopol, and have been firing shot, shell, and rockets into it as fast as we can, but with very little result; for it is a very strong place, with a very powerful army and numberless guns, which are played upon us night and day, though, thank God, they have done us very little harm, but I have no doubt that before it is taken there will be a great many lives lost; and, besides so strong a garrison in front, we have to contend with a numerous army behind, the remnant of that army defeated at the Alma on the 20th of September, of which you have heard a more correct statement than what I have time to give you, through the medium of the newspapers. On the 25th instant we had to turn out in all haste, for the Russians in our rear had attacked and taken two of the batteries belonging to the sleepy Turks, and they retired from their works, leaving their guns loaded, to be spiked by the Russians without firing a single shot. We, of course, work and retake the batteries, but with a very severe loss of our brave cavalry, for we lost about 700 men and a great number of horses, but very few infantry; the artillery suffered very much, and the cavalry regiments are very nearly all cut up. It is a very easy thing to talk of war, but it is a very different thing to take a part in it, or to view the field after it is all over—to see the mangled bodies lying in all directions, their limbs torn and broken to pieces, and some of them obliged to remain in the fields for some days before they can be attended to. But in all these affairs the Russians have suffered by far the most; and on the 26th, a party of from 6,000 to 8,000 endeavoured to make their escape from Sebastopol, but were soon found out and a great many killed, with about 800 prisoners, and the rest made good their retreat. But I can assure you it is a very hard duty, for



we have not been undressed for more than two months, nor can we take off our boots; and we were a very long time without tents, so that we had to sleep in the open air without any covering but one blanket and a great-coat, and we are very often for four or five nights together without any sleep, and at very hard work in the trenches, or watching the enemy while others work. The weather has been very favourable to our cause ever since we landed in Russia. If the winter or wet season sets in it will very soon thin our ranks, and we must abandon the enterprise. But I must leave off talking about war, and turn to something else. I hear that the division of the army to which our regiment belongs, after the war is over, is to proceed to England; if so, and I should survive, I shall endeavour to come home once more, and shall hope, by God's blessing, to see you all well again, when I am free from the din of war and the roar of cannon; for, while I am writing these few lines, which I am obliged to do while sitting on the ground, the Russians are throwing shot and shell at us as fast as they can, and also on our men, and no signs of a finish. But I must request you to remember me kindly to all my friends—perhaps for the last time; but I trust in God to see you all again.

From a dragoon of the heavy brigade:—  
Camp, Balaklava, near Sebastopol, Oct. 27th.

You say you hear nothing of our regiment; well, I will tell you something about it. In the first place, in coming from Varna across the Black Sea, we were overtaken by a most awful storm and gale of wind. Our vessel, the *Wilson Kennedy*, went on her beam ends, and the stabling gave way, all the horses were thrown over to one side of the ship, and, in one horrid night, 100 of them kicked and worried each other to death; and there we were for two nights and days fastened down with 100 dead and dying horses; we only saved eleven out of our ship, and on the third day we threw 101 overboard. We were eight days all but a wreck, beating about the Black Sea, and had to go back to Constantinople after all, at which place they put us on board a steamer, and landed us in the Crimea; and now, indeed, our work has begun. We are protecting the rear, while the besiegers are attacking the town. The whole of the cavalry are encamped on an open plain surrounded by hills and mountains, and we have, indeed,

plenty cut out for us. Over these hills there are thousands of Cossacks and a large Russian army who are trying to get up to Sebastopol, and it is our duty to keep them back; they are constantly coming down upon us, and we have had some severe struggles, but they have not the "pluck" of Englishmen; for, though we are far inferior in numbers, we always beat them back. We are in the saddle night and day. I can't tell how long it is since I was undressed; I only know that it has been so long that I have forgotten it. The worst affair we had was the day before yesterday. At daybreak the enemy appeared and advanced, and in such numbers that they took from the Turks two of their batteries, and turned the guns upon us. We were obliged to retreat out of range of the guns; and this so elated the enemy that they actually had courage enough to come into the open field with us. Three regiments of their cavalry tried to gain possession of the highlanders' (93rd) position, and charged them, but they had not time to repent, for they went down like cut corn; what was left of them turned and fled, and we pursued them over their own hills; here they were reinforced by three more regiments of cavalry, including Nicholas's crack imperial guards. There were the grays and first royals up at this time, and we charged them—they had nothing else for it, so they charged at the same time. Oh God! I cannot describe it; they were so superior in numbers that they "outflanked" us, and we were in the middle of them. I never certainly felt less fear in my life than I did at that time, and I hope God will forgive me, for I felt more like a devil than a man. We fought our way out of them as only Englishmen can fight; and the 4th, 5th, and 6th were there up with us. I escaped without a scratch, thank God, though I was covered with blood; my horse was not even wounded; but, oh! the work of slaughter that then began—'twas truly awful; but I suppose it was necessary: we cut them down like sheep, and they did not seem to have power to resist. The plain is covered with dead Russians, and of course we left some of our poor comrades on the field. We only lost two, and about seven wounded. Well, when we had finished this lot, we thought of going home to breakfast; but, no; they (the enemy) had some guns over the hills that Lord Raglan sent word were to be charged and captured at any cost. So off we went again. They received us very

quietly into their ground—Lord Lucan leading the heavies, and Lord Cardigan the light brigade. The light charged first this time, took the guns, cut down the gunners, and then, when they thought all was right, they were met by thousands of Cossacks, who had been in ambush. The royals, the grays, the 4th, 5th, and 6th now charged again. The butchering was repeated; when suddenly a cross front and rear fire opened upon us from the hills—cannons, rifles, and file firing. I cannot attempt to describe to you the scene that ensued—balls, shells, and rockets whizzing about our ears. The men on the right and left of me were both killed on the spot. We hacked our way out of it as well as we could, but were obliged to leave the guns. Colonel Yorke had his leg broken, and all the officers in the front rank were wounded. The heavy brigade have not lost many men, but, sad to tell, out of about 800 of the light brigade that went into the field, only 400 came out; but this is nothing to what the enemy suffered.

The following is said to be from an officer of distinction :—

Camp, near Balaklava, Oct. 27th.

You will be glad to hear I am alive after our tremendous affair of the 25th. We were ordered to charge some Russian batteries and cavalry, and the light brigade went down, the 17th and 13th leading in line; the 11th were ordered to hang a little back as a support, and the 4th and 8th followed, in a sort of third line. We all knew that the thing was desperate before we started, and it was even worse than we thought. In our front, about a mile and a-half off, were several lines of Russian cavalry and nine guns; to get at which we had to pass along a wide valley, with the ground a little falling, and in itself favourable enough for a charge of cavalry; but the sloping hills on each side gave the enemy an opportunity (which they used) of placing guns on both our flanks as we advanced; and not only guns, but infantry, with Minié rifles.

However, there was no hesitation; down our fellows went at the gallop, through a fire in front and on both flanks, which emptied our saddles and knocked over our horses by scores. I do not think that one man flinched in the whole brigade, though every one allows that so hot a fire was hardly ever seen. We went right on, cut down the gunners at their guns (the Rus-

sians worked the guns till we were within ten yards of them); went on still, broke a line of cavalry in rear of the guns, and drove it back on the third line. But here our bolt was shot; the Russians formed four deep, and our thin and broken ranks and blown horses could not attempt to break through them, particularly as the Russian cavalry had got round our flanks, and were prepared to charge our rear with fresh men. We broke back through them, however, and then had to run the gauntlet through the cross-fire of artillery and Minié rifles back to our own lines, with their cavalry hanging on our flank. The heavy brigade, which had made a good charge of its own in the morning, covered our coming out of action, and lost some men from the artillery.

There is no concealing the thing—the light brigade was greatly damaged, and for nothing; for, though we killed the gunners and the horses of nine 12-pounders, we could not bring them away. Nolan (who brought the order) is dead. The first shell that burst hit him in the breast. He gave a loud cry, his horse turned, trotted back (with him still in the saddle) between the first and second squadrons of the 13th, and carried him so for some way, when he fell dead. He was hit in the heart. In the two leading regiments, including Lord Cardigan (who led in person) and his staff, we had nineteen officers. Only three came out of action untouched both man and horse; all the others were killed, wounded, or prisoners, or had their horses hurt. The 17th had no field-officers, but five captains. They came out of action commanded by the junior captain, I believe. Morris is severely wounded; Winter is supposed to be killed; Webb is shot through the thigh; White through the leg; Thompson is supposed to be killed, &c. One of Lord Cardigan's aides-de-camp is wounded—Maxse; the other, Lockwood, is missing, and supposed to be killed. We have lost about 335 horses (exclusive of officers' horses), out of a little more than 600 which we (the light brigade) had in the field. Besides that, a great number are wounded with gunshot wounds, and about twenty-five have already been destroyed, and more will. . . . It was a bitter moment after we broke through the line of cavalry in rear of their guns when I looked round and saw there was no support beyond our own brigade, which, leading in the smoke, had diverged and scarcely filled the ground. We went on,



however, and hoped that their own men flying would break the enemy's line and drive them into the river. When I saw them form four deep instead, I knew it was "all up," and called out to the men to rally. At this moment a solitary squadron of the 8th came up in good order. This saved the remnant of us; for we rallied to them, and they, wheeling about, charged a line which the Russians had formed in our rear. You never saw men behave so well as our men did. As we could not hold our ground, all our dead and badly wounded were left behind, and we know not who are dead or who are prisoners. All this makes me miserable, even to write; but it is the naked truth. Our loss in men is not so great as that in horses; for men whose horses were shot in the advance got back on foot. I hear from a man who dined with Lord Raglan to-day that they do us justice at head-quarters, and say that our attack was an unheard-of feat at arms, and that Lord Raglan says that the moral effect has been wonderful. The Russian prisoners, since taken at Sebastopol, say that the Russians were petrified at the audacity of the attack, and the energy that could, after such a fire, break through their lines. These prisoners were taken in a very successful affair by Sir De Lacy Evans, who is a first-rate division leader.

The following letter was received from a young man, once a member of the choir of singers at Rye church, and, at the date of this communication, with a medical gentleman in the Crimea:—

Camp, near Sebastopol, Oct. 22nd, 1854.

Dear Father and Mother,—I received your kind letter (the date of which I have quite forgotten, but no matter), and am very much obliged to you for it, although I had to pay 1s. 4d. for it. There being two blue stamps on it there must have been some mistake; the address was quite right, and the same as before, but it is of no consequence. I dare say you are anxious about my safety after this famous battle. Thank God I am safe and sound, though I have had to rough it most deuced hard, sometimes marching all day with nothing but a bit of dry biscuit and a little water, sleeping in the open air with only my blanket. We were not allowed to carry anything but what we stood upright in, and a blanket; but I am not going to pester you with my hardships till I come home, which I hope will not be long first. I dare say you have

read all about the battle of the Alma; it was a fearful sight—it made me tremble I can tell you; I was close to it, so close that I was obliged to retreat; the balls came whizzing about pretty thick. I dare say you and mother have been scolding, and thinking it very unkind of me not writing; but the fact is I have no paper, nor should I have any now, if Ned's friend (Mr. Roe) had not come out. Please to tell Ned he sends his kind respects to him, but he is very unwell. One of the four that came out from the Tower, by the name of Smith, died of the cholera shortly after his arrival. I have suffered many privations and much fatigue; but, never mind, a clear conscience, and keep the Cossacks away, and I can sleep on the turf as well as any of them. I have had a pretty rough specimen of it, but stay till I get into that great arm-chair of yours, with a long pipe, and a little of that which I have been so long a stranger to, and I shall have a yarn to spin that will surprise you. What a treat a piece of pudding would be, or a piece of white bread that I used to grumble at sometimes. I have given a shilling for a twopenny loaf because I should not lose the taste of it. Tell mother I shall want a stunning beef-pudding, with all the vegetables in season. This is the seventh day of the siege of Sebastopol. It is a fearfully strong place. You recollect taking me to see a review at Woolwich one time. Well, just fancy fifty of them together, and you will then have some idea of the bombardment of Sebastopol. I am quite sick and tired of the continual roar from morning to night, day after day. I shall be glad when it is over. There is a tremendous lot of Russians lying dead about the fort in a putrefied state; it's an awful stench; still they keep battering away. Very few of ours got wounded. Tuesday, 24th.—This is the eighth day. Last night the town was on fire with our red-hot shot in three places, and is burning now. They expect in a day or two, if they do not give in, we shall take it at the point of the bayonet, which I hope they will do, for it is pretty near time it was over. I heard to-day there was a mail in, so I hope there is a letter for me. Harry was saying he had got a piece of a bomb-shell. He should come out here; he might pick up shot, shell, grape, and canister enough to mend the roads from Whitechapel to Stratford church. Wednesday, 25th, ninth day of the siege.—Last night we had a very rough night, wind and rain very

heavy. To-day we were alarmed by the enemy coming in our rear, a tremendous lot of them. All our troops that can be spared, the duke and all, are gone down to Balaklava. The enemy have been trying to get that place. They are not come back yet, so I do not know the result. Ten o'clock, A.M.—They have had a serious attack; there were about 24,000 of them, but they were driven back with considerable loss, and we have lost a great many cavalry and horses. 26th. This afternoon there has been another battle fought in another direction; they came out of Sebastopol, but they caught a Tartar, for there was an awful slaughter; above 1,000 of them killed, besides their wounded; so you see we are attacked on all sides; but we do not care, they generally get a dressing. They begin to get sick of this job, always getting the worst of it. I went among them and got a pair of boots belonging to an officer, and a little silver locket with two saints inside, and one with the Virgin Mary and our Saviour, and a little cross made of wood, all three tied together with a bit of string—rather a common affair, but I shall bring them home; also a steel watch-key, the same as they wear upon an Albert chain; it fits my watch capitally; the boots are for wearing over the trowsers—jack-boots; they come over my knees. This is the tenth day of the bombardment, and yet some of the papers say this town has fallen; they know more than I do who am within gunshot of it, so you may contradict it.

From an officer of the 1st royals to the editor of the *Times*.—

Camp before Sebastopol, Nov. 2nd.

I read an article in your paper of the 13th of October, relative to the sick and wounded men of this army. What you stated there was all true, but not half the truth. Hundreds of our disabled soldiers died of their wounds for want of medical aid, not because they were neglected here, but because there was not in the battle-field half the number of surgeons required for the work. They were cutting, and carving, and amputating all night, yet could not attend to all. Riding over the battle-field on the 21st, I met with an old sergeant lying behind a wall at the village, and asked him how he was getting on, and if he had been much hurt? "Yes, sir (he said), I am badly wounded, and have been here for twenty-three hours, waiting my turn to be

dressed." I might mention many cases of this kind—not to throw reflection on any of our medical men, but to point out the necessity, in a great war like this, of having that part of our army more efficient. As it is, I must complain, in humanity, that it is not only defective, but all hospital comforts are most miserably limited. Everyone here knows well how many poor fellows died on board ship, on their way to Scutari, for want of aid in this way, and how they were cast overboard in scores every day like sand-bags, and how they were put into pits by dozens when they got there. It is impossible for one medical officer to attend, on an average, to 250 sick and wounded daily. These gentlemen performed their melancholy duties with zeal, humanity, and perseverance; but their numbers were twenty-five per cent. below the multitude of patients. Sebastopol has yet to be taken, and there will be many casualties. It is a fortress notorious for its strength, as it will be for its defence; and where is the increased medical department to come from? Scutari hospitals, crowded still, cannot spare any. At that station, I am just told by a staff-officer come up here that they are crowded, and that the offensive smell inside and outside is most disgusting, and would sicken the heart of any one not acquainted with such scenes. No man at the head of an army could be more kind and considerate in the sense of every duty and attention to his troops than Lord Raglan, but he cannot supply this medical deficiency. Time flies, and the siege progresses slowly, but surely, and the weather gets bitterly cold, such weather as in England would be welcome in November; but in England there are fires and light, and houses to live in, and clubs and dinner parties, where people talk of the Crimea as a land of milk and honey; so far as we know and have seen, and have experienced, it is a bleak, barren, stony, hill country, with not a single feature to recommend it, a cold north piercing wind blowing into our canvas dwellings day and night, the great city in our front, and a Russian army of 25,000 or 30,000 men three miles in our rear, so that we are ever on the alert, and seldom indeed do our men get one whole night under their blankets. There is a great scarcity of fuel, nothing, indeed, of the kind but what the men can grub up of roots and twigs from stunted oak, to boil their kettles, and green bushes make but a sorry fire. Yet there is no complaint, ex-



cepting, indeed, that they do swear at their ration of green coffee, the raw berry, to roast and grind as best they can! Tea is always most acceptable, and they like it next to their rum, which ration is liberal, and keeps up the heart and spirit in the long nights of out-post duty in the trenches. The officers are no better off; they live on their rations, and complain of nothing but "that rascally double income-tax," which prevents many from indulging in some few luxuries that may be obtained at times from the ships, but at a price beyond their means. "What did you get in Balaklava?" I asked an old officer to-day. "Nothing," he said, quietly; "I don't consider myself justified in paying those sharks 100 per cent. profit for their good things while I have my family at home, two boys at school, and labouring here with a double income-tax on my back, where a man's life is not worth a day's purchase!" His remark was unanswerable. The cavalry tournament which came off on the 25th of last month in the valley of Balaklava was a brilliant affair as regards the valour and power of our horse over the Cossacks; our charge was irresistible; our dragoons were more than a match for five times their number. But what cavalry could stand against a cross-fire of two batteries? At one battery the Russians were cut down at their guns, but our people were too dashing, and never ought to have advanced without support. All this occurred in consequence of the Turks abandoning their post and flying from their guns. Our dragoons—officers and men—fought bravely, nobly. Many a Cossack's head was cleft in two by the British sabre, and many a bridle-arm hung by the bloody sleeve, never to draw another sword in any cause; and many who wore the hussar blue embroidered jacket of the czar lay in a bath of his own blood on the gray, cold, sod; never was a sight more grand than, from the brow of this great arena, to look down and see this bloody charge. Our loss was great, and much to be lamented; that of the enemy was five times more. On the following day their infantry and guns attacked our right, but they were repulsed with heavy loss on their side, retiring whence they came minus, in killed and wounded, some 600 men in an hour or two.

The French are working well on our left. They have got a fine battery within 400 yards of the town, and two parallels still in advance to 150 yards, full of sharpshooters.

They have been pounding at us now for thirty-five days, and we have been whacking at them for seventeen days in return for their incivility, and it may be another fortnight before we gain the city. Have it we must, but they are very strong, and full of resources; they open some new battery every day; and it is impossible to get at their ships. Indeed, the whole place is so strong, so full of deep ravines, and batteries, and obstacles, it requires great judgment and caution. There is no rest for any one, day or night. They opened such a fire at three o'clock this morning as few people ever heard, and kept blazing away till daylight, expecting, no doubt, that we were about to assault the place; but we are not ready.

From a non-commissioned officer in the 1st royals:—

Camp, Balaklava, Oct. 26th.

Through God's mercy I have been saved from one of the most horrible engagements that ever British soldiers were sent into. But, before I proceed further, let me acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter of the 7th inst., which I received this morning. I have not as yet received the newspaper, but I dare say I shall get it to-morrow, as it takes a long time to sort them. Well, to proceed. I informed you in my last that we were mounted and under arms every morning a little after three, as we were constantly expecting an attack from the Russians, who have been largely reinforced; so yesterday morning we were, as usual, drawn up opposite our encampment, while the general went to reconnoitre. About half-past six, the guns (which had been placed by us at commanding points at the end of the plain which extends about three miles from Balaklava, and near the village of Camara) began to open fire upon the enemy, who were advancing in great numbers. These guns were held by the Turks. We advanced to the end of the plain and within range of the Russian guns, which began to play upon us in a very rapid manner. A large 32-pound shot passed through our squadron, breaking the legs of two horses, and we soon began to think it was time to move off, as in another minute a ball struck a man right in the head, and, of course, killed him instantly. Several other casualties took place in the right squadron, but I was too busily engaged with my own lot to take notice of all that passed. I am sorry to say that the Turks gave way

very soon, and the Russians sent up vast columns, took the heights, drove the Turks away, and, of course, captured all the guns which had been placed there in the earth-works. Our light field-guns were no match for the immense artillery which the enemy brought against us; besides, our artillery began to suffer severely in men and horses. As we were not supported by British infantry, of course we were obliged to retire, which we did for about four miles, or about one mile in the rear of our camp, having ridden over all our tents and their contents. There was half a regiment of highlanders stationed near our camp on the left of several thousand Turks, commanding the road into the village of Balaklava. As we expected, the Russians advanced in great force, the Cossacks skirmishing, and after them about 2,000 regular cavalry. They drove in the whole of the Turks, but, seeing a body of infantry standing firm in line, advanced in capital order to charge. They advanced to within 300 yards of them, when the highlanders poured in such a fire upon them, that some dozens of saddles were soon empty. It was now our turn; the Russians increased in great numbers, when we advanced. The grays and part of the Enniskillens were the first to meet them, and, to do the enemy justice, they advanced in much better order than we did; but they could not stand a moment the charge of the British cavalry, for one squadron of the grays upset a whole regiment of them. We were soon at the support, and the enemy retired, but not in confusion. I fully expected we should follow and charge them again, as I am confident we could have taken the whole of them prisoners, but, marvellous to say, the order was given to retire, and a more confused rabble was never seen. However, the Russians retired beyond the heights which they had won, and very soon after our infantry began to arrive, as the news had reached Lord Raglan of our perilous state, and he sent the first and fourth divisions to our aid, and I felt quite comfortable as the guards and highlanders came in. I never was so vexed in my life to think that 3,000 Russian cavalry were within the grasp of our small force, and our commander allowing them to retire unmolested.

Oct. 27th.—I could not write any more yesterday, as we were constantly on the look-out, expecting the enemy to attack us. I will now go on with my horrible narrative

of the doings of the eventful 25th of October. As our infantry began to arrive at noon, we again advanced to the heights which the Russians had won, and which the Turks had so shamefully abandoned. We could see them bringing up immense reinforcements, and their artillery quite outmatched our light pieces. We advanced to the heights, and got on the edge of a plain (or I may call it a gorge), on the other side of the heights, and there we rested, waiting for orders, or for an opportunity to get at them again, but the chance was lost. Now comes the dreadful news. About two o'clock Captain Nolan, who was one of Lord Raglan's aides-de-camp, came galloping down from Sebastopol, his horse quite blown, and, as he rode past, he inquired for Lord Luean, who was close by. He said: "It is Lord Raglan's order that you force the enemy to retire; there they are—charge them." Lord Cardigan was immediately ordered to charge with the light brigade, who took them up in gallant style, in two lines. They had to gallop, I should say, upwards of a mile and a-half. We were the next support, the grays on the right of us, and the other heavy regiments in our rear. The light brigade went so rapidly, that we almost lost sight of them, for a more horrible fire was never heard than what was opened upon us. We were actually under a cross-fire of thirty guns in our front, and ten on each flank from the heights. Just as we got under the cross-fire I could see the remains of the light brigade returning, scarcely a mounted man, and dozens of poor fellows crawling along on foot to the rear. Lord Luean saw that a great error had been committed, as we were now under the fire of fifty heavy guns, and just within range of the Russian riflemen, who poured in their shot like hailstones. We were, I should say, steady under this horrible fire for upwards of half a minute, and how a single man of us escaped is quite a mystery. I cannot tell you all the casualties, but, just as we were about to return, Colonel Y—— got his leg shattered by a shell; Captain E——, Captain C——, and Mr. H—— got severe musket-wounds. I have every reason to be thankful to God Almighty for my safe deliverance from such a horrible scene. R——'s horse was shot dead just on my right; little trumpeter S—— was severely shot on my left; and a young lad, named A——, had his arm blown off by a cannon-shot just in front of me.



In fact, the shot and shell from fifty pieces of cannon, and supported by some tens of thousands of infantry, and several thousand cavalry, was too much for 1,200 cavalry. So we were obliged to retire, which we did without the least confusion, till we got just out of range of their guns. But I should here observe, a regiment of French cavalry had opportunely arrived, and charged the batteries on the left heights, and forced the Russians to take their guns from that point, so that the poor royals were saved the loss of many other poor fellows. I cannot tell you the number of killed men or wounded, either in our own or any other regiment; but no doubt a complete list will be published in due time: but this I can say, that, after that fatal charge, the light brigade did not bring 100 men out of action, who went upwards of 800 into action. They behaved most gallantly; they charged through the immense battery of thirty guns in front, cut down every gunner, and took nearly the whole of the guns, but they were then exposed to the fire of several immense squares of infantry, and were, I may say, almost totally destroyed. I never saw poor Lord Cardigan in such a way in my life; he only obeyed orders, and how he escaped, God alone knows. Poor Captain Nolan, who brought the fatal order to advance, was immediately afterwards killed by a large shell striking him in the breast. Our loss has been immense; and I could not attempt, nor would I wish, to describe the horrible sights which I saw on the field that day; but if it should please God to spare me to return to you, many a long tale of horror I shall be able to describe. We retired just out of range of their guns, and we then dismounted, as some of our infantry had advanced, with the rifles in front, and a reinforcement of French at the same time arrived on our left. It was now getting towards nightfall, and neither men nor horses had tasted food or water the whole day. Little W——, just at this time, came up from our camp with a load of corn for the horses and some biscuit and rum for the men, which refreshed them very much; and, as it was now getting dark, L—— and I made a fire and boiled a drop of water in a mess tin and made some tea, which much refreshed us. T—— and L—— escaped. N—— had his horse shot from under him, and he has gone to Scutari, as his health has been very bad for some time past. About nine o'clock we made immense fires to deceive the enemy,

and, after posting a strong picket, we retired to our lines, but not to rest, as we had to get up our picket poles, pack up our baggage, and retire about another mile nearer to Sebastopol, and it was twelve o'clock before we could lie down that night, having been under arms and mounted nearly twenty-one hours.

From a soldier of the 4th dragoons:—

Camp, near Sebastopol, Oct. 26th.

My dear Parents,—I take the pleasure (having stolen a few moments) to write these few lines to inform you that I am, God be thanked for it, enjoying good health, after having been engaged in a hard-fought battle with the Russians on the 25th of October. I am, however, sorry to say that a great many of my poor comrades met with their death-wounds, but in an heroic manner. The light dragoon regiments got a dreadful cutting up, among which was my regiment (the 4th light dragoons), the 17th lancers, the 8th hussars, the 13th light dragoons, and the 11th hussars. Of the five regiments just mentioned we can scarcely muster what would complete our regiment. My regiment (the 4th light dragoons) came from England 300 strong, and now we have not more than 100 left from deaths, from sickness, and killed in battle. However, what are left of us are all very thankful that we have been so fortunate, after the great hardships we have undergone since we left old England. Oh! how thankful I am! Dear parents, I am sorry I have not much time now, as we expect every moment to go and attack the enemy, who are in sight of us. We gave them a great slaughtering yesterday, and at daybreak this morning our big guns are at work slaughtering at Sebastopol, which has been the case for the last twelve days. A great many of the Russian artillery soldiers, together with many of the townspeople, have been killed, and the town set on fire. Dear mother, do not alarm yourself about me; I have a good opinion I shall see you again. I shall never forget the 25th of October—shells, bullets, cannon-balls, and swords kept flying all around us. I escaped them all, except a slight scar on my nose from the bursting of a shell, and a slight touch on the shoulder from a cannon-ball, after it had killed one of our horses; but, God be thanked, it did not disable me. The Russians fight hard and well, but we will make them yield yet. Dear mother, every time I think of my poor

comrades it makes my blood run cold, to think how we had to gallop over the poor wounded fellows lying on the field of battle, with anxious looks for assistance—what a sickening scene! In one part of the battle I lost my horse, owing to the one in front of me being shot dead, and my poor horse fell over it, and I was unhorsed; in getting up my horse took fright and got from me; but, fortunately for me, I saw another that some poor fellow of the 8th hussars had been killed from; I mounted it in a moment and was in the rank again. On our return from the charge I got my own horse again; he had galloped to the camp, and, dear parents, I was as glad when I saw him there as if I had got half the world given to me. Dear mother, after the battle of the Alma I wrote to ——. I hope she got the letter. Give my kindest love to her, as also to Mr. Greenbank and poor Agnes, grandfather, &c. I have not time to say more, as things look rather queer, and as if we will soon be engaged again with the enemy. I hope to hear from you soon, and when I return to old England, if God spare me, I will tell you all. Corrie, from Pooley-bridge, and Bob Mitchell, of Penrith Town-head, are both well. I often think of you, and I am sure you daily pray for my safe return. Tell — to write to me. I will write again, but it is hard work to get stamps and paper. When I wrote to —, after the battle of the Alma, we had only lost two men; but in this battle we have lost the better half. But I keep in good heart. We have hitherto thrashed the Russians, and we shall do so again.

The following letter is from a corporal in the 5th dragoon guards, one of the regiments engaged in the battle of the 25th:—

Balaklava, Oct. 27th.

Dear Father and Mother,—I am glad to tell you that we had an engagement with the Russians on the 25th of this month. We turn out in marching order every morning at four o'clock; it is quite dark then, so we stand to our horses till about one hour after daylight, because we expected an attack before this, as they have been gathering their army about three miles from our camp this last fortnight. They had before the action 34,000 men. Well, on the morning of the 25th, just as daylight was breaking, the cannon commenced firing from our batteries on the hills, and about seven o'clock we advanced just opposite our batteries under

the hill. We could not see our enemies; but they kept firing at our artillery, and shell was flying over our heads and dropping all around us. Our artillery had to retire, as they had no more ammunition; so after awhile the Turks started, left the batteries, and ran down the hill as hard as ever they could. Well, the enemy got possession of our batteries, and we could see them bringing their guns up the hill, and in a few minutes the shot and shell were coming pretty fast; they were firing 6-pounders at us, and we could see the balls coming; we shouted out, "Look out, boys!" They came with such force against the ground that they would rise and go for half-a-mile before they would touch the ground again. Us and the grays lost some horses there. We had to retire out of the range of the guns. We had no infantry up at the time, except the highlanders, for the Turks had all run away, so their cavalry came galloping over the hills. Some of them went to attack the highlanders, who formed squares, and popped them off nicely, so they retired from them. In the meantime another lot of cavalry came to attack us. I suppose they thought we should run. At first we thought they were our light brigade till they got about twenty yards from us; then we saw the difference. We wheeled into line. They stood still, and did not know what to do. The charge sounded, and away we went into the midst of them. Such cutting and slashing for about a minute, it was dreadful to see; the rally sounded, but it was no use—none of us would come away until the enemy retreated; then our fellows cheered as loud as ever they could. When we were in the midst of them my horse was shot; he fell, and got up again, and I was entangled in the saddle; my head and one leg were on the ground. He tried to gallop on with the rest, but fell again, and I managed to get loose. While I was in that predicament a Russian lancer was going to run me through, and I could not help myself. Macnamara came up at the time, and nearly severed his head from his body; so, thank God, I did not get a scratch. I got up, and ran to where I saw a lot of loose horses; I got one belonging to one of the Enniskillens, and soon was along with the regiment again. When I had mounted again I saw a Russian who had strayed from the rest; he rode up to try to stop me from joining the regiment again. As it happened, I had observed a pistol in the holster-pipe, so I



took it out, and shot him in the arm; he dropped his sword, then I immediately rode up to him and ran him through the body, and the poor fellow dropped to the ground. Lord Lucan said, when we charged, that we were into them and the devil could not get us away from them. Lord Raglan sent his compliments to General Scarlett, and said that the heavy brigade behaved gallantly. We had two men killed—Corporal Taylor was one, and Ealing was the other—and fourteen wounded. In the evening they wanted to give the light division a chance, and sent them to retake the guns. The poor fellows went, and not half of them came back. The Donaly's are safe. We expected an attack this morning, but they did not advance. We expect to be engaged to-morrow, but we don't care a pin about them as long as we have plenty of our infantry. That day there was none there but cavalry and artillery. I have no more to say this time.

I remain, your affectionate son,  
T. GOUGH, 5th light dragoons.

The quaint orthography and simple language of the following letter may, perhaps, provoke a smile from the reader; but, with sensitive minds, the touching pathos of the latter part of it may also excite a tear:—

Camp in front Sebastopol, Oct. 28th, 1854.

Dear Mother,—With great pleasure I answer your most kind and welcome, but troubled letter. Dear Mother, the news you heard about Sebastopol being taken is all false, it was only the battle of Alma that we fought, and we had to Cross a river up to our Arms while we were fighting; the English lost about 1,500 killed and wounded altogether, and the French the same; but the Russians lost about 8,000. It took us five days to bury their dead. Dear Mother, I am sorry to tell you that poor George\* got shot in the leg above the knee, and was forced to have his leg off at the thigh, and his being so very weak from the hardships that we have to go through it caused his death in two days, but I was with him all the time; he died very happy, and wished me to let you know that he died a honour to his Country; he felt that he was quite prepared to die, and told me to bid you all his last farewell until we'll meet in the Next world, witch I hope we will altogether. Dear Mother, I hope you will not fret any more than you can help about it, for you

\* A brother in the Scots Fusileer Guards.

have two Brave Sons in the Army yet, and will take satisfaction for their poor Brother's Death, if pleas God spairs their lives, which I hope will. Dear Mother, I would have wrote to you before about it, only I thought that Sebastopol would have been taken before. Know we have been twelve days trying to take it, and we cannot take it at present, but I don't know much longer it will last. Our regiment was in front of the town on 25th of this month; we were lying down behind bushes when about 3,000 Russians come out on the top of us. The 30th Regiment was just behind us, and they come up to help us, and such a thrashing they never got in their lives before as they got then; out of the 3,000 that came out they had only 500 whent back. We killed about 900 and wounded about 1,100, and took 500 prisoners, witch we got great praise for. The 30th regiment lost five men killed and fifteen wounded, and, thank God! there was not a man in our Regiment touched. Dear Mother, it would take me a week to explain all the little battles that we have, but our regiment is very lucky. We lost 101 in the Battle of Alma, and that was on the 20th of September, and we have been fighting every day since, and our Regiment have not lost a man, since whitch I pray to God for his Assistance to us, and being on our side, which I think He is. Before you get this letter I think that Sebastopol will be blown up in the hair, for they have it all laid with powder ready; but we don't know the day it will be. Shalto sends his kind love to you all as well as me, and he says you will stair to see him come home soon with metals on his breast, what some men that have been twenty-one years in the service cannot show. Dear Mother, you must excuse the writing, for I have the knapsacks for my table and the ground for my Chair. I hope that you will answer this letter as soon as you can, and by that time I think that we will be in quarters somewhere, for the weather is getting to Cold in this Country for lying on the Camp, and if we are settled in quarters I will send you all the news I can about the war, witch will make you stare to think how men can go through it, and thank God we have plenty to eat and drink. Poor George's last words was: "Arthur, my dear Brother, be sure and write to poor Mother, and tell her I die quite happy, and be sure to always write to her to let her know how you are getting on." He shook hands with us both and kissed me for you, and my

Brother Shallto for his Brothers, and then he went off quite easy. I saw him buried and everything. . . . When you writes please to send me a few Envelopes, as there is none in this country, so I must conclude with both our kind loves to you and All the family, and still we remain, your most affectionate and well-wishing sons,

Corp. ARTHUR and Private SHALLTO DUFF,  
55th Regiment of Foot.

The following, from a sergeant, was published in the *Sunderland Times*:—

British Camp, Crimea, Oct. 27th.

My dear Mother,—The siege of Sebastopol is now going on. We opened fire at half-past six o'clock on the morning of the 17th of this month, and I am happy and proud in stating that I had the extreme pleasure of firing the first shot at the enemy's works from our land batteries, being in command of No. 1 gun, a 24-pounder, on the right of the left attack. I first received the order to fire, when bang went an iron messenger, of twenty-four pound weight, right into the enemy's works, and after it nearly forty more, from the guns in our battery; and then, by the "powers," did not the Russians send their shot and shell into us! Ay, as thick as hail they flew over us; and what from the thundering of the guns—all very large ones—and the whistling of the shot and shell, as well as the explosion of the latter, which threw their broken contents whistling into the air, believe me, it was perfectly deafening; my ears whistled and sang for days after, and at times I could not speak for it. Well, although they served us out with a plentiful supply of iron hail, we gave them as good a supply back again, with much better effect, as every shot we fired told upon their fortifications or the town. . . . About ten o'clock we had silenced several of their guns. We have been most fortunate in killed and wounded, only having lost one captain, who had the top part of his head taken away by a round shot, and two gunners, who died of their wounds. There are three or four broken arms, and a few cuts and bruises, but all very trifling. On the right attack they have had about forty killed and wounded. The first day, from our battery, 3,400 shot and shell were fired into the Russian works. We are beating them on all sides, and it is expected that the fortress of Sebastopol will soon be ours. The English and French fleets bombarded the forts on the first day,

but they have done nothing since. A Russian army of about thirty or thirty-five thousand men, marched over the heights to the relief of Sebastopol, but they were met by our troops and beaten. Great numbers were killed and wounded on both sides, but the Russians about ten to our one. The fighting is now going on, only about one mile distant from our camp. I am going over to-day to see what I can of the field of battle on the 25th inst. It is stated by the people who got out of the town of Sebastopol, that both men, women, and children are lying in the streets, killed by our bombarding it. We have set the town on fire several times with red-hot shot. One of our guns burst, the other day, while firing hot shot—there were two killed and four wounded. We have blown up several of the Russian magazines. Upon the whole, the Russians are very good artillerymen, but they cannot come up to us. The whole army is looking up to the siege artillery, and as they pass us they say, "Go at her, my lads, and good luck to you! Pepper into them, and we will soon take the town." Fighting is nothing when you get used to it. I think nothing of it. We go to the guns with the same indifference as if we were going to practice. Please God I will be at home before long, and tell you more; and you may rest assured that, before this letter reaches you, we will be masters of Sebastopol, and levelled it to the ground. The fire is going on now from both sides, although it is nearly dark.

The following wild and dashing production, the letter of a thorough soldier, one who seems to love fighting for fighting's sake, will be read with interest. It is from a captain in the Enniskillen dragoons:—

Camp, near Balaklava, Nov. 2nd, 1854.

Dear Jack,— . . . I am, you see, alive at this date, but God knows for how long after. You have, I presume, devoured all the accounts which have been sent home as to our glorious charge. Oh, such a charge! Never think of the gallop and trot which you have often witnessed in the Phoenix-park when you desire to form a notion of a genuine blood-hot, all mad charge, such as that I have come out of—with a few lance prods, minus some gold lace, a helmet chain and brown Bill's (the charger's) right ear. From the moment we dashed at the enemy, whose position, and so forth, you doubtless know as much about as I can tell you, I knew



nothing, but that I was impelled by some irresistible force onward, and by some invisible and imperceptible influence to crush every obstacle which stumbled before my good sword and brave old charger. I never in my life experienced such a sublime sensation as in the moment of the charge. Some fellows talk of it being "demoniac." I know this, that it was such as made me a match for any two ordinary men, and gave me such an amount of glorious indifference as to life, as I thought it impossible to be master of. It would do your Celtic heart good to hear the most magnificent cheer with which we dashed into what P—— W—— calls "the gully scrimmage." Forward—dash—bang—clank, and there we were in the midst of such smoke, cheer and elatter, as never before stunned a mortal's ear. It was glorious! Down, one by one, aye, two by two, fell the thick-skulled and over-numerous Cossacks and other lads of the tribe of Old Nick. Down, too, alas! fell many a hero with a warm Celtic heart, and more than one fell screaming loud for victory. I could not pause. It was all push, wheel, frenzy, strike and down, down, down they went. Twice I was unhorsed, and more than once I had to grip my sword tighter, the blood of foes streaming down over the hilt, and running up my very sleeve. Our old Waterloo comrades, the grays, and ourselves, were the only fellows who flung headlong first into the very heart of the Museoves. Now we were lost in their ranks—now in little bands battling—now in good order together—now in and now out, until the whole "levies" on the spot plunged into a forming body of the enemy and helped us to end the fight by compelling the foe to fly. Never did men run so vehemently—but all this you have read in the papers.

I cannot depict my feelings when we returned. I sat down completely exhausted and unable to eat, though deadly hungry. All my uniform, my hands, my very face were bespattered with blood. It was that of the enemy! Grand idea! But my feelings—they were full of that exultation which it is impossible to describe. At least twelve Russians were sent wholly out of the "way of the war" by my good steel alone, and at least as many more put on the passage to that peaceful exit by the same excellent weapon. So also can others say. What a thing to reflect on! I have almost grown a soldier philosopher, and most probably

will one of these days, if the bullets which are flying about so abundantly give me time to brush up.

My dear fellow, our countrymen have not tarnished their fame in the Crimea. Gallantry and glory will never abandon the march of Celtic bands—never! Oh, that I could have patience to write you of such deeds of individual heroism as have come within my notice! Fictionists are shabby judges of true bravery. No novel ever had a sham hero who comes up to the realities I have witnessed. One of my troop, for instance, had his horse shot under him in the *melée*. "Bloody wars," he roared, "this won't do," and right at a Russian he ran, pulled him from his horse by the sword-hand in the most extraordinary manner; then deliberately cutting off his head as he came down, vaulted into the saddle, and turning the Russian charger against its late friends, fought his way. This took less time to do than I to tell it. I saw another of our fellows unhorsed and wounded, creep under a Russian charger and run the sword up his belly. The animal plunged and fell on his slayer, crushing him to pieces. . . . We must take this doomed place, even, as O'Grady says, if we be doomed who take it. Any one of our fellows is a match for three Russians. . . . The light cavalry charge was a desperate but a grand affair. Lord Raglan is blamed. The general belief is, that Nolan gave his orders *literally*. Luean is a regular fire-ball, but not mad enough to have done that without strict commands. . . . We want reinforcements very badly; without them we cannot continue to contend against fearful odds.

We close this chapter with the following account, from a correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, of the new-comers in the Crimea:—

"It is curious to trace these fresh men through the phases of their acclimatisation to the campaign. I had the good fortune of meeting two of them the other day, just as, covered with dust and perspiration after a long day's hard ride, I was galloping over the road from Kadikoi to Balaklava. They stopped me, but if they had not done so I should certainly have stopped them. They were worth looking at; it made me feel at home, and I had a great mind to ask them for the whereabouts of an omnibus, or the starting of the last Woolwich train. They looked for all the world as if somebody had

packed them carefully in a box, with plenty of wadding and tissue-paper, and sent them down to St. Katherine's wharf, with directions of 'This side up,' and 'Fragile—not to be roughly handled.' The men had fancy whips too, slight whalebone affairs, whose ephemeral existence half-an-hour's ride on a Cossack horse would most assuredly terminate. And their bright silver spurs had actually round rowels—good-natured in-offensive rowels, that reminded one of park nags and a decent canter across Dulwich-common. And the men's faces were round and jolly, red and white, and their chins as smooth as a real young lady's on her first coming out. While humbly replying to their stern questions, I looked at these men with undisguised astonishment, while they with a well-bred indifference, which it did my heart good to see, scanned and marked down my tarnished gold lace, rusty sword, and unblackened boots, and slightly smiled at the haversack which dangled at my side,

and the rough Cossack pony which shook its long mane in their smooth faces. That was some days ago. I have seen the men since with half their shine taken out of them by a couple of nights under canvas and a few meals on (not at) our camp mess-table, the ground. Their blue and velvet bore traces of dust, their metal sheaths had suspicious spots about them, and their chins were darkened with a beard of two days' growth. They rode rough Cossack ponies, and groaned under the weight of heavy haversacks, and, what is worse, their faces somewhat pale and jaundiced, gave indications of that terrible 'seediness' which affects new comers, which, if neglected, sends them either home on sick leave, or to some shunned spot outside the camp, where the turf is broken and the brown earth heaped in little hillocks, where the weary of the army take their long rest, whither no bugle call reaches, and no alarm gun sends its booming sounds."

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## CHAPTER XXII.

ATTACK ON EUPATORIA, AND REPULSE OF THE RUSSIANS; INVASION OF THE ALLIED CAMPS BY TROOPS OF RIDERLESS HORSES; PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL; SINGULAR INSTANCE OF RUSSIAN AUDACITY; THE VACILLATION OF AUSTRIA, IN CHECKING THE ADVANCE OF THE TURKS, ALLOWS THE CZAR TO TRANSPORT TROOPS FROM BESSARABIA TO THE CRIMEA; IMPOSING RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN THE RUSSIAN CAMP; THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN; DESPATCHES DESCRIBING IT; ATTACK ON THE RUSSIAN SETTLEMENT OF PETROPAULOVSKY, IN KAMSCHATKA, AND REPULSE OF AN ALLIED SQUADRON.

It will be remembered by our readers that the allies had at first intended to land on the Crimea at Eupatoria. That intention being abandoned, we mentioned (*see p. 221*) that Eupatoria was taken and garrisoned by a body of marines under Captain Brock, who received the title of governor of the town. The favourable disposition of the native inhabitants, who readily brought in large supplies of cattle, speedily made the place one of great importance and value. In order to give Captain Brock the means of resisting any attack that might be made upon the town, her majesty's ships *Leander*, *Firebrand*, *Megæra*, and one French and two Turkish line-of-battle ships were detached from the allied fleet. These, together with the marines (750 in number), under Captain Brock's command, and the

earthworks thrown up around the town, it was considered would be sufficient for its defence. It was to be supposed that the Russians would not suffer the allies to hold Eupatoria without a struggle; an attack upon it was expected, and for some time rumours were in circulation that a large force of the imperial cavalry had been seen in the neighbourhood. By the 11th of October, this rumour was converted into a certainty by the appearance on the steppe of large bodies of horse, who threatened the town on the land side.

At the request of Captain Brock, some trifling reinforcements and one field-piece were landed from the ships. The gun was placed in a commanding position at the back of the town, where it adjoins the steppe. A small redoubt was also thrown



up, and a party of sailors stationed in it. In the course of the morning Captain Brock, accompanied by Captain King, together with one of the marine officers and the field-piece, made a *reconnaissance* on the steppe. Suddenly a body of Russian cavalry, amounting to about 600, made their appearance, and advanced within 500 yards. Their opening ranks revealed four guns, which commenced a fire of shot and shell, some of which fell within the town. Captain Brock boldly replied with his single field-piece, and a shell from it which burst among the enemy's ranks, killed or wounded fifteen. So unequal a contest, however, could not be continued; and Captain Brock, being unsupported by small arms, ordered his party to retreat within the town. In this retreat they were compelled to abandon the gun, though not before it had been spiked and taken to pieces.

The firing had given the alarm within the town, and the whole of the blue-jackets and marines belonging to the *Leander* and *Megara*, and headed by lieutenants Hamilton and Campbell, together with the Rev. Stuart Robson and Mr. Irvine, advanced under arms towards the steppe, to support the field-piece. On their arrival at the scene of action they discovered that the enemy had retired. The gun was therefore unspiked, remounted, and escorted back to its position. The crews of the *Leander* and *Megara* remained at or in the neighbourhood of the redoubt during the day and night; and about three o'clock on the morning of the 13th, the midshipman on watch with the field-piece, observed a body of the enemy's cavalry advancing towards the redoubt by a road which led to it from the steppe. He immediately fired upon them; and the officers, seamen, and marines, rushing from a house close at hand, where they had been quartered, lined the redoubt and barricades on its right.

A sharp contest began. The gun was fired, reloaded, and fired again with incessant rapidity; and a shower of bullets from the muskets was poured upon the enemy. After a time the latter retired, finding the redoubt was not to be taken by surprise, nor readily captured. Our little force was then strengthened by the arrival of Lieutenant Pym, of her majesty's ship *Firebrand*, with a party of thirty-five men, another field-piece, and a rocket tube. Another redoubt was soon thrown up for their reception, and the first one strengthened by hav-

ing its ditch widened and deepened, and the breastwork made more substantial.

The enemy made another advance on the 15th, burning the villages and carrying off corn and cattle in every direction on the north side of the town. They were, however, dispersed with considerable loss by the *Firebrand* and the *Arrow* gun-boat, which approached the shore and fired shells among them. Another body of 300 Russian cavalry, who had advanced to the southern entrance of the town, with the intention of cutting off the herds of cattle which had been driven in from the steppe for safety, were dispersed by the *Leander*. On the 19th the enemy, taking advantage of a thick fog, pushed forward a body of cavalry towards the windmills outside the town, in which Lieutenant Hood, of the *Arethusa*, had stationed himself with a party of blue-jackets. The tars succeeded in driving the Russians back, but not before several of our poor Tartar allies were killed or wounded. Every day this kind of skirmishing took place, and as the videttes of the enemy were within three miles, and their numbers were supposed to amount to 3,000 or 4,000, Captain Brock and his garrison were kept perpetually on the alert. They strengthened the defences of the town, erected several strong redoubts, armed with field-pieces and rockets, at the back of it, and stationed a large proportion of the force in the immediate neighbourhood. They closed the streets which debouched upon the steppe with strong barricades, and felt something like confidence that they could bid defiance to any number of cavalry who might venture to force an entrance.

We will now take up our narrative from the close of Chapter XX., and proceed to describe the progress of the celebrated and terrible siege of Sebastopol. We have detailed the brilliant charge of our light cavalry on the 25th, with its fatal result, and the repulse of the Russian sortie on the 26th. On the 27th the fire on both sides was very feeble, and nothing of importance took place. During the night, or rather at about four o'clock the following morning, a singular incident occurred. The sharp sound of musketry was heard from several directions along the right flank, both from the French and our own pickets. The sentries in advance were startled by the hurried tramp of horses, and perceived through the darkness what appeared to be a body of cavalry charging down upon

them. Notwithstanding the fire with which they were greeted, the supposed troopers still rushed onward, but without any regularity, in small detached parties. Soon they passed close by the pickets, and were found to be a body of riderless horses, but fully equipped and accoutred; saddled, bridled, and all. They were recognised as belonging to Russian dragoons. It was supposed that the horses, ready for mounting, probably for a sortie, were frightened by some shells exploding amongst them, and breaking from their pickets, took the direction of our lines. Nearly 200 were caught between the French and English. Many of those taken by the latter were grays of good height and in excellent condition. They were therefore sent to make up deficiencies in the ranks of the Scots grays.

Shortly after the engagement at Balaklava (on the 27th or 28th), Captain Fellowes, an aide-de-camp, was sent with a flag of truce to the Russian camp on the Tchernaya. His object was to ascertain the particulars of our loss, to request permission to communicate with our wounded and captive officers, and to obtain leave to bury such of our dead as might have fallen in front of the Russian lines. This message was scarcely a judicious one, at least the latter part of it; for a request for permission to bury the dead is usually the plea of the vanquished to the victors.

As Captain Fellowes, attended by an interpreter and a trumpeter, approached the Russian lines, two officers, accompanied by two Cossack lancers, rode forward to meet them. The Russians inquired, in French, what was the object of the flag of truce. Captain Fellowes made known his errand; upon which one of the Russians remarked, "You will be good enough to turn round, for you cannot approach our camp so near. This is an affair for the general to deal with, and I shall communicate with him." The officer rode away, and the English party were compelled to turn round so as to have their backs to the Russian camp.

Shortly afterwards, an elderly officer, supposed to have been Prince Gortschakoff, attended by a small staff and by the Russian who had gone to seek him, rode towards them, and said in a gruff harsh voice—"Je suis le général en chef ici; que voulez vous de moi Messieurs?" Captain Fellowes again explained the object of his mission, and when he desired permission for burying the dead, the Russian general

exclaimed indignantly, "*We have buried the dead. Tell my Lord Raglan that we are Christians, and though we make war, we perform all the duties of Christians! The dead are buried. The wounded are taken care of.*" Captain Fellowes then handed to the Russian chief two letters, with which he had been charged by two Russian officers who were prisoners of the English. Having received the letters, the general declared that he was unacquainted with the names of the officers in the hands of his troops, but said, that if Captain Fellowes returned the next day he would ascertain their names, and have any letters they might wish to transmit conveyed to him for delivery. Finally, he became more courteous, and said, as Captain Fellowes retired, "*Vous m'excuserez si je vous dise que votre attaque de 25me était une attaque bête, parlant selon la loi militaire.*"

When Captain Fellowes returned to the enemy's camp, on the 29th, he was informed that there were only two British officers in the hands of the Russians, both of whom were wounded, though not seriously. They were Lieutenant Clowes, of the 8th hussars, and Cornet Chadwick, of the 17th lancers. He learnt, however, that fifty-eight non-commissioned officers and privates belonging to our noble cavalry were captives. Of these only fifteen were not wounded. The Russians brought letters from Lieutenant Clowes and Cornet Chadwick, in which they stated they were provided with medical attendance, and were exceedingly well treated, but that they were in want of some clothing and money. The Russian officer expressed his opinion that our cavalry attack on the 25th was a "*charge des fous.*" On that occasion the Russian lancers were seen killing and stripping the wounded as they lay on the ground. The rich trappings of our light cavalry were, in some cases, the cause of their wearer's death. The Cossacks knew that they would not be allowed to take the clothes of those who were living, and therefore they dispatched the poor wounded men who lay in agony at their feet. "Do you see that?" exclaimed a Russian officer to an English one, as he pointed to the gold cord of a shako; "I can tell you one of our Cossacks would ride a hundred miles to get hold of such a pretty-looking thing."

The 29th passed away without the occurrence of any event of moment. The fire from the Russian batteries blazed away



as usual, and it seemed as if the stores of warlike *matériel* within Sebastopol were inexhaustible. The firing of the allies was rather feeble. The arrival of the *Times* newspaper in the camp, containing a copy of Lord Raglan's despatches relating to the battle of Alma, created much excitement.\*

On the 30th, that brave old veteran, Sir De Lacy Evans, who had been suffering severely from illness, had a fall from his horse. He was so much shaken by it that he was compelled to resign his command to Brigadier-general Pennefather, and go on board the *Simoom*, to get more attention and nursing than it was possible that he could receive in our ill-provided camp. The accident eventually compelled the old war-

\* The special correspondent of the *Times*, to whose admirable letters we were much indebted for our description of the glorious events of the 20th of September, says, when writing from the camp on October 29th:—"On looking at my own account of the battle of the Alma, which was written literally on the field—part of it while exposed to a broiling sun, the morning after the action, on the grass, in the open air (for tents were rare coverings then, and all that were on the heights were crowded)—part while exposed to an incessant fire of small-talk in a tent full of excited and garrulous officers, I find I have made mistakes which I confess without a blush, and which, I trust, are excusable under the circumstances in which I was placed, especially when it is considered that the undertaking, under the most favourable conditions, is not an easy one. For instance, Lord Raglan and staff did not cross the stream by the bridge. It had been destroyed by the enemy, and was impassable till repaired by the exertions of Captain Montagu and his sappers. Nor did the highlanders 'take' the battery which dealt such destruction upon us. As I saw their advance, their bonnets mingled with the bearskins of the Russians, they appeared to have got into the guards' battery, but the fact is, their line was considerably to the left of the line of the guards, and the left of the guards extended beyond the front of the battery, so as to turn its right flank. The march of the highlanders took place up the other slope of the hill, and it was their firm appearance, together with the tremendous volleys the three regiments poured into the Russian infantry on their flank, which produced such an effect on the Russians. The highlanders, as will be seen by the returns, were exposed to very little fire; scarcely any of the enemy's guns bore upon them, and their advance was too rapid to allow the Russians 'to take their measure' for practice. There is no doubt the light division, the 7th, 23rd, 33rd, and 19th first carried the battery opposed to them. A man of the 7th rushed in and bayoneted two men inside the earthworks, when the regiment was obliged to re-form. Colonel Yea made him a sergeant on the spot. A man of the 33rd chalked the number of his regiment on one of the guns which was subsequently taken by the grenadier guards, and I understand the gun has been given up to the former regiment. Men of the 7th, 33rd, 23rd, and 55th were all inside the battery at one time or other ere the Russians were finally broken. Major-general

rior to return to England—but we are anticipating: before his return he appeared once more upon the battle-field, under circumstances which stamp him as a noble rival of those heroes of classic times who have for centuries enjoyed the homage of the world.

During the 31st the siege went on without advancing. It was reckoned that the Russians fired two shots to every one of ours. "The weather," said the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, "has changed for the worse permanently. All our araba drivers and interpreters say that the winter here is fast setting in; and, indeed, it requires no prophet to convince us of the fact. The wind and cold during the day may be

Codrington, who led his brigade of the light division in a manner beyond all praise, was twice within the earthwork of the battery. *Ergo*, he must at one time have been driven back along with his men. Indeed, I saw the Russians coming out of the battery and actually charging the light division, which was broken up into clumps of men firing independently on the enemy, and huddled together round their officers; but they never crossed bayonets, except perhaps in one or two instances, when some of them closed with the 55th, and they all dearly repented their temerity. At one time an order was actually given to halt or to fall back and re-form. I am assured Colonel Yea declared he would not go back an inch, and that he remained with a portion of his regiment (the 7th) firing away till the supports came up. It was not the Scots fusiliers—it was the grenadier guards who got first into the battery or redoubt; the Scots fusiliers were broken and disordered by the tremendous fire to which they were exposed and by the men of the light division, who were retiring to re-form, and who passed through the files of the regiment. It was while they were in this state so many of their officers were marked out and wounded by the enemy. Lieutenant Nixon and three men of the rifle brigade went skirmishing up the hill in front of the Coldstream guards. The riflemen were all dispersed in little groups, and advanced, led by their officers, along the front of all our line, so that they were often exposed to two fires. The 30th, 55th, and 95th did their duty equally well; no officers or men ever behaved better, and it was perhaps erroneous to have said that the 19th, that Brigadier-general Codrington's brigade of the light division, or that Brigadier-general Pennefather's brigade of the second division ever 'retired,' as it is asserted that there were some men of the regiments forming these brigades who never receded a step. They certainly *never turned their backs* on the enemy—not one of them faced about. If they were driven by an overwhelming fire to draw back to re-form, they drew back with their front to the foe, and never ceased their fire. I have said so much on this point because I find some most excellent soldiers and estimable men have rather taken it to heart that I should have stated their regiments were driven back; nor are they even contented with Lord Raglan's statement that the first brigade of the light division, having carried a redoubt, was 'obliged partially to relinquish its hold.'"

avoided by exertion, but it becomes unendurable in the night, when we lie on the ground in our tents, shivering and thinking of the happy times when we took off our clothes and went to bed under a more stable covering than an ordnance umbrella, as the tents are called. But, seriously speaking, the change in the weather during the last few days has shown to all concerned the importance of bringing the present struggle to a speedy conclusion. In fact, the cold and damp have now become so intense, that any attempt to remain under canvas for another week will put half the allies in hospital. 'Ye gentlemen of England, who sit at home,' &c., can have no idea of the positive suffering which is entailed upon all who, in this weather, live under canvas, and sleep in their clothes on the damp ground. For the last three nights I have been compelled to rise nearly every two hours and run about outside my tent literally to keep myself from freezing, and on no occasion have I thus hurried forth into the raw keen moonlight without finding hundreds of others similarly engaged. The actual cold one might contrive to keep out, but the wind and dew penetrate through everything."

The same writer gives the following account of the way in which Russian officers endeavour to transform their soldiers into wild beasts:—"I have conversed with many of the Russian prisoners, and they have all informed me of circumstances which I could hardly credit, but that they were repeated from so many different sources. For certain, three days after the battle of the Alma the Russian regiments were addressed by their different commanding officers, who, in terms of deep regret, informed them that events had come to their knowledge which showed that the Russian prisoners and wounded who fell into our hands were treated with the most barbarous cruelty; the injuries of the wounded were never dressed, the prisoners were flogged, tasked, and starved, until death terminated their sufferings. These facts, which the officers stated they knew on the very best authority, were publicly promulgated through Sebastopol at the time when the Russian lists of killed, wounded, and prisoners were also issued from the government office. They said the sensation which these statements excited in Sebastopol (where all had a friend or relative to deplore among the killed and wounded) was indescribable. The most in-

tense and deadly hatred was felt towards the allies, coupled with a determination to resist them to the very last extremity. The common soldiers among themselves made a vow never to be taken alive. The reasons which the Russian commanders had for circulating these atrocious calumnies will, of course, be apparent. Under the idea that he was defending his life, they gave the Russian soldier a desperate courage which patriotism and duty were unable to call forth. Before the battle of the Alma every Russian soldier received a treble allowance of spirits, and since then those who are fighting in the earthworks against our trenches, receive four times the usual quantity."

During the night of the 31st, there was an "alert" which roused the French troops. A body of Russian troops, in the valley beneath the heights of Balaklava, were occupied for more than an hour in firing at an imaginary enemy before them. After that they returned to their head-quarters, but what their object was is unknown. It must have arisen from mistake; and some persons even said that the Russians fired by accident at their own troops. A correspondent from the camp says (writing on the 2nd of November)—"We hear the distressing intelligence, that 3,000 workmen are building huts at Constantinople for the army to winter in, and that they also are fabricating sheds for horses. A winter here is a truly dismal prospect. All that has been written about the beauty of this district, and of its fertility, is utter rubbish. There are magnificent mountain-ranges over Balaklava, but the country between that town and Sebastopol is a waste, covered with thistles and stones, and intersected by rocky ravines, once full of stumpy brushwood, now full of stumps only." The same writer describes the condition of the poor Turks, from fever and want of attention, as wretched in the extreme. They died in swarms, and the sick were seen staggering along the lanes, or lying in the streets of Balaklava, with no one but their own miserable companions to mitigate their sufferings.

On the 2nd of November three English soldiers deserted to the enemy. All of them had been flogged the day before for some offences. Whatever censure we might feel disposed to pass upon the conduct of these men, this fact compels us to withhold. Their desertion must be attributed to the barbarous system which had degraded them.



To make the soldier regard himself as a man of honour, he must be treated as such. Dogs only and not men can caress the hand that scourges them. The shame of the lash makes a soldier forget his country. Put the crring soldier to death, if it is necessary for the sake of discipline, but do not put him to shame.

The particulars of each day occupied in the siege would, in some cases, be merely a repetition of what has been already related. We shall not, therefore, dwell upon every trifling incident, but hasten forward to the almost sublime exhibition of heroism, daring, and endurance we shall speedily have to relate. We must first, however, refer to some despatches forwarded by Lord Raglan to the Duke of Newcastle. One stated that the majority of the wounded in the hospitals were making a satisfactory progress towards recovery, although, it added, "there is too much reason to apprehend, that among such a number of severe and dangerous injuries, a certain proportion of casualties must occur." Two others contain references to, and lists of, the officers who had distinguished themselves on the memorable 25th of October. The last gives an account of the progress of the siege up to the date it bears:—

Before Sebastopol, Nov. 3rd.

My Lord Duke,—Since I wrote to your grace on the 28th ult., the enemy have considerably increased their force in the valley of the Tchernaya, both in artillery, cavalry, and infantry, and have extended to their left, not only occupying the village of Camara, but the heights beyond it, and pushing forward pickets and even guns towards our extreme right; and these yesterday fired a few shots, apparently to try the range, which fell somewhat short.

These movements have induced me to place as strong a force as I can dispose of on the precipitous ridge in that direction, in order to prevent any attempt to get round to Balaklava by the sea; and the whole line is strengthened by a breastwork which has been thrown up by the highland brigade, the royal marines, and the Turkish troops, thus circumscribing that part of the position, while immediately in front of the gorge leading into the town a strong redoubt is in course of being completed, which is to be garrisoned by the 93rd regiment and armed with several guns, and on the high ground behind and to the left is a battery manned by seamen, which terminates the

position to be defended by the troops under the command of Major-general Sir Colin Campbell.

Further to the left, and in a more elevated position, is the brigade of the first French division, commanded by General Vinois, ready to move to the assistance of any of the British force that may be assailed, and maintaining the connexion between the troops in the valley and those on the ridge on which the main armies are posted.

The harbour of Balaklava is under the charge of Captain Dacres, of the *Sanspareil*, and Rear-admiral Sir Edmund Lyons is in the roadstead outside, and is in daily communication with me.

Thus, every possible step has been taken to secure this important point; but I will not conceal from your grace that I should be more satisfied if I could have occupied the position in considerably greater strength.

With reference to the operations of the combined armies engaged in the attack on Sebastopol, I have the honour to state that there is no material diminution in the enemy's fire, and yesterday morning, two hours before daylight, the cannonade from all parts of the south front was heavy in the extreme, both on the French and British lines, and it occasioned, I deeply regret to say, some loss, but less than might have been expected under the circumstances.

In the meanwhile the French, who have before them the town and real body of the place, have taken advantage of the more favourable ground, and are carrying on approaches systematically on the most salient and commanding part of the enemy's lines; and they have constructed and opened batteries, the precision of the fire from which has most materially damaged the Russian works, although, as yet, they have not succeeded in silencing their guns.

The weather is still fine, but it has become extremely cold, and there was a severe frost last night.

I beg to submit to your grace the nominal returns of casualties among the non-commissioned officers and rank and file from the 22nd of October to the 1st of November, both days inclusive, and a list of officers killed and wounded between the 27th of October and the 1st of November.

Captain Maude, of the horse artillery, an excellent officer, is, I am assured, doing well.

I likewise enclose the naval return of casualties.

I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

A strange instance of Russian craft and cool audacity occurred on the day when the above despatch was written. A French officer—or rather a man in the uniform of one—sauntered into the English lines, entered into conversation with those whom he met, smoked, talked and laughed; and, at length, got into a sort of discussion about the strength or weakness of their position in the rear towards Balaklava. Our officers, believing they were talking to an ally, expressed themselves with more freedom than wisdom, and referred very frankly to the weak points and difficulties of our position. An officer of the 79th was at length struck by the strange accent and curious idiom of the supposed Frenchman, whom he suspected to be no other than a Russian spy. Fearful lest in seizing the man he might be insulting one of our brave allies, and not having any device ready in his mind to test the truth, he sent a messenger to convey his suspicions to Sir Colin Campbell. The quick eye of the stranger observed the movement, and he gradually drew off from our lines towards the valley, but in so unembarrassed and natural a way, as to perplex those to whom the officer had communicated his misgivings. Shortly afterwards he quickened his pace into a run, and actually got away into the Russian lines, leaving his late companions staring after him in astonishment. The cool resolution necessary for such an adventure may be guessed, when we mention that, had he been captured, he would have been hanged as a spy.

This circumstance was not without its significance, and ought still further to have sharpened the vigilance of the allies. Preparations were making, on the part of the Russians, for a tremendous and decisive blow; such a one as should crush the invaders on their soil, or sweep them back into the sea. On Saturday, the 4th of

\* See page 127. We have there said that we do not endorse M. Kossuth's views; but we also said, and we here reiterate, that, combined with some errors, there is much truth and wisdom in them; much of that prescience which must ever be the characteristic of the great statesman. He returned to this subject in an eloquent oration delivered at St. Martin's Hall on the evening of the 29th of November, the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Polish revolution of 1830. Our readers will not, we think, quarrel with us for here selecting a passage or two from that oration,—delivered, it should be premised, after the glorious struggle we are just about to describe. We are aware that the *Times* has done its utmost to cast discredit, and even ridicule, upon the views of M. Kossuth; but although we most willingly acknowledge the extraordinary talent, and even genius,

November, the Russian army to the rear of the allies received enormous reinforcements from Bessarabia. For this circumstance we have to thank the Austrians, whose forces in the Danubian principalities checked the advance of Omar Pasha from Bucharest into Bessarabia. The Austrians said they could not sanction the invasion of Russia; they represented it would look like aggression on their part; and the Turkish general was not strong enough to act in defiance of them. The advance into Bessarabia was therefore abandoned, and the czar thus permitted to transfer his troops from that locality to the Crimea. Metaphorically speaking, it was a miracle—a miracle which excited the wonder and admiration of Europe—that the enormous numbers of the czar's troops did not successfully carry out his intention. The adamant firmness of the English troops, and the dashing heroism of the French, drove back the torrent of barbaric power, but at a sad and fatal cost—at the cost of a sea of blood, with the sacrifice of hecatombs of heroes. Such were among the early fruits of our Austrian alliance. We may be mistaken; Austria may have been honest, and this result an accidental one. Still it was the result of our Austrian connexion. Bitter, we fear, must be that tree—a very Upas tree, breathing forth seductive but deadly odours—that yields such delusive fruit; fruit which, like the beautiful apples of Sodom, delighted the eye, but turned to ashes on the lips. Once again the warning words of the eloquent Hungarian intrude themselves into our memory: “You have been taught, by superficial professors in your schools, that it was the generals Frost and Famine which defeated Napoleon [spoken in allusion to his invasion of Moscow.] *No: he was defeated by having taken Austria and Prussia for allies.*”\*

The reinforcements from Bessarabia, sometimes exhibited in the columns of that mighty European organ, still it must be admitted that the *Times* does occasionally print a leading article of a sophistical, superficial, and even silly character; and never, we think, did any more sophistical, superficial, and silly article disfigure its pages, than that in which this oration of M. Kossuth was pretended to be reviewed. With respect to England's policy towards Austria, the orator spoke as follows:—“England has bent her mind on bringing Austria over to herself; she has sacrificed to this one aim everything—numerous millions spent in vain, the life-blood of the flower of England spilt in vain, principles, political reputation, the liberal character of the war, and the very issue of the war—everything. And has your government gained Austria? Has it gained that Austria to whom it has sacrificed everything—that Austria of whom



which joined the Russian army on the 4th of November, are said to have amounted

even the *Times* is bound at last to acknowledge that 'You are fighting her battle more than your own?' What a proud sneering there was in official quarters when I, months ago, told the good people of England that they believe they pay and bleed for freedom, when in reality they are made to fight for Austria. Now, it comes out at last. Truth will come out, like murder will. Well, has your government gained Austria? Go and read the well-founded lamentations in the organs—even the ministerial organs—of publicity about the treacherous attitude and the overbearing insolence of that Austria which your government persisted in courting with so much submission, and which in return facilitates the enterprises of Russia, insults your allies, and counteracts your combinations. It is not only that you have not gained over Austria, but you have the Turks arrested in the midst of their victorious course; and the fruit of their heroic struggle, poor Wallachia, played over into the treacherous hands of despotic Austria. There is the Turkish army paralysed on the one hand, and there is on the other hand the czar made and left free to throw overpowering numbers upon the flank and rear of your gallant ranks in the Crimea. There you have the spirits of the Turkish army, high-flowing as they were by the victories at Silistria and Giurgevo, now depressed; there you have the spirits of the Russian army, depressed as they were, now restored. And, oh! I could tell you what it is to neglect the moment of spirited excitement in a victorious army, and what it is to give time to a demoralised enemy to resume its spirits and to take breath. One such moment's neglect in a war, and it is not battles, gentlemen, not battles, but empires that may be lost by it. And last, alas! not least, there is Sebastopol. Every British heart has watched the great bloody drama there with intense anxiety. I am not wanted to tell you the tale of your heart. I am not wanted to describe how your braves have found there an intrenched camp, with an army, instead of a fortress with a garrison (as your government appears to have anticipated), how new armies are pouring upon your shattered ranks, as your government does not appear to have anticipated, or else it would be more than error to act as the government did. All I am wanted to do is to quote from public reports these words:—'The question is no longer whether we shall take Sebastopol or not. The siege of Sebastopol, though not raised, may be regarded as at a stand-still. We are reduced to the defensive.' Such is the situation. 'The tables have turned; Russia is the besieger, you are the besieged.' And at what price has this situation been purchased? Gentlemen, on the 5th of July, ten weeks before England embarked on that expedition, ill-advised as well as ill-prepared, I, in a speech, the contents of which would have been well for Great Britain to mind, spoke these words at Glasgow:—'Not one out of five of your braves will see Albion again.' Of course, I used the number figuratively, as indicative of a great loss. Now, it is a sad tale; number your dead, your wounded, and your disabled—more than 20,000 men out of 30,000 are already lost. My sad anticipations are literally fulfilled! And here at home? Why, here the number of widows and orphans applying for support to patriotic charity amounts to 11,000! Such is the position, gentlemen. Now, with that position thus

to 45,000 men, under the command of General Dannenberg and the grand-dukes

analysed, I call on contemporary age and on history to say whether I was exaggerating or too harsh in saying that England's policy has been wrong, that it has been successful nowhere, but inefficient, unsuccessful, and disastrous everywhere. But you are told for all consolation that 'no human foresight could have fully anticipated the extraordinary position which you find yourselves in.' Now, as to this, I must say it is not true. Many a man must have anticipated that position. I, for one, have foretold it fact by fact, and word by word. And I certainly claim not the slightest credit for perspicacity on that account. I wonder how any thinking men could do otherwise than know all this. Yet, if such there were, they could have used the modest light of my poor oil lamp. It is true the people of Great Britain gave me tremendous cheers in return, and went home to toil on, and then to sleep. It is as if I would have been mendicating favours for myself, whereas it was England's honour, dignity, interest, and success that I held up before their eyes. They went to toil and to sleep, and the flower of your nation went to die; and now, after my disregarded words have proved true, some of them (the Scottish press) say—'The words he spoke read like the inspiration of a seer, or a picture drawn from history.' Others, the *Times*, say—'No human foresight could have anticipated the extraordinary position in which England finds herself.' Extraordinary! Why, what is there extraordinary in the inexorable logic of concatenation between cause and effect? Is it extraordinary that Sebastopol is found to be an intrenched camp with a numerous army in it? Is it extraordinary that the czar is pouring whole fresh armies to its defence? The czar has been left perfectly free, and with ample time afforded to do it; nay, in fact, he has been invited to do it by the Turco-Austrian treaty, negotiated under England's auspices. The extraordinary in the matter is not that he has sent reinforcements to Sebastopol, but that he has not sent double the number, and a month earlier. \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* To have a radical cure you must penetrate to the seat of the evil. The real source of all your difficulties is Austria. Every child knows this. *Either England fears Austria too much, or loves her more than she ought.* This is the evil. Don't fear Austria, throw her overboard, and you are safe; if not, not. Referring to what I was saying about the comparative barrenness of a success at Sebastopol—a success, besides, sure to come at a later period—I really believe even now it would be better for you to shift the theatre of the war, provided it be not too late. Men who, 14,000 strong, have beaten 60,000 Russians, can gain no more glory by the barren laurels gathered on the ruins of Sebastopol than they have, and can nothing lose in their reputation by being dispatched to triumph on a better field, richer in results. And, oh! what could be done with men like these on the right spot. To engage in a wrong direction may be an error—to persist in a wrong direction and sacrifice life (and such life!) may look like a crime, the retribution of which may yet fall heavily on your heads. Shift the theatre of the war; insist peremptorily on Austria's evacuating the principalities, and on siding with or against you; advise the sultan to grant independence to the Roumains and arm them; enlist the Polish emigration—not in Turkey, but here; mind where the weak

Michael and Nicholas. They had been brought to the Crimea, in carts and wag-gons, with singular rapidity, and their arrival increased the number of the Russian army in our *rear* to about 70,000 men! The arrival of such a force gave fresh hopes to the garrison of Sebastopol, and roused the enthusiasm of the Russian troops almost to madness. They longed to encounter the invaders of their territory, and resolved that a sortie from the fortress should accompany the attack from without that was to be made upon the allies.

During the 4th an imposing religious celebration took place in the Russian camp. A mass was solemnly chanted, and, at its conclusion, the troops were assembled and addressed by one of two bishops who had arrived with the archdukes. The particulars of the address were received by a correspondent of the French press, from a Russian officer who was afterwards taken prisoner. The prelate reminded the soldiers of their duty to the czar and to their country, and told them that the two archdukes had come to share with them their dangers and their glory. He explained away the defeat of the Russians at the Alma, and gave such an oblique description of the events of that great contest, as was calculated to flatter the self-love and to elevate the courage of the imperial army. The English were, he said, but poor soldiers; destitute of all energy, and hostile to the cause of God. His allusions to the French were not of a more flattering character, being merely an echo of the proclamation of the czar at Moscow, in the year 1812. For solemn and unblushing falsehood and profane assurance, the conclusion of this episcopal address perhaps stands alone. It was as follows:—"If you are conquerors, great joy is in preparation for you. We know from unimpeachable sources that these English heretics have in their camp an enormous sum, which God will give into your hands. This sum amounts to thirty millions of rubles. The emperor makes you a present of the third part of this tremendous sum. The second third is reserved for the purpose of rebuilding Sebastopol, which you are on the point of relieving. The remainder will point of Russia is, and strike there. And wherever a government is playing false to you, call on the nations it oppresses. These are your radical remedies; but remember that while in matters of internal progress you may say, by-and-by we shall come to that, in a war everything depends on moments. Opportunity lost is a campaign lost—may be even more. Poland

be divided amongst the princes and officers who will to-morrow be your commanders in the battle. Every one of you, soldiers, will receive 580 rubles. To the wounded the emperor promises a month's pay and rations. As to those of you chosen by God for a glorious death, your emperor will permit you to dispose of your share in the booty by will. Whatever may be the wishes of any one of you, they will be solemnly respected." The speech terminated with an appeal to the God of armies to bless the soldiers of Russia; and it was followed by a distribution of medals and coronets. Not only were the Russian soldiers thus spiritually intoxicated, but a quantity of spirits was dealt out to each man, to madden and brutalise still further the ferocious passions of those ignorant instruments of despotism.

The night of the 4th of November was a very miserable one. An incessant rain had continued to fall for four-and-twenty hours, and, towards morning, a heavy fog settled upon the heights and the valley of the Inkermann. Such was the weather, from fog and drifting rain, that it was difficult for any one to see two yards before him. Our pickets and men on outlying posts were drenched and chilled, and their arms wet. At four o'clock the church bells within Sebastopol could be heard ringing drearily through the murky air; but that had been frequent lately, and excited no attention.

At five o'clock a fancied sense of security prevailed in the camps of the allies. This was speedily dissipated by the rattling of musketry from the pickets of the second division. An immense army of Russians had stealthily approached, and were advancing upon the English camp. Their gray great-coats rendered them difficult to be seen through the fog, even when close at hand. Our pickets behaved with that resolute bravery which is the usual characteristic of English troops. When forced to retreat by the musketry of the enemy, they retired slowly towards the brow of the hill, defending every inch of the ground against the overwhelming numbers of their assailants. The pickets of the light division were soon after driven in and compelled to is your surest remedy even to-day, but how much surer and easier would it have been six months ago. I do not speak from even patriotic egotism. This war—such as it is—and may it be carried on, or arranged, in the worst possible manner—is manifestly an indication of retributive justice, slow, but sure in its decrees."



fall back on their main body. Indeed it was evident that a powerful attack had been made upon the right of the position of the allied armies, with the intention of forcing them to raise the siege, and, if possible, of driving them headlong into the sea.

The second division,\* under Major-general Pennefather, was first marched up to repel the attack; then the light division, under Sir George Brown, was brought to the front; and, finally, part of every regiment (except the third division, who were in reserve, and the highland brigade, who were at Balaklava) were included in the battle. The struggle began about seven in the morning, when our troops were subjected to a tremendous fire from an advancing but unseen enemy. The battle of the Inkermann,† prominently as it will ever stand in the military history of England, is one that almost defies, or rather eludes, description. The darkness that prevailed, the confusion of that terrific struggle, and the woody nature of the ground on which it was fought, rendered it a matter of extreme difficulty, even to those who were present, to convey a clear account of it; how much more so, then, must it be to us who write at a distance from the theatre of that heroic struggle. We will not run the risk of giving a feeble account of it ourselves, but quote that written by the special correspondent of the *Times*, which, though from uncontrollable difficulties necessarily imperfect, is nevertheless a brilliant, spirited, and chivalrous description. His preliminary account over, he thus continues:—

“And now commenced the bloodiest struggle ever witnessed since war cursed the earth. It has been doubted by military historians if any enemy have ever stood a charge with the bayonet, but here the bayonet was often the only weapon employed in conflicts of the most obstinate and deadly character. We have been prone to believe that no foe could ever withstand the British soldier wielding his favourite weapon, and that at Maida alone did the enemy ever cross bayonets with him; but at the battle of Inker-

mann not only did we charge in vain—not only were desperate encounters between masses of men maintained with the bayonet alone—but we were obliged to resist bayonet to bayonet the Russian infantry again and again, as they charged us with incredible fury and determination. The battle of Inkermann admits of no description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights, of despairing rallies, of desperate assaults—in glens and valleys, in brushwood glades and remote dells, hidden from all human eyes, and from which the conquerors, Russian or British, issued only to engage fresh foes, till our old supremacy, so rudely assailed, was triumphantly asserted, and the battalions of the czar gave way before our steady courage and the chivalrous fire of France. No one, however placed, could have witnessed even a small portion of the doings of this eventful day, for the vapours, fog, and drizzling mist obscured the ground where the struggle took place to such an extent as to render it impossible to see what was going on at the distance of a few yards. Besides this, the irregular nature of the ground, the rapid fall of the hill towards Inkermann, where the deadliest fight took place, would have prevented one under the most favourable circumstances seeing more than a very insignificant and detailed piece of the terrible work below. It was six o'clock when all the head-quarter camp was roused by roll after roll of musketry on the right, and by the sharp report of field guns. Lord Raglan was soon informed that the enemy were advancing in force, and soon after seven o'clock he rode towards the scene of action, followed by his staff, and accompanied by Sir John Burgoyne, Brigadier-general Straugways, R.A., and several aides-de-camp. As they approached the volume of sound, the steady, unceasing thunder of gun, and rifle, and musket told that the engagement was at its height. The shells of the Russians, thrown with great precision, burst so thickly among the troops that the noise resembled continuous discharges of cannon, and the massive fragments inflicted death on every side. One of whom he considered to be acting with great judgment.

† Inkermann is a village and seaport of the Crimea. It was once a celebrated city, the *Doros* of the Greeks, and has numerous caverns cut in the rock, supposed to be the work of the monks in the middle ages. The place received its name of Inkermann from the Turks, from “In” (cavern) and “Kermann” (fortress.)

\* The command of this division belonged to the noble old veteran Sir de Lacy Evans, who (as we have related) was compelled by illness and the effects of a fall from his horse to resign it to his junior, Brigadier-general Pennefather. On hearing the firing, the old soldier proceeded to the point of attack, and remained there until the termination of the struggle, but he generously declined to take the command of the division from General Pennefather,

the first things the Russians did, when a break in the fog enabled them to see the camp of the second division, was to open fire on the tents with round shot and large shell, and tent after tent was blown down, torn to pieces, or sent into the air, while the men engaged in camp duties and the unhappy horses tethered up in the lines were killed or mutilated. Colonel Gambier was at once ordered to get up two heavy guns (18-pounders) on the rising ground, and to reply to a fire which our light guns were utterly inadequate to meet. As he was engaged in this duty, and was exerting himself with Captain D'Aguilar to urge them forward, Colonel Gambier was severely but not dangerously wounded, and was obliged to retire. His place was taken by Lieutenant-colonel Dickson, and the conduct of that officer in directing the fire of those two pieces, which had the most marked effect in deciding the fate of the day, was such as to elicit the admiration of the army, and as to deserve the thanks of every man engaged in that bloody fray. But long ere these guns had been brought up there had been a great slaughter of the enemy, and a heavy loss of our own men. Our generals could not see where to go. They could not tell where the enemy were—from what side they were coming, nor where they were coming to. In darkness, gloom, and rain they had to lead our lines through thick scrubby bushes and thorny brakes, which broke our ranks and irritated the men, while every pace was marked by a corpse or man wounded by an enemy whose position was only indicated by the rattle of musketry and the rush of ball and shell.

"Sir George Cathcart, seeing his men disordered by the fire of a large column of Russian infantry which was outflanking them, while portions of the various regiments composing his division were maintaining an unequal struggle with an overwhelming force, rode down into the ravine in which they were engaged to rally them. He perceived at the same time that the Russians had actually gained possession of a portion of the hill in rear of one flank of his division, but still his stout heart never failed him for a moment. He rode at their head encouraging them, and when a cry arose that the ammunition was failing, he said coolly, 'Have you not got your bayonets?' As he led on his men it was observed that another body of men had gained the top of the hill behind them on the right, but it was impossible to tell whether they were friends or foes. A deadly

volley was poured into our scattered regiments. Sir George cheered them and led them back up the hill, but a flight of bullets passed where he rode, and he fell from his horse close to the Russian columns. The men had to fight their way through a host of enemies, and lost fearfully. They were surrounded and bayoneted on all sides, and won their desperate way up the hill with diminished ranks and the loss of near 500 men. Sir George Cathcart's body was afterwards recovered, with a bullet wound in the head and three bayonet wounds in the body. In this struggle, where the Russians fought with the greatest ferocity, and bayoneted the wounded as they fell, Colonel Swyny, of the 63rd, a most gallant officer, Lieutenant Dowling (20th), Major Wynne (68th), and other officers, whose names will be found in the *Gazette*, met their death, and Brigadier Goldie (of the 57th regiment) received the wounds of which he has since died. The conflict on the right was equally uncertain and equally bloody. In the light division, the 88th got so far into the front that they were surrounded and put into utter confusion, when four companies of the 77th, under Major Straton, charged the Russians, broke them, and relieved their comrades. The fight had not long commenced before it was evident that the Russians had received orders to fire at all mounted officers. Sir George Brown was hit by a shot, which went through his arm and struck his side. I saw with regret his pale and sternly composed face, as his body was borne by me on a litter early in the day, his white hair flickering in the breeze, for I knew we had lost the services of a good soldier that day. Further to the right a contest, the like of which, perhaps, never took place before, was going on between the guards and dense columns of Russian infantry of five times their number. The guards had charged them and driven them back, when they perceived that the Russians had outflanked them. They were out of ammunition too. They were uncertain whether there were friends or foes in the rear. They had no support, no reserve, and they were fighting with the bayonet against an enemy who stoutly contested every inch of ground, when the corps of another Russian column appeared on their right far in their rear. Then a fearful *mitraille* was poured into them, and volleys of rifle and musketry. The guards were broken; they had lost fourteen officers, who fell in the field; they had left one-half of



their number on the ground, and they retired along the lower road of the valley. They were soon reinforced, however, and speedily avenged their loss. The French advanced about ten o'clock, and turned the flank of the enemy.

"The second division, in the centre of the line, were hardly pressed. The 41st regiment, in particular, were exposed to a terrible fire, and the 95th were in the middle of such disorganising volleys that they only mustered sixty-four men when paraded at two o'clock. In fact, the whole of the division numbered only 300 men when assembled by Major Eman in rear of their camp after the fight was over. The regiments did not take their colours into the battle, but the officers nevertheless were picked off wherever they went, and it did not require the colour-staff to indicate their presence. Our ambulances were soon filled, and ere nine o'clock they were busily engaged in carrying loads of men, all covered with blood, and groaning, to the rear of the line.

"About half-past nine o'clock, Lord Raglan and his staff were assembled on a knoll, in the vain hope of getting a glimpse of the battle which was raging below them. Here General Strangways was mortally wounded, and I am told that he met his death in the following way:—A shell came right in among the staff—it exploded in Captain Somerset's horse, ripping him open; a portion of the shell tore off the leather overalls of Captain Somerset's trowsers; it then struck down Captain Gordon's horse, and killed him at once; and then blew away General Strangways' leg, so that it hung by a shred of flesh and a bit of cloth from the skin. The poor old general never moved a muscle of his face. He said merely, in a gentle voice, 'Will any one be kind enough to lift me off my horse?' He was taken down and laid on the ground, while his life-blood ebbed fast, and at last he was carried to the rear. But the gallant old man had not sufficient strength to undergo an operation, and in two hours he had sunk to rest, leaving behind him a memory which will ever be held dear by every officer and man of the army.

"The fight about the battery to which I have alluded in a former part of my letter was most sanguinary. It was found that there was no *banquette* to stand upon, and that the men inside could not fire upon the enemy. The Russians advanced mass after mass of infantry. As fast as one column

was broken and repulsed, another took its place. For three long hours about 8,500 British infantry contended against at least four times their number. No wonder that, at times, they were compelled to retire. But they came to the charge again. The admirable devotion of the officers, who knew they were special objects of attack, can never be too highly praised. Nor can the courage and steadiness of the few men who were left to follow them in this sanguinary assault on the enemy be sufficiently admired. At one time the Russians succeeded in getting up close to the guns of Captain Wodehouse's and of Captain Turner's batteries in the gloom of the morning. Uncertain whether they were friends or foes, our artillerymen hesitated to fire. The Russians charged them suddenly, bore all resistance down before them, drove away or bayoneted the gunners, and succeeded in spiking some of the guns. Their columns gained the hill, and for a few moments the fate of the day trembled in the balance; but Adams's brigade, Penncfather's brigade, and the light division, made another desperate charge, while Dickson's guns swept their columns, and the guards, with undiminished valour and steadiness, though with a sadly decreased front, pushed on again to meet their bitter enemies. The rolling of musketry, the crash of steel, the pounding of the guns were deafening, and the Russians, as they charged up the heights, yelled like demons. They advanced, halted, advanced again, received and returned a close and deadly fire; but the Minié is the king of weapons—Inkermann proved it. The regiments of the fourth division and the marines, armed with the old and much-belauded brown Bess, could do nothing, with their thin line of fire, against the massive multitudes of the Muscovite infantry; but the volleys of the Minié cleft them like the hand of the destroying angel, and they fell like leaves in autumn before them. About ten o'clock, a body of French infantry appeared on our right—a joyful sight to our struggling regiments. The Zouaves came on at the *pas de charge*. The French artillery had already begun to play with deadly effect on the right wing of the Russians. Three battalions of the *chasseurs d'Orleans* (I believe they had No. 6 on their buttons) rushed by, the light of battle on their faces. They were accompanied by a battalion of *chasseurs indigènes*—the Arab sepoy of Algiers. Their trumpets sounded

above the din of battle, and when we watched their eager advance right on the flank of the enemy, we knew the day was won. Assailed in front by our men—broken in several places by the impetuosity of our charge, renewed again and again—attacked by the French infantry on the right, and by artillery all along the line, the Russians began to retire, and at twelve o'clock they were driven pell-mell down the hill towards the valley, where pursuit would have been madness, as the roads were all covered by their artillery. They left mounds of dead behind them. Long ere they fled, the *chasseurs d'Afrique* charged them most brilliantly over the ground, difficult and broken as it was, and inflicted great loss on them, while the effect of this rapid attack, aided by the advance of our troops, secured our guns, which were only spiked with wood, and were soon rendered fit for service. Our own cavalry, the remnant of the light brigade, were moved into a position where it was hoped they might be of service, but they were too few to attempt anything, and while they were drawn up they lost several horses and some men. One officer, Cornet Cleveland, was struck by a piece of shell in the side, and has since expired. There are now only two officers left with the fragment of the 17th lancers—Captain Godfrey Morgan and Cornet George Wombwell. At twelve o'clock the battle of Inkermann seemed to have been won, but the day, which had cleared up for an hour previously so as to enable us to see the enemy and meet him, again became obscured. Rain and fog set in, and as we could not pursue the Russians, who were retiring under the shelter of their artillery, we had formed in front of our lines, and were holding the battle-field so stoutly contested, when the enemy, taking advantage of our quietude, again advanced, while their guns pushed forward and opened a tremendous fire upon us.

“General Canrobert, who never quitted Lord Raglan for much of the early part of the day, at once directed the French to advance and outflank the enemy. In his efforts he was most ably seconded by General Bosquet, whose devotion was noble. Nearly all his mounted escort were down beside and behind him. General Canrobert was slightly wounded. His immediate attendants suffered severely. The renewed assault was so admirably repulsed, that the Russians sullenly retired, still protected by their crushing artillery.

“The Russians, about ten, made a sortie on the French lines, and traversed two parallels before they could be resisted. They were driven back at last with great loss, and as they retired they blew up some mines inside the flagstaff fort, evidently afraid that the French would enter pell-mell after them.

“At one o'clock the Russians were again retiring. At twenty minutes to two Dickson's two guns smashed their artillery, and they limbered up, leaving five tumbrels and one gun-carriage on the field.”

This great battle, which commenced at seven in the morning, was not entirely over until three in the afternoon; the terrible struggle having thus lasted eight hours. The loss of the allies (especially the British) was terrible; but they succeeded in driving back the enormous masses of Russians that were hurled upon them, and in securing a bloody victory. The Russian army was variously estimated at from 45,000 to 60,000 men. Its object was to crush the allies, and, by one terrible and desperate effort, terminate the struggle. To accomplish this the Russian soldiers fought with an obstinate and furious bravery they had never displayed before. But what was the result?—an ever glorious one for England and her brother, France. An army of not more than 8,000 English and 6,000 French (for no greater number could be spared from the conduct of the siege) arrested the progress of the Russian columns, hewed them down by sheer strength of muscle and adamant resolution, and finally swept them reeling back, bleeding, decimated, and dispirited. The battle, however, was one of a negative character; it was rather a gigantic instance of heroism, by which we saved ourselves from impending destruction, than a victory over the enemy. The Russians were repulsed, and repulsed with a terrible loss; but it could scarcely be said they were defeated. Their loss was at first said to be about 9,000 in killed and wounded. Lord Raglan subsequently said that they left near 5,000 dead upon the field, and that their casualties altogether amounted to not less than 15,000. Prince Mentschikoff speaks thus indefinitely upon this subject:—“Our loss in dead is *not exactly known*, but the number of wounded extends to 3,500 men and 109 officers.” The much greater amount of slaughter amongst the Russians than that which took place in the allied army, is partly accounted for by the fact



that our mere handful of men, broken up into skirmishing parties, did not present the same mark to the artillery of the enemy as their massive columns did to ours.

The loss of the English was very severe. Four generals—Catcart, Strangways, Goldie, and Torrens—were killed; and four others—Brown, Bentinck, Buller, and Adams—were wounded. Of the officers, forty-three were killed and 102 wounded, besides thirty-two sergeants killed and 121 wounded. As a whole, the English loss amounted to 462 killed, 1,952 wounded, and 198 missing: making a total of 2,612! That, too, out of a force of only 8,000 men! The French had 1,726 killed or wounded. At the lowest estimate of the Russian army, it was three times as numerous as that of the allies; at the highest, more than four times. Verily, with all its losses, terrible as they were, and notwithstanding its equivocal victory, England and France had more cause to be proud of the battle of Inkermann than of any other exploit achieved by either of these great nations. It was a soldier's battle, in which we were saved by the muscle, nerve, and courage of our men. At the same time, it must be admitted that the English exhibited a want of caution, or they would not have been surprised as they were by so vast a force. The point of attack was known to be the weak part of our position, and there were no supports near. Both our flanks were nearly turned; and the Russians might have succeeded in their intention of annihilating us but for the heroism and resolute hardihood of our officers and men. We owe the victory, such as it was, to strength, not to superior intelligence and foresight. The Russians behaved with great barbarity to the wounded, dispatching with their bayonets all who fell. An English officer, being slightly wounded, was unable to join his men as they retired for a time overwhelmed by numbers. On recovering the ground, they found their officer stabbed all over and stripped. A wounded Russian officer was seen to limp about the field, actually employed in stabbing the fallen with his sword. Being taken prisoner by an orderly of the Duke of Cambridge, his royal highness promised the wretch that he would do his best to have him shot for his inhumanity.

A military man gave the following account of the appearance of the field after the battle:—"On our ridge, where were our batteries, the ground was covered with

dead, principally Russians, their bodies fearfully shattered. They fought desperately, and at one time were nearly outflanking us and carrying the ridge. One Russian, or rather his remains, lay on the parapet of the breastwork; had it not been for his clothes, he would have dropped to pieces. He had literally been blown from the muzzle of a gun while in the act of climbing over the breastwork. I then went to the ridge and knoll where our advanced pickets had been, and which were occupied for a time by the Russian artillery. There there were not so many bodies, for the Russians had doubtless carried them off; but there were gun-carriages smashed (the guns had been carried back by the Russians), and numbers of horses killed and wounded by cannon-balls, many disembowelled, and others horribly mutilated and still alive; some still standing with one leg shattered. I then crossed the road which runs over the field of action, where our right had been. A little in advance is a battery for two guns, which had been erected for the purpose of silencing a Russian battery on the other side of the Inkermann valley. This having been done, the guns had been long since removed. Here the fight had been fiercest, and the sight exceeded all description. For a great distance the ground was absolutely covered with dead—Russians, Zouaves, Frenchmen of the line, English guardsmen and linesmen, lay heaped together. Here was the greatest slaughter, but everywhere where any fighting had been, there was no want of bodies; and I am certain, judging from three visits to the ground, that for every Englishman or Frenchman there were eight or ten Russians. The wounds were frightful; some unfortunate creatures were ripped open with shot or shell; some had their legs blown off; others were headless; and the brains of many had actually dripped out of the immense holes made by the Minié bullets, leaving the skull empty."

On the 7th the sad business of the burial of the dead was commenced. Large pits were dug and the bodies laid in crosswise, head and feet alternately. The English and French were laid together, but the Russians were buried separately. Such was the dislike that the French and English soldiers had to their barbarous foes, that they had a repugnance to placing even a dead Russian in the same cart with the corpses of their own countrymen. So laborious was this dreary work of burial, that the multitudes of dead

horses which lay about on the scene of carnage were not put underground, but merely dragged to a distance from the camp, to prevent them from creating a pestilence amongst the troops.

The despatches in reference to this brilliant battle will possess far more than ordinary interest. They are documents which the historian will preserve and dwell upon with powerful emotions of patriotic ardour. We first give a copy of that addressed by Lord Raglan to the English war minister:—

Before Sebastopol, Nov. 8th.

My Lord Duke,—I have the honour to report to your grace, that the army under my command, powerfully aided by the corps of observation of the French army, under the command of that distinguished officer, General Bosquet, effectually repulsed and defeated a most vigorous and determined attack of the enemy on our position overlooking the ruins of Inkermann, on the morning of the 5th instant.

In my letter to your grace of the 3rd, I informed you that the enemy had considerably increased their force in the valley of the Tchernaya. The following day this augmentation was still further apparent, and large masses of troops had evidently arrived from the northward, and on two several occasions persons of distinguished rank were observed to have joined the Russian camp.

I have subsequently learnt that the fourth *corps d'armée*, conveyed in carriages of the country, and in the lightest possible order, had been brought from Moldavia, and were to be immediately followed by the third corps.

It was therefore to be expected that an extensive movement would not be long deferred.

Accordingly, shortly before daylight on the 5th, strong columns of the enemy came upon the advanced pickets covering the right of the position. These pickets behaved with admirable gallantry, defending the ground, foot by foot, against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, until the second division, under Major-general Pennecfather, with its field guns, which had immediately been got under arms, was placed in position.

The light division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, was also brought to the front without loss of time; the 1st brigade, under Major-general Codrington, occupying the long slopes to the left towards

Sebastopol, and protecting our right battery, and guarding against attack on that side; and the 2nd brigade, under Brigadier-general Buller, forming on the left of the second division, with the 88th regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Jeffreys, thrown in advance.

The brigade of guards, under his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge and Major-general Bentinck, proceeded likewise to the front, and took up most important ground to the extreme right on the alignment of the second division, but separated from it by a deep and precipitous ravine, and posting its guns with those of the second division.

The fourth division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Cathcart, having been brought from their encampment, advanced to the front and right of the attack; the 1st brigade, under Brigadier-general Goldie, proceeded to the left of the Inkermann-road; the 2nd brigade, under Brigadier-general Torrens, to the right of it, and on the ridge overhanging the valley of the Tchernaya.

The third division, under Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England, occupied in part the ground vacated by the fourth division, and supported the light division by two regiments under Brigadier-general Sir John Campbell, while Brigadier-general Eyre held the command of the troops in the trenches.

The morning was extremely dark, with a drizzling rain, rendering it almost impossible to discover anything beyond the flash and smoke of artillery and heavy musketry fire.

It, however, soon became evident that the enemy, under cover of a vast cloud of skirmishers, supported by dense columns of infantry, had advanced numerous batteries of large calibre to the high ground to the left and front of the second division, while powerful columns of infantry attacked with great vigour the brigade of guards.

Additional batteries of heavy artillery were also placed by the enemy on the slopes to our left; the guns in the field amounting in the whole to ninety pieces, independently, however, of the ship guns and those in the works of Sebastopol.

Protected by a tremendous fire of shot, shell, and grape, the Russian columns advanced in great force, requiring every effort of gallantry on the part of our troops to resist them.

At this time two battalions of French infantry, which had on the first notice been sent by General Bosquet, joined our right,



and very materially contributed to the successful resistance to the attack, cheering with our men, and charging the enemy down the hill with great loss.

About the same time a determined assault was made on our extreme left, and for a moment the enemy possessed themselves of four of our guns, three of which were retaken by the 88th, while the fourth was speedily recaptured by the 77th regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Egerton.

In the opposite direction the brigade of guards, under his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge, was engaged in a severe conflict.

The enemy, under the cover of thick brushwood, advanced in two heavy bodies, and assaulted with great determination a small redoubt which had been constructed for two guns, but was not armed. The combat was most arduous, and the brigade, after displaying the utmost steadiness and gallantry, was obliged to retire before very superior numbers, until supported by a wing of the 20th regiment of the fourth division, when they again advanced and retook the redoubt.

This ground was afterwards occupied in gallant style by French troops, and the guards speedily reformed in rear of the right flank of the second division.

In the meanwhile Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, with a few companies of the 68th regiment, considering that he might make a strong impression by descending into the valley, and taking the enemy in flank, moved rapidly forward, but, finding the heights above him in full occupation of the Russians, he suddenly discovered that he was entangled with a superior force, and while attempting to withdraw his men, he received a mortal wound, shortly previously to which Brigadier-general Torrens, when leading the 68th, was likewise severely wounded.

Subsequently to this the battle continued with unabated vigour, and with no positive result, the enemy bringing upon our line not only the fire of all their field batteries, but those in front of the works of the place, and the ship guns, till the afternoon, when the symptoms of giving way first became apparent; and shortly after, although the fire did not cease, the retreat became general, and heavy masses were observed retiring over the bridge of the Inkermann, and ascending the opposite heights, abandoning on the field of battle five or six thousand dead and wounded, multitudes of the latter having already been

carried off by them. I never before witnessed such a spectacle as the field presented; but upon this I will not dwell.

Having submitted to your grace this imperfect description of this most severe battle, I have still two duties to discharge, the one most gratifying, the last most painful to my feelings.

I have the greatest satisfaction in drawing your grace's attention to the brilliant conduct of the allied troops. French and English vied with each other in displaying their gallantry and manifesting their zealous devotion to duty, notwithstanding that they had to contend against an infinitely superior force, and were exposed for many hours to a most galling fire.

It should be borne in mind that they have daily, for several weeks, undergone the most constant labour, and that many of them passed the previous night in the trenches.

I will not attempt to enter into the detail of the movements of the French troops, lest I should not state them correctly; but I am proud of the opportunity of bearing testimony to their valour and energetic services, and of paying a tribute of admiration to the distinguished conduct of their immediate commander, General Bosquet; while it is in the highest degree pleasing to me to place upon record my deep sense of the valuable assistance I received from the commander-in-chief, General Canrobert, who was himself on the ground and in constant communication with me, and whose cordial co-operation, on all occasions, I cannot too highly extol.

Your grace will recollect that he was wounded at the Alma. He was again wounded on the 5th, but I should hope that he will not long feel the effects of it.

I will, in a subsequent despatch,\* lay before your grace the names of the officers whose services have been brought to my notice. I will not detain the mail for that purpose now; but I cannot delay to report the admirable behaviour of Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, who was unfortunately shot through the arm, but is doing well; of Lieutenant-general his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge, who particularly distinguished himself; and of Major-general

\* This subsequent despatch is dated November 11th; and however gratifying its contents must be to those officers who are honourably mentioned in it, it is, as may be imagined, altogether destitute of interest to the non-military reader.

Pennefather, in command of the second division, which received the first attack, and gallantly maintained itself, under the greatest difficulties, throughout this protracted conflict; of Major-general Bentinck, who is severely wounded; Major-general Codrington, Brigadier-general Adams, and Brigadier-general Torrens, who are severely wounded; and Brigadier-general Buller, who is also wounded, but not so seriously.

I must likewise express my obligations to Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England, for the excellent disposition he made of his division, and the assistance he rendered to the left of the light division, where Brigadier-general Sir John Campbell was judiciously placed, and effectively supported Major-general Codrington; and I have great pleasure in stating that Brigadier-general Eyre was employed in the important duty of guarding the trenches from any assault from the town.

Lieutenant-general Sir De Lacy Evans, who had been obliged, by severe indisposition, to go on board ship a few days previously, left his bed as soon as he received intelligence of the attack, and was promptly at his post; and, though he did not feel well enough to take the command of the division out of the hands of Major-general Pennefather, he did not fail to give him his best advice and assistance.

It is deeply distressing to me to have to submit to your grace the list of the killed, wounded, and missing on this memorable occasion. It is indeed heavy, and very many valuable officers and men have been lost to her majesty's service.

Among the killed your grace will find the names of Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir G. Cathcart, Brigadier-general Strangways, and Brigadier-general Goldie.

Of the services of the first it is almost unnecessary to speak. They are known throughout the British empire, and have, within a short space of time, been brought conspicuously before the country by his achievements at the Cape of Good Hope, whence he had only just returned when he was ordered to this army.

By his death her majesty has been deprived of a most devoted servant, an officer of the highest merit, while I personally have to deplore the loss of an attached and faithful friend.

Brigadier-general Strangways was known to have distinguished himself in early life, and in mature age, throughout a long

service, he maintained the same character.

The mode in which he had conducted the command of the artillery, since it was placed in his hands by the departure through illness of Major-general Cator, is entitled to my entire approbation, and was equally agreeable to those who were confided to his care.

Brigadier-general Goldie was an officer of considerable promise, and gave great satisfaction to all under whom he has served.

It is difficult to arrive at any positive conclusion as to the actual numbers brought into the field by the enemy. The configuration of the ground did not admit of any great development of their force, the attack consisting of a system of repeated assaults in heavy masses of columns; but, judging from the numbers that were seen in the plains after they had withdrawn in retreat, I am led to suppose that they could not have been less than 60,000 men. Their loss was excessive, and it is calculated that they left on the field near 5,000 dead, and that their casualties amount in the whole, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, to not less than 15,000.

Your grace will be surprised to learn that the number of British troops actually engaged little exceeded 8,000 men, whilst those of General Bosquet's division only amounted to 6,000, the remaining available French troops on the spot having been kept in reserve.

I ought to mention, that while the enemy was attacking our right, they assailed the left of the French trenches, and actually got into two of their batteries; but they were quickly driven out in the most gallant manner with considerable loss, and hotly pursued to the very walls of Sebastopol.

I have, &c.,  
His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c. RAGLAN.

The despatch of General Canrobert, addressed to the French minister of war, was as follows:—

Head-quarters before Sebastopol, Nov. 7th.

Monsieur le Maréchal,—I have the honour to confirm my telegraphic despatch of the 6th of November, couched in these terms:—

"The Russian army, increased by reinforcements from the Danube, and the reserves in the southern provinces, and animated by the presence of the grand-dukes Michael and Nicholas, yesterday attacked the right of the English position before the place.



"The English army sustained the combat with the most remarkable solidity. I caused it to be supported by a portion of the Bosquet division, which fought with admirable vigour, and by the troops which were the most easily available. The enemy, more numerous than we were, beat a retreat with enormous losses, estimated at from eight to nine thousand men.

"This obstinate struggle lasted the whole of the day. On my left General Forey had, at the same time, to repulse a sortie of the garrison. The troops, energetically led on by him, drove the enemy from the place, with the loss of 1,000 men.

"This brilliant day, which was not finished without loss to the allies, does the greatest honour to our arms."

The action, of which the above telegraphic despatch forms the summary, was most animated and warmly contested.

At the first gunshot the deserters who came to us revealed the real situation of the Russian army in regard to numbers, and enabled us to calculate the reinforcements it had successively received since the battle of the Alma. They are—1st contingent, from the coast of Asia, Kerteh and Kaffa; 2nd, six battalions and detachments of marines from Nicolaieff; 3rd, four battalions of Cossacks from the Black Sea; 4th, a great portion of the army of the Danube; and the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth divisions of infantry forming the fourth corps, commanded by General Dannenberg. These three divisions were transported by express, with their artillery, from Odessa to Simpheropol, in a few days.

Afterwards arrived the grand-dukes Michael and Nicholas, whose presence could not fail to produce great excitement among this army, which forms, with the garrison of Sebastopol, a total of at least 100,000 men.

It was under these circumstances that 45,000 men of this army attacked by surprise the heights of Inkermann, which the English army could not occupy with a sufficient force. Only 6,000 English took part in the action, the rest being engaged in the siege works. They valiantly sustained the attack until the moment when General Bosquet, arriving with a portion of his division, was able to render such assistance as to insure their success. One does not know which to praise the most—the energetic solidity with which our allies, for a long time, faced the storm, or the intelligent vigour which General Bosquet (who led a

portion of the brigades Bourbaki and Antemarne) displayed in attacking the enemy, who rushed upon their right.

The 3rd regiment of Zouaves, under the chiefs of battalion, Montandon and Dubos, supported, in the most striking manner, the ancient reputation of that force. The Algerian riflemen (Colonel de Wimpfen), a battalion of the 7th light (Commander Vaissier), and the 6th of the line (Colonel de Camos), rivalled each other in ardour. Three charges were made with the bayonet, and it was only after the third charge that the enemy surrendered the ground, which was covered with his dead and wounded. The Russian field artillery and artillery of position was much superior in number, and occupied a commanding position. Two horse batteries, commanded by M. de la Boussinière, and a battery of the second division of infantry, commanded by M. Barval (the whole under the orders of Colonel Forgeot), sustained the struggle during the whole day, in conjunction with the English artillery.

The enemy decided upon beating a retreat, leaving more than 3,000 dead, a great number of wounded, a few hundred prisoners, and also several caissons of artillery, in the possession of the allies. His losses, altogether, cannot be estimated at less than from eight to ten thousand men. While these events were being accomplished on the right, about 5,000 men made a vigorous sortie against our attacks to the left, favoured by a thick fog and by ravines which facilitated their approach. The troops on duty in the trench, under the orders of General de la Motterouge, marched upon the enemy, who had already invaded two of our batteries, and repulsed him, killing more than 200 men within the batteries. The general of division, Forey, commanding the siege corps, by rapid and skilful arrangements, arrived with the troops of the fourth division to support the guards of the trenches, and marched himself at the head of the 5th battalion of foot chasseurs. The Russians, beaten down upon the whole of their line, were retreating precipitately upon the place with considerable losses, when General de Lourmel, seeing them fly before him, and urged by a chivalric courage, dashed in pursuit of them up to the walls of the place, where he fell severely wounded. General Forey had much difficulty in withdrawing him from the advanced position to which his brigade had been hurried by excess of bravery. The Aurelle brigade,

which had taken up an excellent position to the left, protected this retreat, which was effected under the fire of the place with considerable loss. Colonel Niel, of the 26th of the line, who lost his two chiefs of battalion, took the command of the brigade, whose conduct was admirably energetic. The enemy, in this sortie, lost 1,000 men in killed, wounded, or prisoners, and he received a very considerable moral and material check.

The battle of Inkermann, and the combat sustained by the siege corps were glorious for our arms, and have increased the moral power which the allied armies have attained; but we have suffered losses to be deplored. They amount, for the English army, to 2,400 men killed or wounded, among whom are seven generals, three of whom were killed; and, for the French army, to 1,726 killed or wounded. We bitterly lament the loss of General de Lourmel, who died from his wound, and whose brilliant military qualities and conduct in private life seemed to promise future renown. I also have the regret to announce to you the death of Colonel de Camos, of the 6th of the line, killed at the head of his troops at the moment when it engaged with the enemy.

The vigour of the allied troops, subjected to the double trials of a siege, the difficulties of which are without a precedent, and to actions of war which recall the greatest struggles of our military history, cannot be too highly eulogised.

I enclose my order of the day to the army for the battle of the 5th.

Accept, &c.,

CANROBERT, the General-in-chief.

General Canrobert also issued the following general order to the French army:—

Soldiers! you have had another glorious day.

A great portion of the Russian army, favoured by the night and the fog, was able to establish itself, with powerful artillery, upon the heights which form the extreme right of our position. Two English divisions sustained an unequal fight with the invincible solidity which we know to be the characteristic of our allies; while a part of the Bosquet division, conducted by its worthy chief, came up to their support, and rushed upon the enemy with a boldness and intelligence to which I here render forcible homage. Definitively driven back in the valley of the Tchernaya, the enemy left upon the

ground more than 4,000 of his men killed or wounded, and carried away at least as many during the battle.

While these events were in course of accomplishment, the garrison of Sebastopol made a sortie upon the left of our attacks, which afforded to the troops of the siege corps, and particularly to the fourth division, led most vigorously by General Forey, the opportunity of giving the enemy a severe lesson. The troops employed in repelling this sortie gave proof of an energy which much increases the reputation they had already earned by the patience with which they supported the onerous and glorious labours of the siege. I shall have to mention regiments and soldiers of all kinds and of all ranks who prominently distinguished themselves during this day. I shall make them known to France, to the emperor, and to the army. But I was anxious, at the first moment, to thank you in their name, and to tell you that you have just added a voluminous page to the history of this difficult campaign.

CANROBERT, the General-in-chief.

Head-quarters, before Sebastopol,

Nov. 5th, 1854.

The Russian account of this battle, addressed by Prince Mentschikoff to the Emperor Nicholas, and dated November 6th, runs as follows. It will be seen that a defeat is acknowledged by the Russian general:—

Yesterday, at Sebastopol, from the direction of bastion No. 1, there was a sortie, in which the following troops took part. Of the tenth division of infantry, the regiments of Catherinenborg, Tomsk, and Kolyvan; of the eleventh division of infantry, the regiments of Selinghinsk, Yakoutsck, and Okhotsek; of the sixteenth division of infantry, the regiments Vladimir, Souzda, and Ouglitch; and of the seventeenth division of infantry, the regiments of Boutyrsk, Borodino, and Tarantino. There was as much artillery as could be taken, considering the difficulty of passing the gates. A portion of the troops passed by the Inkermann bridge. The command of the troops was intrusted to the general of infantry Danneberg, commander of the fourth corps of infantry.

Our first attack upon the heights was very successful. The English fortifications were carried, and eleven of their guns spiked. Unfortunately, in this first movement, the commanders of the troops of the



tenth division, who attacked the intrenchments and the redoubts, were wounded. During this period the French forces arrived to the assistance of the English. The siege artillery of the latter was placed in position on the field of battle, and it was not possible for our field artillery to contend against such an advantage. The superiority in number of the enemy's men armed with carbines occasioned a great loss of horses and men belonging to the artillery, and of officers of infantry. This circumstance did not allow of our finishing, without sacrificing the troops, the redoubts which we had begun to raise during the fight upon the points which the position of the enemy commanded even up to the town of Sebastopol.

The retreat was effected in good order upon Sebastopol and by the bridge of Inkermann, and the dismounted guns were brought back from the field of battle to the place.

The grand-dukes Nicholas Nicholaievitch and Michael Nicholaievitch were in the midst of the terrible fire which prevailed, and set an example of coolness and courage in the fight.

Simultaneously with this sortie the Minsk regiment of infantry, with a light artillery battery, under the command of Major-general of artillery Timofieff, executed another against the French batteries, and spiked fifteen of their guns.

Our loss in dead is not yet exactly known, but the number of wounded extends to 3,500 men and 109 officers. Among the latter are Lieutenant-general Soimonoff, who received a ball through the body and soon died from the wound; major-generals Villebois and Ochterlohne; colonels Alexandroff, commander of the infantry regiment of Catharinenborg, Poustovoitoff, ditto of the infantry regiment of Tomsk, Bibikoff, ditto, commander of the chasseurs of Okhotsck, Baron Delwig, ditto of the infantry of Vladimir, and Vereuvkine-Scheluta, ditto, commander of the chasseurs of Borodino. Major-general Kischinsky, chief of the artillery, received a contusion from the bursting of a shell; Major-general Prince Mentschikoff, belonging to the suite of your imperial majesty, a contusion in the neck; Colonel Albedinsky, aide-de-camp of your imperial majesty, and Captain Greigh, of the cavalry, my aide-de-camp, a contusion in the head.

General Dannenberg had two horses killed under him, and all the persons by whom he was surrounded were wounded.

The loss of the enemy cannot have been less considerable, and the sortie of General Timofieff cost the French dear; for, while he was pursuing them with formidable masses, they fell under a violent fire of grapeshot from bastion No. 6.

While these movements were being executed, the troops under command of Prince Gortschakoff made a strong demonstration against Kadikoi, and thus kept in inactivity the enemy's detachment at Balaklava.

The news of the battle of Inkermann was received in England with mingled emotions of sorrow and of pride; sorrow for the frightful loss we had sustained, and pride for the heroism of our troops. That event had made a great alteration in our position; we could scarcely be called besiegers, for we also were ourselves besieged. It became a question rather of defence than of aggression. It was evident that we had underrated the strength, resources, and power of dogged resistance of the enemy; and the attention of the allies was rather occupied in considering how they should secure themselves against the enormous armies of the foe, than in prosecuting the siege of Sebastopol. Indeed, for a time, the latter was at a standstill; and neither the allies or the Russians were in a condition to continue the struggle with activity. The cry from the seat of war was, "Help us, or we are overwhelmed!" and both England and France responded to the demand for more men.

After the battle of the Alma, her majesty sent to the British troops information of her approval of their heroic conduct. She was pleased again to do so—and that in warm and earnest language—after the great struggle in the valley of the Inkermann. The following despatch, to which we particularly direct the attention of the reader, was addressed by the English minister of war to Lord Raglan:—

War Department, Nov. 27th, 1854.

My Lord,—I received on the 22nd instant your lordship's despatch of the 8th of this month, communicating the intelligence of the glorious battle of the 5th, in which a determined attack by vastly superior numbers of the enemy was completely repulsed by the unfaltering steadiness and gallantry of the allied armies.

I immediately laid before the queen the details of this important victory, and it is now my grateful duty to express to your lordship her majesty's high appreciation of

the noble exertions of her troops in a conflict which is unsurpassed in the annals of war for persevering valour and chivalrous devotion. The strength and fury of the attacks, repeatedly renewed by fresh columns with a desperation which appeared to be irresistible, were spent in vain against the unbroken lines and the matchless intrepidity of the men they had to encounter. Such attacks could only be repulsed by that cool courage, under circumstances the most adverse, and that confidence of victory which have ever animated the British army.

The banks of the Alma proved that no advantages of position can withstand the impetuous assault of the army under your command. The heights of Inkermann have now shown that the dense columns of an entire army are unable to force the ranks of

\* This language is not a mere rhetorical flourish. On the contrary, it is only a faint representation of the hearty cordiality which existed between the French and English soldiers, and extended to the French and English nations. Of this the following interesting letter from a resident in Paris affords conclusive evidence:—

“To the Editor of the Times.

“Sir,—There are few subjects of greater interest to Englishmen, and none of more importance, than the present state of feeling in France as regards the alliance, and the prospects of its duration. As I have opportunities of meeting many classes of Frenchmen, and ascertaining their views, I will, with your permission, send you a few straws to show how the wind blows. Parties in France may be divided into Buonapartist, Republican, Orleanist, and Legitimist. In the ranks of the first two are to be found the great mass of the people, the army, the shopkeepers, and most of the *bourgeoisie*; with them the alliance and the war are universally popular. The republicans have, since the declaration of war, had the manliness to forget their grievances, and to ally themselves heart and soul with the emperor in defence of the cause protected by their common country and defended by the French and English army. No men more readily express their admiration of the noble conduct of both armies at the Alma and at Inkermann, none are more enthusiastic in praising the heroism of our cavalry at Balaklava; and if their ‘wishing could do any good,’ Sebastopol would have been in our possession ere now. The hearty cheers with which the blouses greet the red coats when they appear on the stage at the mimic ‘*bataille d’Alma*’ are most refreshing to an Englishman. I was purchasing a cigar a day or two since in a shop on the Boulevards, when a cabman came in to buy tobacco. ‘Is it true,’ said he, addressing a Frenchman, ‘that 8,000 Englishmen kept the field against 45,000 Russians until Bosquet came up, and that in company with our soldiers they charged the enemy and killed 9,000?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Then, although I have always hated the English, and thought them false and perfidious, if an Englishman were now to fall into the Seine, I would jump after and try to save him, though I can’t swim a stroke. Here are heroes: why the old guard could never have done

less than one-fourth their numbers in the hand-to-hand encounters with the bayonet which characterised this bloody day.

Her majesty has observed with the liveliest feelings of gratification the manner in which the troops of her ally the Emperor of the French came to the aid of the divisions of the British army engaged in this numerically unequal contest. The queen is deeply sensible of the cordial co-operation of the French commander-in-chief, General Canrobert, and the gallant conduct of that distinguished officer, General Bosquet; and her majesty recognises, in the cheers with which the men of both nations encouraged each other in their united charge, proofs of the esteem and admiration mutually engendered by the campaign and the deeds of heroism it has produced.\*

more; and to think they are Englishmen, whom I have been hating all my life! But it is never too late to learn.’ Several English officers, wounded at the Alma, lately passed through Paris, and ventured in undress uniform (their only clothes) into the Tuileries gardens. With shattered bodies and tarnished embroidery they looked as became men who had been fighting for their country. The people pressed round them in all directions, and gave most hearty signs of their sympathy, desiring to shake them by their undamaged hand, for most of them had one arm in a sling. ‘*Voilà des Anglais, des blessés de l’Alma*,’ was heard in all directions, mingled with words of good-fellowship from the men, and of pity from the softer sex. One old man, more practical than the rest, judging from the condition of their uniforms and their honourable scars that they must want money, offered to supply them with anything they required, and was quite grieved that they had no occasion to avail themselves of his generosity. The *Charivari* contains a picture of a highlander standing sentinel at his post with a precipice and the sea immediately at his back. A French soldier and a Tartar peasant regard him from below. ‘What folly,’ says the Tartar, ‘to place a sentry in such a position.’ ‘There’s no danger,’ replies the chasseur, ‘*ces soldats là ne reculent jamais*.’ And this is in the *Charivari*, written by some of the most consistent republicans in France, and so long bitter against England and all connected with her! Indeed, nothing can exceed the generous spirit that pervades the mass of Frenchmen, both civilians and military, since the details of the battle of Inkermann have been published. The gallant stand made by ‘that astonishing infantry’ has received a full meed of justice at their hands, and over and over again I have been met with the remark, ‘How proud you should be to be their countryman,’ to which I have replied, ‘Yes, as you to be the countryman of those who so nobly flew to their assistance.’ The *Journal des Débats* and *Siècle*, *Constitutionnel* and *Patrie*, *Presse* and *Charivari*, vie in admiration of their conduct. The *Assemblée Nationale* is silent, and the *Union*, the organ of the Fusionist party, speaks of the battle of Inkermann as though no Englishman were present thereat. ‘How cowardly in the Russians,’ say many; ‘they always attack the English



The queen desires that your lordship will receive her thanks for your conduct throughout this noble and successful struggle, and that you will take measures for making known her no less warm approval of the services of all the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers, who have so gloriously won by their blood, freely shed, fresh honours for the army of a country which sympathises as deeply with their privations and exertions as it glories in their victories and exults in their fame; LET NOT ANY PRIVATE SOLDIER IN THOSE RANKS BELIEVE THAT HIS CONDUCT IS UNHEEDED; THE QUEEN THANKS HIM, HIS COUNTRY HONOURS HIM.

Her majesty will anxiously expect the further despatch in which your lordship proposes to name those officers whose services have been especially worthy notice. In the meantime, I am commanded by her majesty to signify her approbation of the admirable behaviour of Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, and her regret that he has been wounded in the action. Her majesty has

force, knowing it is the weakest. However, we should not regret it, as it has shown us of what stuff your army is composed, and how implicitly we can rely upon it.' A veil seems to have passed from their eyes, and the jaundiced hue with which they regarded England and her institutions has been changed to *couleur de rose*. To this feeling, which is all but universal, there are two exceptions,—one in a section of our old friends the Orleanists, the other in a large portion of the Legitimist party. Fortunately, their power is in proportion to their number; but we may now see to demonstration that the Orleanist party sought the English alliance as a means of strengthening a dynasty, and not as a benefit to France. This section of the old *Assemblée Nationale* faction is quite ready to sacrifice country to party, as each person composing it would probably be prepared to betray party for self. They have no sympathy with the successes of the allies, and, though they dare not openly express their hopes, nothing would grieve them more than the fall of Sebastopol. Knowing that success in the Crimea will materially increase the emperor's popularity, while a reverse would damage his government, they forget their position as Frenchmen in their hatred as partisans. They desire no addition to the well-earned laurels of the French army if one wreath be thereby placed on the brow of Louis Napoleon. They dislike the alliance because it has given power to France governed by the emperor, and because Englishmen have sunk all cause of contention in admiration of the loyalty and good faith which have characterised all his dealings with them. They say that it was to England they looked with hope, and now that she has formed an alliance with the emperor, that last hope is broken. There is no place in Europe where their voice can be heard or their sighs uttered, and they are no longer Frenchmen, but Pariahs. They will not believe that Englishmen can be sincere in their alliance with the present ruler of France. I have assured them they were mistaken; that as English-

received with feelings of no ordinary pleasure your lordship's report of the manner in which Lieutenant-general his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge distinguished himself. That one of the illustrious members of her royal house should be associated with the toils and glories of such an army is to the queen a source of great pride and congratulation.

To Major Bentinck, Major-general Codrington,\* brigadier-generals Adams, Torrens, and Buller, your lordship will be pleased to convey the queen's sympathy in their wounds, and thanks for their services.

To the other officers named by your lordship I am directed to express her majesty's approbation. The gallant conduct of Lieutenant-general Sir De Lacy Evans has attracted the queen's especial thanks. Weak from a bed of sickness, he rose at the sound of the battle—not to claim his share in prominent command, but to aid with his veteran counsel and assistance the junior officer upon whom, in his absence, had devolved the duty of leading his division.

men we have to thank the emperor for cementing the only true alliance ever formed between the two countries; that we have forgotten all old grievances, and are determined to do all in our power to promote a long continuance of the good feeling which now prevails between the two governments. Frenchmen as a body have no sympathy with their unworthy feeling, which is exceptional, and confined to sections of the Orleanist and Legitimist parties, and the admirers of Russia are only to be met with among those men of letters who have been so remarkably set aside by the man of action. Meanwhile the head of the government pursues the even tenour of his way, and palace, bridge, street, and square spring up and are finished as if by magic. The works of the crystal palace are being pursued with great vigour, and all preparation is being made for the opening in May. The original building being found too small for the treasures it is likely to contain, a gallery has been built along the Seine from the Pont de la Concorde towards the Pont de Jena. This gallery is about three-quarters of a mile long, and, as the sides will be of glass for upwards of ten feet in height, it will make a delightful promenade, with a beautiful view of the river and the hall of the *corps législatif*, the foreign office, &c. Nothing can exceed the busy preparations made in the army of Paris in anticipation of a winter campaign. Every alternate day some thousands of troops—horse, foot, and artillery—meet in the Champ de Mars, force the passage of the Seine by the bridge of Jena, which is defended by a strong *tête du pont*, and storm the opposite heights; or they march in heavy order to the plain of St. Maur, near Vincennes, manœuvre for some hours, and return in the evening. They seem hearty and well, are most anxious for work, and very civil to Englishmen.

"Yours, &c.,

"AN ANGLO-PARISIAN."

\* Major-general Codrington was erroneously stated to have been wounded.

Proud of the victory won by her brave army—grateful to those who wear the laurels of this great conflict—the queen is painfully affected by the heavy loss which has been incurred, and deeply sensible of what is owing to the dead. Those illustrious men cannot indeed receive the thanks of their sovereigns, which have so often cheered the soldier in his severest trials; but their blood has not been shed in vain. Laid low in their grave of victory, their names will be cherished for ever by a grateful country, and posterity will look upon the list of officers who have fallen as a proof of the ardent courage and zeal with which they pointed out the path of honour to no less willing followers.

The loss of Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir George Cathcart is to the queen and to her people a cause of sorrow which even dims the triumph of this great occasion. His loyalty, his patriotism, and self-devotion were not less conspicuous than his high military reputation. One of a family of warriors, he was an honour to them and an ornament to his profession. Arrived in his native land from a colony to which he had succeeded in restoring peace and contentment, he obeyed, at a moment's notice, the call of duty, and hastened to join that army in which the queen and the country fondly hoped he would have lived to win increased renown.

The death of Brigadier-general Strangways and Brigadier-general Goldie has added to the sorrow which mingled in the rejoicing of this memorable battle.

The queen sympathises in the loss sustained by the families of her officers and soldiers, but her majesty bids them reflect with her, and derive consolation from the thought, that they fell in the sacred cause of justice and in the ranks of a noble army.

I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's obedient humble servant,

NEWCASTLE.

Field-marshal Lord Raglan, G.C.B., &c.

My Lord,—I have received the queen's commands to signify to your lordship her majesty's gracious intention to confer a medal upon all the officers and soldiers of the army who have been engaged in the arduous and brilliant campaign of the Crimea.

This medal will bear on it the word "Crimea," with an appropriate device, a design for which has been ordered to be prepared.

It is also her majesty's desire that clasps, with the names of "Alma" and "Inkermann"

inscribed upon them, shall be accorded to those who have been in either, or both, of those hard-fought battles, and that the same names shall in future be borne on the colours of all the regiments which were engaged on those bloody and glorious days.

Your lordship will be pleased to convey to the army this royal command, an additional proof of her majesty's appreciation of its noble services and her sympathy with its valour and renown.

I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's obedient humble servant,

NEWCASTLE.

Field-marshal the Lord Raglan, G.C.B., &c.

The Emperor of the French also addressed the following congratulatory address to General Canrobert, expressive of his admiration of the conduct of his soldiers in the East:—

Palace of St. Cloud, Nov. 24th.

General,—Your report respecting the victory of Inkermann has excited deep emotion in my mind. Express, in my name, to the army my entire satisfaction with the courage it has displayed, with its energy in supporting fatigues and privations, and its warm cordiality towards our allies. Thank the generals, the officers, and the soldiers for their valiant conduct. Tell them that I warmly sympathise with their misfortunes and the cruel losses they have experienced, and that my constant solicitude shall be directed to the task of softening the bitterness of them. After the brilliant victory of the Alma, I had hoped for a moment that the routed army of the enemy would not so easily have repaired its losses, and that Sebastopol would soon have fallen under our attacks; but the obstinate defence of that town and the reinforcements received by the Russian army have for the moment arrested the course of our success. I approve of the resistance you made to the impatience of the troops who wished to make the assault under circumstances which would have entailed too considerable losses.

The English and French governments direct their serious attention to their army in the East. Already steam-boats are traversing the seas with considerable reinforcements. This increase of assistance will double your forces, and enable you to assume the offensive. A powerful diversion is about to take place in Bessarabia, and I receive the assurance that from day to day in foreign countries public opinion becomes more and



more favourable to us. If Europe should have seen without alarm our eagles, so long banished, displayed with so much *éclat*, it is because it knows that we are only fighting for its independence. If France has resumed the position to which she is entitled, and if victory has again attended upon our flags, it is—I declare it with pride—to the patriotism and to the indomitable bravery of the army that I owe it.

I send General de Montebello, one of my aides-de-camp, to convey to the army the rewards which it has so well merited.

In the meantime, general, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

NAPOLEON.

Together with news of the battle of Inkermann came information of another event, in which the allies had suffered more and gained less than was to be expected. This was the partial repulse of a French and English squadron from the Russian settlement of Petropaulovsky, on the peninsula of Kamtschatka.

Petropaulovsky (settlement of St. Peter and St. Paul) may be called the extreme north of Asiatic Russia. It is a station for whalers, and for the Russian fur trade on the confines of Asia and America. Its remoteness from Europe, and its natural obscurity would have protected it sufficiently from the cannon of the allied fleets, but that it had attracted notice as a place of refuge for the Russian squadron in the Pacific. It was known that at the commencement of hostilities, the Russians had three or four ships of war in the Eastern seas, which, if not closely watched, might do considerable injury to our commerce in the Chinese and Australian trade. On this account the British squadron in the Pacific was reinforced by the *Pique*, and Admiral David Price took the command on that station. It was known that two of the Russian ships, the *Aurora* and the *Dwina*, were vessels of war well found and manned, and it was the duty of the French and English ships to co-operate in pursuit of them; capture them, if possible; but if not, render them unfit for service for some time.

On the 17th of May the English force, consisting of the *President*, a fine 50-gun frigate (the admiral's flag-ship), the *Amphitrite*, of 25 guns, and the *Virago*, of 6 guns, left Callao for the Marquesas, in company with a French squadron. The latter consisted of *La Forte*, 60 guns; *Eurydice*, 30;

*Artemise*, 30; and *Obligado*, 18. The English ships were joined by the *Pique* on the 22nd of July, that vessel having come almost direct from Rio Janeiro to meet the squadron. The latter had previously left the Marquesas for Honolulu. To this place about 300 whalers come every year to refit, and its central position in the ocean makes it a valuable station. During the last thirty years a well-built town, containing about 15,000 inhabitants, has sprung up in it. Two or three newspapers are published weekly; a fortnightly communication with San Francisco has been established; and everything bears the air of advancing civilisation.

The allied fleet left Honolulu on the 25th of July; on the 30th the *Amphitrite* and *Artemise* were detached for San Francisco; and on the 28th of August, the rest of the vessels arrived within sight of the mountains about Petropaulovsky. A *reconnaissance* of the bay was made by the *Virago*; and on the 29th the fleet sailed up with colours flying, and cast anchor. No sooner was this done than four Russian batteries opened upon the allied vessels. They were the battery on Schakoff Point, on the left of the entrance to the harbour; a battery on the point to the right; an uncovered battery of twelve guns on a tongue of land jutting out into the port near the entrance; and a battery on the peninsula, which protects the city on the west. Behind this battery could be seen the masts of four vessels lying in the bay; one of them was a merchantman, but the others were men-of-war, including (it was afterwards discovered) the *Aurora* and the *Dwina*.

It was evening when the allies were so unexpectedly saluted; but the *Virago* advanced towards the peninsula, and opened a fire upon the Russian batteries. Nothing of importance was done that night, but the next morning decks were cleared for action. The bombardment had just commenced, under the direction of Admiral Price, when a little after one o'clock he went into his cabin and shot himself through the heart! The startling intelligence was instantly communicated to the French admiral, who, with his aide-de-camp and surgeon, went on board the *President*. It was too late; the English commander was dead; the drums therefore beat a retreat, and the preparations for the battle were suspended. The unfortunate admiral was always regarded as a brave man: he had seen much service from 1801 to

1815, and had, during that period, ably discharged the debt of duty which he owed his country. We agree, therefore, with the charitable decision which has been passed upon his conduct—that his mind had given way under a too serious feeling of responsibility, and that the lamentable and unforeseen incident which ended his career at so critical a moment, must be regarded as the result of some human infirmity or sudden visitation beyond all human control.

In consequence of the death of Admiral Price, Captain Sir F. Nicholson, of the *Pique*, became senior officer of the British moiety of the squadron. The engagement was not long delayed, but recommenced on the next morning, the 31st of August. The fire was kept up vigorously both from the ships and from the land. The *Virago* landed a body of troops near the battery on the right, who advanced resolutely upon it, and in spite of a steady fire from the *Aurora*, succeeded in destroying the gun-carriages and spiking the guns. The *Aurora*, however, having landed 200 men to retake the battery, the party from the *Virago* retired and re-embarked in good order. In the course of the day the Russian guns were silenced, but the enemy repaired their works during the night.

The following day the body of Admiral Price was taken by the *Virago* to the bay of Tarinski, where it was interred. While there the vessel picked up three American sailors, who had deserted from whalers, and who communicated what was supposed to be important topographical information respecting Petropaulovsky. When the *Virago* rejoined the fleet, a council of war was held on board the *Forte*, and it was decided to make another attack the next day, the 4th of September. Accordingly, a body of 700 seamen of both nations, including 176 picked carabiniers, headed by Captain Burridge and Captain de la Grandiere, were landed from the *Virago* early in the morning, on the low part of the peninsula. This was accomplished in safety about eight o'clock, notwithstanding a fire from the battery, which was, however, replied to from the ships.

The spot for landing was selected under the directions of one of the American sailors, who represented the environs of the town as quite easy of access. Either from accident, or through treachery, he led the allies into a thick bush of underwood and brambles, which not only placed great difficulties in the way of their progress, but also afforded the Russian sharpshooters, who lay

concealed in the bushes, a secure and almost impenetrable shelter, from which they shot dead every man of whom they caught a glance. The sailors fought like madmen, but their efforts were of little avail against a hidden and a sheltered foe. Captain C. A. Parker fell dead while charging with the English marines; two French officers also perished. The struggle was seen to be of so disadvantageous a nature, that an order to retire and re-embark was given. The command was obeyed, slowly and in good order, but not before the English had lost about 120 men in killed and wounded, and the French a similar number. A party of the troops, while retracing their steps, lost their way and found themselves suddenly brought to a stand by a precipice about seventy feet deep. Deadly volleys were being poured in upon them in the rear, and they had no alternative but to leap down the precipice or run the risk of being shot. Of several who did brave that tremendous leap, some were killed and others maimed. One object of the expedition was obtained, notwithstanding its generally unfortunate result: one of the batteries was evacuated, many of the artillerymen left dead upon their guns, and the cannon spiked.

The Russian ship *Aurora* was also much injured—so much so, as to be condemned to inaction during the winter. A Russian vessel, laden with provisions and munitions of war for the garrison, and having several military officers on board, was captured and burnt after the removal of the cargo and the crew. A Russian schooner of about 100 tons burden, laden with stores, and the *Avatscha*, a small coaster, also fell into the hands of the allies. Though the latter failed in their attempt on Petropaulovsky, the subjects of the czar by no means came off scathless. Impossible as it was to form an estimate of their loss in killed and wounded, it was conjectured to have been greater than that of the allies. This must be attributed to the bombardment, during which many Russians were said to have been cut in two by the balls from the ships. The Muscovites displayed great bravery and devotion to their duty. At one sentinel no less than sixty rifle shots were fired; but nothing could overcome his stoicism, and he continued his walk up and down the ramparts of the fort on which he was stationed without even turning his head either to the right or left. The poor fellow escaped unhurt, as he thoroughly deserved to do.



On the 7th of September the allied fleet sailed away from the bleak shore of Petropaulovsky. The news of the failure to destroy the fortifications there reaching England, as it did, about the same time as the particulars of the battle of Inkermann arrived, created perhaps more sensation than it deserved. In some places notes of foreboding were uttered, as if the power and dignity of England had been weighed in the balance of time and been found wanting. This was to take a timid and unworthy view of her character, her resources, and her perseverance. England is what she is in spite of many petty failures and some great ones. She can afford a failure, without injuring her position or sullyng her name. No nation can so order its goings that success shall ever wait upon its footsteps, and victory and glory be its constant attendants. Inkermann, though scarcely a victory, shed a flood of military glory upon the radiant arms of England, which it would take a thousand such petty misfortunes as those of Petropaulovsky permanently to obscure.

In closing this chapter we must not forget that we left our Baltic fleet, under Sir Charles Napier, in the neighbourhood of the Aland Isles. As the winter approached, the greatest part proceeded to Kiel in Denmark. There it remained until the receipt

of intelligence from Captain R. Watson, who commanded the blockading squadron in the Gulf of Finland, that the Russian fleet was frozen in, and therefore subject to a natural blockade, which rendered ours unnecessary until the return of spring broke up the ice and set the captive Russian vessels free. Great secrecy was preserved as to the precise period at which the entire fleet would leave the territories of the enemy.

A correspondent, writing from Kiel on the 29th of November, says—"That the powerful fleet which assembled in the Baltic should return home without having effected something more than the destruction of Bomarsund, is a circumstance to be deplored, and will be unsatisfactory to the majority of the English nation, who naturally anticipated that it would have achieved more important deeds. Nevertheless, it returns home gradually for the winter season; two by two the ships composing it are dispatched from this harbour; and when the whole of them shall have arrived in their own waters, will it be greeted with that enthusiastic feeling with which it was honoured on its departure for the Baltic in March of the present year? Probably not; yet the service it has done has been productive of some good results, and ought to be appreciated."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

LETTERS FROM THE CAMP, CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE GLORIOUS BATTLE OF INKERMANN; TERRIFIC STORM IN THE BLACK SEA; LOSS OF THE PRINCE, OTHER TRANSPORTS, AND VESSELS OF WAR; RESULTS OF THE STORM IN THE ALLIED CAMPS.

We return to our interesting selection of letters illustrative of the war, and written by those actually engaged in its terrible struggles, and its still more terrible demands on their capability of endurance. Our own opinion of the interest and value of these communications we have already expressed. A few additional observations concerning them, from the pen of a writer in one of our leading journals, will not be read without interest. Alluding to these letters, he observes: "The graphic and life-like character of the narratives contained, the circumstantial fidelity of the descriptions, and

the insight afforded into the daily doings of that army on which the eyes of Europe are fixed, were amply sufficient to attract even a desultory reader; nor do we doubt but that this correspondence has become familiar to most households in the kingdom. There is one point, however, which calls, we think, for more especial remark. Many, indeed most, of the letters referred to, were written by non-commissioned officers or private soldiers; that is to say, by men originally taken from the lower grades of society, and hitherto considered as rather unfavourable representatives of the class from which they

sprang. In times past it used to be plainly asserted, that the worst man made the best soldier; and, though that reproach upon the profession of arms has long been retracted, there are probably still persons who think that dispositions of a reckless, irregular, lawless, or somewhat immoral turn, are those among which the recruiting sergeant finds his best account. We can only say, however, that such persuasions should have been most effectually confuted by the letters to which we allude. Every one must have been impressed with the evidence thus supplied of the character of the British soldier. It is really quite impossible that any men, in any profession of life, could have written in a better spirit, with a more unaffected sincerity, or with a more entire absence of unbecoming sentiment."

The first was from an officer to his brother, a day or two before the battle of Inkermann, in which the writer perished. He was shot through the head while leading and cheering on his men to a charge against the enemy, and died instantly:—

Heights of Sebastopol, Nov. 2nd.

The *Times'* correspondent writes most truthfully, and you may always depend on what he says. His whole time is spent in riding about and picking up information. There is a wonderful difference between the life of "Our own Correspondent" and a man who has to be shot at in the trenches, or on outlying picket, about twenty-eight hours out of every forty-eight—for that, owing to the utter insufficiency of our force, has been, of late, the average of our work. If you could see us, you would see the faces of our men worn down with disease and almost incessant hard work. No other class of men in this world could have behaved as they have done, and all without a murmur. Every one, however, is thoroughly tired out with it. The cold at night is something to read of, but certainly not to be experienced, if possible to be avoided. The night before last I had the pleasure of trying it, without even my tent over my head. It was my first night on picket since we have had frost. However, it is of no use complaining, though I candidly confess I dread the winter for our men. We have no warm clothing. What would I not give now for my buffalo robe, or even a sensible blanket! Never mind—cheer, boys, cheer! If we return, how heartily we shall enjoy our after-life, whatever it may be, after this! As for the siege, we fire at their batteries and they

fire at ours, if anything, a little faster. We stand a chance of being shot every day, and lead the most miserable life possible. Every day we are told that, in three or four more days, we are to storm the place, but now I never believe a word I hear. I suppose people in England are disappointed that we have not taken it yet; but if you saw the guns that are day and night sending their messengers of death among us, you would not so much marvel, although I for one, and very many good soldiers in the army—our own general (Cathcart) among the number—think we should have carried the place by a *coup de main* the day we took up position. Great would have been the sacrifice of life, but I doubt much if we do not lose very far more when we do carry it, to say nothing of the thousands lost in the meantime. That we must eventually carry the place by assault no one for one moment doubts, and the enemy have had more than a month to prepare a fearful reception for us, and obtain reinforcements of thousands, which are now hovering round us. The last news, which I have got from good authority—as every one does—is, that the French are to be ready on Saturday, on which night we are to attack, and need I say take, this stronghold? That we shall take it you need not doubt, but many, very many brave fellows, will be the cost of the victory. Depend upon it, if I survive I will write to you directly I have a chance; if I do not, my dearest brother, know for sure that I fell where I should—at the head of my company.

I could write to you for ever, but I am very tired, and know not what the night may bring forth. I may be in the trenches, or under the walls of Sebastopol on outlying picket. I am not fit for either, but as I said I was well enough to go into the field yesterday, I must take duty to-day. I am stronger than I was, and to-day had some soup and a glass of port wine. I find the greatest inconvenience from cramps in my stomach, which sometimes are extremely painful. Several of our fellows are so bad, that they are obliged to be sent on board ship. I am very thankful I am not worse. I can assure you that you little know what we have gone through in this campaign, and how bravely our men bear all.

The next letter contains a partial description of the battle of Inkermann, from the pen of an officer of the 49th regiment of foot:—



Camp before Sebastopol, Nov. 7th.

Before this can reach you, no doubt you will have heard of the tremendous struggle we had on the 5th, and you will be all anxiety to hear of me. I would I could send you intelligence of myself as quickly as rumour flies. I will not enter into particulars of the battle, excepting such as concern myself, for I know they will prove the most interesting to you, my dear parents, and the newspapers will contain full accounts of the day.

On the morning of the 4th, about half-past four o'clock, I went on picket with my company, and such a day and night we had! the rain falling nearly the whole time; besides this, I felt ill, tired, and done up before I went on, and had I had a subaltern to my company should not have gone at all, as I had been suffering a good deal from diarrhoea and overwork. However, as I did not wish to throw the duty on another officer, I went. I mention all this to show you that it was not with any feelings of pleasure that at daybreak on the 5th, when I had marched half-way back to camp, and was speculating on a good breakfast and a few hours' sleep, I heard the fire of musketry from near the ground I had just left, and found, on moving to an eminence, that the alarm was given, and that a general action was about to commence. I immediately made my men disembarrass themselves of their packs, &c., and look to their arms, many of which were so wet that they could not subsequently be fired, and were cast aside for others taken from the dead and wounded. Soon after my regiment moved up to where I was, and I joined them. By this time the enemy had made good their footing on the hills, where the pickets rested, and had got their batteries into play. There was a heavy mist, and that, together with the brushwood, prevented our seeing the enemy. Our artillery did not act in consequence on the advancing columns moving upon us from all sides. While in line, and before moving forward, poor Arthur Armstrong, our adjutant, was killed by a round shot. Shortly after Major Dalton, when he advanced to the left with some companies, was shot by a Russian not five yards off. Some say that he was a wounded man, and that our men bayoneted him the next moment. I did not see him fall. Colonel Herbert, our quartermaster-general, directed me to take the three right companies into a small intrenched work on the

right. I did so, and shortly after, finding that our men were being driven in rapidly, I gave the word "Advance!" to my men, and over we went across the embankment, and, with a wild hurrah, and rapid firing, drove back a large Russian column that was close upon us, but which did not fancy coming to the bayonet. My men behaved nobly, and were the means of rallying the troops previously retreating. The action was one consisting of many fights, for no sooner had one Russian column been driven back than a fresh one was discovered on either flank, and thus we were frequently nearly cut off, and greatly outnumbered. As to keeping any formation or together, it was out of the question in the thick bush we were fighting in. My men were quickly scattered, and I found myself with men of all corps who had afterwards come up. I saw another column advancing on our left flank. I tried to get the men to move to the left, but one voice could do but little in the din that was then going on. We, however, moved towards the left and centre of our position with as many men as we could get, and there we encountered a large column, with two others in its rear in support. Here the fire was fearful. I distinctly saw four Russian batteries, some of them siege guns, playing upon us from different hills. The shot from our own artillery was also passing close over our heads, and bullets were flying wholesale. I doubt if there ever was a heavier fire than we were exposed to at this spot. Fresh columns of the enemy pressing, not only to our front, but on our flanks also, we began to retire. I, in common with other officers, did all in my power to make the men stand, but failed. Regiments were mixed, and commanding-officers mostly shot. It was a bitter moment, and I anxiously looked at the crest of the hill towards our camp to see what supports were there. I saw what I took for Turks, and on approaching nearer was delighted to find they were French—one regiment formed in line. We retired slowly in rear of the French, and there re-formed line two deep with men of all corps. The Russians advanced, I should say, to within twenty paces of the French, and were received with a murderous fire. Although the French fire was so effective their line wavered. What a moment was that! Had they retired the Russians would have been into our camps, we should have been driven to our ships, and the siege raised. That was happily

averted. The French officers ran about encouraging their men; the English officers also shouted encouragement; and our men (not above three companies), at the example of their officers, raised a loud hurrah. The French drummers beat the *pas de charge*, and their bugles sounded the advance. We all then charged, and drove the Russian columns rapidly before us. Up to this time our artillery had not, I think, done much; but now became, with the French, more effective. This was, I think, the worst part of the day; but the battle was far from over, and kept on raging furiously until about five o'clock in the evening; we then returned to camp—and tired I was, and hungry too, for I had not broken my fast: excitement had kept me going.

When I got back, poor Major Dalton sent for me; he was going fast, and told me his last wishes: the ball had passed through his intestines and caused him much agony, which he bore nobly; he died two hours after; we buried him yesterday, at his own request, by the side of poor Major Powell. I had the melancholy task of writing to his wife this morning; she is residing on the Bosphorus.

Few commanding-officers ever make themselves so loved by both officers and men as did Dalton, in so short a time—a fine gallant soldier, and my best friend, after Powell. Armstrong, too! another brave young fellow.

Both the brigadier-general and his brother are wounded, but I am glad to say not seriously; they are gone with the rest of the wounded to Scutari.

I walked over the battle-field yesterday, and more particularly that part where I had been the previous day. What slaughter and what horrors! I hear the English loss is greater than at the Alma—2,400. Our division suffered greatly, being the first engaged. In our brigade the three commanding-officers were killed; in our regiment we had two officers killed and one wounded; forty of other ranks killed, and 107 wounded—150 casualties. In fact, every third man was hit, for I do not suppose we had more than 450 in the field.

I have not heard what the French loss is, but suspect it to be trivial in comparison, as we had borne the brunt of the battle before they came up. The Russian loss must be tremendous; General Canrobert estimates it at about 20,000. We have about 2,000 prisoners, and the number of dead is fearful.

The troops we had to contend with were partly reinforcements lately arrived. What atrocities they committed! They bayoneted our wounded whenever they came across them. Our men's feelings were aroused, and I doubt their giving any quarter in future. I saved a Russian's life that day by warding off a thrust made by one of the 57th as he lay on the ground wounded. I did not at the time know how the Russians had behaved to our wounded, or I perhaps should not have blamed the man. General Evans was not present at the commencement of the action; he has been ill and shaken by a fall from his horse. He is again gone on board ship. We hope he will soon rejoin us. Our tents were riddled by balls and shells. In the next tent to mine a shell pitched right into Dewar's portmanteau, bursting inside. I have some trophies of the day—a brace of pistols and a medal for the Hungarian campaign. I enclose the last, and will send the former at the first opportunity.

Another partial aspect of the battle is presented in the following communication from a non-commissioned officer of the Scots fusileer guards to his family:—

Dear Father and Mother,—I take this opportunity of writing to you, hoping you are both in good health, as, I am happy to say, thank God, this leaves me quite well at present.

I received your kind and welcome letter, and it gave me great comfort, for I am sorry to have to inform you that your old corps has had another severe cutting up—in fact, much worse than the last. We have had another general engagement on the 5th of November. Well shall I remember that day. I ought never to forget the goodness of God in bringing me off the ground safe, and without a scratch.

And now I will endeavour to give you an account, as far as I am able, of the battle; but I must tell you that on the night preceding the battle it was very foggy, and the morning was misty. The Russians availed themselves of it. A strong force, about 40,000 men (we are informed), under the command of General Osten-Sacken, from Odessa, with numerous artillery, got possession of some heights, and when the mist cleared away opened fire, drove in the outlying pickets, and got possession of the hills overlooking the second division tents. It was about a quarter-past six, A.M. When the



firing commenced I was just up, and saw the second division falling in. Some men were killed in front of their tents. We fell in anyhow. We had only six companies—two on picket; the grenadier guards, five companies, and I believe, the Coldstream guards, seven companies. The brigade of highlanders are guarding Balaklava; the second division is encamped on our right. We went up, and a fearful sight it was in going through the second division encampment; the shells were bursting over our heads, and the cannonballs rolling through us, knocking down tents, and poor *bât-horses* were knocked to pieces by them. We were, of course, all taken by surprise, finding the enemy being so near, and had gained possession of a redoubt; and the Duke of Cambridge, with only the guards and two companies of the 46th regiment, said, "You must drive them out of it." Well, then, they were only twenty yards from us, and we were firing at each other. The pioneers and drummers, with the stretchers, were told to find the best shelter they could, and so I myself, with our drum-major, were lying down behind a small bush, and we both expected every moment to be shot, the bullets actually passing within a few inches of our heads, and breaking off the branches over us as we lay there. Well, they succeeded in driving the Russians out of the place, and got them down the hill, when they were ordered to retire. They retired, and the Russians came up with redoubled strength, and completely surrounded us; the Russians took possession of the redoubt. The duke said, "They must come out of it again." The Russians cheered, as also did the guards. Things now looked desperate, as we had no support, except the Almighty, and He defended the right. At it they went, and for half-an-hour things seemed to favour the enemy. We were all surrounded—no getting out. The grenadier guards nearly lost their colours; they had only about forty men to defend them. We gave another cheer, and out of the redoubt they went again, and the grenadier guards managed to keep their colours. We drove them out at the point of the bayonet down the hill. The guards were ordered to retire again, but would not, and, in fact, could not; if they had got down this steep hill, they could not have got back again well. The brave French came up to our assistance, and kept them at bay while we retired and got our ammunition completed, and then the brigade of guards were formed into one regi-

ment of six companies, and at it we went again, and by this time, plenty of assistance coming to us, we managed to do them, but at a great loss to us. Officers behaved bravely. The Coldstreams had eight officers killed on the field; the grenadiers three officers. Only picture to yourself eleven officers being buried at one place and time. There was not a dry eye at the funeral. We had Colonel Walker wounded in three places. Colonel Blair died, and was buried to-day. He only joined three weeks ago. He was shot in the breast. Our adjutant, Captain Drummond, Captain Gipps, Colonel F. Seymour, and Mr. Elkington were all wounded. Colonel Ridley and Colonel Dalrymple left us to-day sick. We have scarcely any officers now left. We had two sergeants, four corporals, and thirty-one privates killed on the field, and eleven have died since of their wounds. We sent away sixty-one wounded yesterday and twenty-nine to-day to Balaklava. Yesterday we broke the battalion up into six companies, and we have about six men that are too bad to be removed—in fact, there are numbers more that have slight scratches. We have only three regular pay-sergeants now that we brought from England with us. In fact, we have had a regular cutting up. The Russian loss is estimated here at about 15,000 men killed and wounded, and a great number of prisoners taken. The Russians made a sortie on the left as well as the right, and the French actually drove them into the town, and were in possession of the town for a short time, but were short of ammunition and were obliged to leave, much against our wish; but we must not complain. We will be able to take the place in a short time now, I expect. There has been a council of war held out here all the day yesterday, and all the sick are to be conveyed away as soon as possible; and I expect that this week the storming will take place. We have got scaling ladders all ready, and the men seem desperate; they want to do the business, if they are able. The French only want the word of command to charge, when there must be an awful slaughter. The enemy took three of our guns; they stabbed the sergeant of the guns in seventeen places; but the guns were taken again, and we never lost any more guns. Our poor fellows that we buried to-day were stabbed in six or seven places in their bodies. We buried forty-one to-day in the field, and an awful affair it was. How we all escaped God only knows. Lord Raglan was wounded in the arm; generals

Bentinek, Adams, and Brown, and General Canrobert, all wounded. General Catheart and Colonel Seymour, his aide-de-camp, were killed. In fact, the staff suffered very much. The Duke of Cambridge was shot through the sleeve of his cloak, but he is a lucky lot, in the midst of it all. He led us nobly to the charge, and seemed in high spirits; and I am sure he gave us a fine specimen of what family he belongs to; he will make a fine commander-in-chief. We had twelve hours' hard fighting. I came home after carrying five wounded men on my shoulders through woods, and shot and shell flying in all directions. In fact, the first man we carried away we would drop down as well as we could and turn on our backs, and the shells bursting over us; then we would get up and run. Perhaps we would get five yards, when a round shot would come; and then, when it went past, we would go on. Then a shell would come, and down we would go again. Poor fellow, he knew how we were situated, and he did not complain, though his thigh was broken in two places; and it was amputated next day; we had seven men had their legs taken off, and a drummer had his arm amputated. The grenadiers, and more especially the Coldstreams, have suffered severely.

The brigade of guards now would not muster one regiment. After I had had some supper and helped myself to a drop of rum, I went and helped the doctor to dress the wounds of the men—an awful sight to see; but I can stand anything now—I am as hard as a flint. I have some of the poor fellows' blood on my hands now, and I am sure you cannot form any idea of a field of battle without you actually see for yourself. If I am spared to come home, you will never believe my stories. Drummer Anderson died of cholera two days before I received your letter.

And now, my dear father and mother, I must now conclude, and I have reason to thank God that I am spared to write this; I have taken the first opportunity of letting you know. The papers, no doubt, will give us praise for our conduct; but, whatever you may read, be assured whatever I have stated here is the truth as it happened.

The following extract of a letter, dated November 6th, is from the pen of a French officer of rank:—

From the camp of observation where we were stationed we heard the uninterrupted

din of this bloody struggle. Our impatience, our anxiety were intense, when about half-past six o'clock we learned that the victory was ours, and that the Russians were driven back on the Tehernaya. But at what a cost of human life! The English and French saw on the field of battle more than 1,500 of their comrades killed or wounded. The Russians covered the field of battle, and if you wanted to advance a step it was impossible to do so without walking over heaps of carcases. The artillery paid no attention to such impediments, and passed through or over them. Our volleys first, and then our bayonet charges caused all this carnage. The Russians left on that field more than 4,000 dead, and, with the prisoners and the wounded picked up, their loss is more than 10,000. It was a great battle, a grand victory. We were only about 12,000 to more than 40,000 of the enemy. The field of battle is a terrible sight to look upon. The ground is literally strewn with carcases. One ravine is filled with the dead. An English battery, which had been surprised by the Russians, is covered all over with their dead bodies; and those places where the bayonet charges were delivered are marked by dead bodies pierced through and through in various places with that weapon. Where the musketry was close the bodies of those who fell exhibit very large wounds; for where the *mêlée* did not take place it was at point-blank. In a word, the battle of Inkermann was a prodigy of energy and heroism which surpasses even the glorious deeds of Alma. The Russians attacked us in four divisions of about 10,000 each. When one was beaten back, another came on. Ours, ever the same, undismayed and firm, combated these four divisions. Our battalions rushed with impetuosity on the whole of that army. If they recoiled an inch before those fresh masses disclosed by the broken line of the defeated column, the charge was beaten, and they returned to the combat. The colonel of the 6th of the line, on foot at the head of his gallant regiment, attracted the attention of all in that fearful *mêlée*, in which he met so glorious a death. With us the moral force of the army is in great measure personal, and where each individual brings with him his own intelligence, the combined force is enormous. There is no physical force superior to moral force where there is action. The Russians, on the contrary, are ignorant soldiers; they go whither they are conducted,



and as no one of them appreciates or understands his part, no one has that force, and no one resists. This is why we were conquerors at the Alma when we were on the offensive, and this is why we are also conquerors at Inkermann when we were on the defensive. The present victory will do us much good; it will do so to our army at large, which will henceforth count on itself under all circumstances. The arrival of the two sons of the czar had, it is said, decided that attack. They brought up with them a division from the Danube, with some battalions of another division. They had ordered the attack for the morning immediately following their arrival. Generals Mentschikoff and Dannenberg were with them. I hope they have by this learned to appreciate the valour of the allied troops. It is to the presence of the princes that the boldness of the attack and the vigour of the resistance are to be attributed, but as yet the justice of our cause has triumphed over fanaticism.

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Returning to the letters of our own countrymen, we insert the following, from an officer of the 20th regiment:—

Heights above Sebastopol, Nov. 6th.

As we fought another battle yesterday, and the telegraphic accounts will reach you first, all the good people in England must be anxious to hear of or from their friends and relations. At daylight yesterday the Russians attacked our lines and drove in the pickets of the second division, after which they succeeded in gaining a footing on the heights and got their guns up. At this time we were marched over to support the other divisions, and after that I can tell little more of it than what I was actually concerned in. Our first orders were that only those of the regiment who had been in bed all night were to go out, but it was soon evident that we wanted all we could muster. I and some others, with about 200 men, had just come in from being twenty-four hours in the trenches, during the most of which it rained, and I was just getting warm in bed when we heard the bugles sound the assembly. We were marched over to where the fighting was going on, and were told to advance immediately and support the guards, who were skirmishing in front, and to drive the Russians down the hill. The ground was covered with scrubby oaks from four to six feet high, among which the enemy were crouched down, and firing at our people.

As soon as we came on to support the guards the Russians began to make the best of their way down the hill, and our men to chase them down. We killed numbers of them, and, as we had no orders to halt, we continued keeping along the hill-side, about half-way down, and firing at the retreating enemy. I then heard the bugle sound to retire, and set about trying to get the men back—no such easy matter, as by this time, from several regiments having been sent after each other, they were all mixed up. I set about getting up the hill and making my way back to where we had come from along with officers and men of other regiments, when we found that the Russians on the hill had got above us, and cut us off from our own people. I got up to within ten yards of where I could see a line of heads among the brushwood and behind some stones, and blazing away at us as fast as they could. Our soldiers returned their fire, but were at a disadvantage from being exposed at such a short distance. At this time Sir George Cathcart rode up within a few steps of where I stood, but I heard no order given, and began to have visions of being shot through the head or going prisoner into Sebastopol, as we could scarcely muster a company, and the enemy had a large force above us; some called out to charge them, but at the same time saw it was of no use. They stopped firing at us and began to stone us, as it seemed to me with very large stones; but I don't now understand what it could be, as one struck a man just in front of where I stood, knocked his head to pieces, and sent him back with such force as to knock over the man behind him. I saw that something was clearing the way in that line, and stepped aside, so as to give it a chance of passing me, and had scarcely done so when an officer who came into my place was killed at my elbow. I then saw we could do nothing where we were, and thought of trying to make my way to the left, which was our direction, without ascending the hill. Some men I found doing the same, when we found that the enemy had come down a little in front of us, and they peppered us at a pretty rate; how any one escaped in such firing is wonderful. As soon as I found that we were cut off a second time, I turned more down the hill, and we succeeded in clearing them by about a dozen yards, and then made the best of our way to the left, keeping along the hill-side, as the Russians were all along

the hill above us, and, by good luck, got back to our own people. I thank God for my escape, as there was no officer that I knew even by sight who was present where we were intercepted that escaped except myself. Sir George Cathcart and his aide-de-camp, and Major Wynne, of the 68th, and some others, all lost their lives there. I had not more than one or two men of my own company with or near me, but there was no such thing as companies or order. However, here I am without a scratch, and much reason to be thankful, as our loss has been severe. The regiment went into action under 500 strong, and our loss has been 171 of all ranks, killed, wounded, and missing. Poor Dowling, one of our lieutenants, was killed, and six other officers wounded; I am happy to say that none of them have lost limbs, or are considered in danger. The siege of Sebastopol does not progress very rapidly, but the French are making approaches pretty near the town. We are not able to advance our batteries, from the nature of the ground. We should be much the better for a good reinforcement of troops, as our army is diminishing in numbers. We hear of 26,000 French being on their way from Marseilles to join us. In writing of the battle of yesterday I forgot to say that it lasted till three o'clock in the afternoon, when we had regained all our ground, and have now set about intrenching the lines. My letter is all about fighting, and I suppose you see enough of that in the papers, but we have no great variety here. Hoping to see the end of this business before long, and that I may see all my friends in health, believe me, &c.

The next is from a private soldier of the 63rd regiment:—

Camp, off Sebastopol, Nov. 6th.

My dear Mother,—I had expected that I should have heard from you before this time. I can tell you that us people out here think a great deal of getting a letter from any of our friends, more, I dare say, than what we did when we were at home. I cannot tell you the reason of it properly, unless it is that we are in a great deal more danger, for we are fighting every day, some days more than others, but I think the 5th of November will be recollected by a great many. I am sure that it will by me for a long time. We were turned out about six o'clock in the morning. The Russians were making their way out of Sebastopol. We had to drive

them back. We marched up to the place where they were in thousands. When we got there they were beating some of our other regiments back. Our regiment and the 21st formed line. We then charged them, and we did it most gloriously. We routed thousands; and, as fast as we could run and load our pieces, so fast they fell, for we could not miss them, they were so thick. We chased them for the best part of a mile past their own intrenchment; and close up to that, in the thick of the whole of it, fell poor Mr. Clutterbuck, who was carrying the queen's colour and cheering the men on. I think the last words that he said were "Come on, 63rd!" when he received a shot right through the neck, which killed him instantly. He died gloriously. I never saw a braver man than him in the field that day, although it is with sorrow that I have to record his death. I was by his side the whole of the time; it was between eight and nine o'clock on the morning of the 5th that he received his death wound. As for myself, thank God, I did not so much as receive a scratch the whole of the day. After the fight was over I went to him, and got his remains carried into the camp. I took a small piece of his hair, which I send to you to give over to his respected friends. His disconsolate father may well be proud of having such a son, for he fought and died bravely, with the queen's colour of the 63rd regiment in his hand. I send my kind love to his father, brothers, and sisters. It is with a sorrowful heart that I send this letter. Poor Mr. Clutterbuck was not the only one that fell that day. We lost our colonel, Swiney, killed in the field. Lieutenant Curtois died as soon as he was brought to the camp. As for the men killed and wounded, it is a great many; we do not know properly yet how many, but it is a great deal. As for the Russians, they caught it in no mistake, for they lost thousands. The battle of the Alma was nothing to be compared to the fight on the 5th. It lasted from six in the morning till four or five in the evening, we firing on them as hard as we could; but I think they were glad to retire into Sebastopol in the evening. I forgot to tell you that we lost General Cathcart, Colonel Seymour, adjutant-general, besides other brave officers. Mr. Clutterbuck was laid by the side of them. I am very sorry to inform you that Corporal Lovett was wounded severely on the top of his head. I cannot say whether he will get over it or not. I send my kind love to Mrs. Lovett and her



daughter, and if anything happens to her son I will let her know by the first opportunity. Be sure and answer this letter by the first opportunity, and direct to me, "G. Evans, light company, 63rd, army serving in Russia or elsewhere," for fear of mistakes. Give my kind love to my dear wife, son, and daughter. I hope they are quite well, and doing well. I hope that God will spare me, so that we may live many happy days together yet. Let me know is she living with my mother yet. I must now conclude, with kind love to father and mother, sister and brother, and to all inquiring friends.

I remain, your affectionate son,  
GEORGE EVANS.

From an artillery officer :—

Sebastopol, Nov. 6th, half-past 12, A.M.

You will all in old England hear of the desperate battle fought before Sebastopol yesterday, and I sit down to give you a line to say that, through God's most special mercy, I have escaped unhurt, although in the very thick of it from nine, A.M., till five, P.M., and was during that time exposed to the most awful storm of shot and shell that can be imagined.

Lord Raglan ordered the siege train off duty in the trenches to bring up and place in position two heavy 18-pounders; this we did, and worked them all day with excellent effect. We contrived to bring most of the fire of the Russian artillery upon us, and lost many men at our guns. The enemy were repulsed again and again, and at length retired into Sebastopol. Their loss must be awful; such a sight as their killed and wounded I never saw, lying so thick I could hardly steer my horse through them.

November 7th.

We buried our old general (Strangways) to-day; he is deeply regretted as a most kind old man. Poor dear Townsend was also buried; I regret and grieve much for him. I rode and walked for an hour to-day among the dead and wounded Russians; we have not yet had time to remove those of the enemy's wounded who are unable to walk. I did not go from any vain curiosity, but to take my canteen full of good rum and water, and a haversack full of biscuit to the poor suffering wretches. It would break your heart to see or think of half what I have seen yesterday and to-day. I held my wooden canteen to the lips of Russians wounded and dying, in every stage of pitiable human suffering. Some tried to

kiss my feet, and crossing themselves, took off their caps, pointed to heaven, and blessed me in their uncouth tongue. I responded by also looking upwards, and pronouncing the only words I found we had in common, "Christian," and the name of our blessed Saviour. My eyes fill with tears as I write. I am sorry to say they give no quarter to our wounded; such are their orders. Poor ignorant fanatics! their leaders tell them we are devils in human shape, that on our side we give no quarter, and are fighting against God and the emperor.

The following is a copy of a letter received from an officer in the second division :—

Camp, over Sebastopol, Nov. 7th.

I have such wonderful matter to write about that I must begin like a journal, in order to give you an idea of the dreadful 5th of November, when we had "gunpowder plot" in quite a new style. The 4th had been wet and dark the whole day, and the arms were piled in the open air, as they always are in camp, and, of course, wet through, when it was my lot to go on outlying picket with my company the next morning, at five, A.M. I happened to be nearly junior, and so I stayed with the reserve under the field-officer of the day. About an hour after we had been on we heard firing from our advanced pickets, and soon after the word was passed to "Stand to our arms, for the enemy were coming in force." I was sent on to support the advance, and on trying the muskets, to my horror, I found that only about fifteen out of the company would go off, and out of those fifteen only about six men would follow me to the front. However, there was nothing to be done but push to the front, and I soon joined the advanced picket, which I found in much the same state, with regard to the arms, as my own. We retired gradually before them, as they were coming on in masses of columns, supported with a very powerful artillery, and soon had most desperate work, almost hand-to-hand, in the thick brushwood, with the guns playing on us in a most fearful way, and ours answering them over our heads, while we were firing musketry into each other at between fifteen and thirty paces distance, now and then charging and driving them back, and then driven back by superior numbers again. The French and nearly every regiment of English got all mixed up in one mass, which kept on ad-

vancing and retiring as we gained or lost the advantage. We had luckily built a loose stone wall along the front of our position, which we could manage to hold against an enormous force. The allies were five times driven back quite to the crest of our position; but we every time drove the enemy back and followed them up. After a long time our people got some 18-pound battery guns into position, by which we were enabled to knock about their artillery a good deal, and at last they were everywhere driven back. Our poor division, as usual, bore the brunt of it, and our loss was 720 odd killed and wounded. The enemy are said to have brought 52,000 men, according to the prisoners, and something frightful in artillery. The shot, shell, and bullets were coming about us like hail, and I certainly thought my time was come, but, thank God, I escaped without a scratch. The battle lasted from about half-past five or six, A.M., till four, P.M., and was a constant succession of reverse and success on both sides. The brigades of the division are so much cut up that they talk of making regiments of them. Our brigade would not make more than a strong regiment, it is so much reduced.

I must conclude this very "mild" account of a terribly hard action, by saying I was so tired and done that I could scarcely move, and I am not very much better now, as I was on out-picket again last night, and was on the advanced post, where it is dangerous to sleep.

The following letter is from an officer in the royal artillery:—

Camp, near Sebastopol, Nov. 7th.

I had purposed to-night sitting down and writing you a long letter, inasmuch as the post goes out early to-morrow. I had just entered my tent when I heard the everlasting "turn out" sounded all through the camp; so I dressed myself, and before getting on my horse wrote a few hurried lines, which I had intended sending to-morrow morning. Had you received it you must have looked upon the production as an actual curiosity; but I am happy to say that it was only a false alarm, and I have returned at last to finish a long letter. As you most probably have seen by the newspapers, the day before yesterday (November 5th) was to all of us a most exciting day. We had a general engagement with the Russians, and our loss was very far greater

than it was at the battle of the Alma. I shall try and give you an account of my proceedings individually. November 5th, at daybreak, we heard the alarm, and, starting up from our beds, we were very soon under way. We advanced through several camps, consisting now of only the untenanted tents of many regiments, as they had turned out, having no horses or guns to look after. Upon our left we heard the roll and saw the smoke of our field artillery, and we went on until arriving at a spot, where, I may say, in all the sincerity of truth, the Minié balls flew about us like hailstones—an old simile, no doubt, but yet, never mind. Our poor major (Townsend) had his horse shot under him, and I had my mare wounded in two places by Minié balls as we still advanced (neither animal being disabled) up a gentle slope; but had not got very far, the shot and shell falling thick all around us, when we met part of an infantry regiment retiring, overpowered by numbers. The crest of the hill was covered with smoke, and the entire ground there thickly clothed with brushwood, through which we, with the greatest difficulty, moved the guns. Suddenly, the smoke cleared away, and we discovered the Russian infantry in great force within ten yards of us. I shall never forget the aspect of those fellows, dressed in their long gray coats and flat glazed caps, firing most deliberately at our poor gunners, and picking them down like so many crows. We at this time were under a very heavy fire of shot and shell. Major Townsend saw at once the critical position of the guns, and most wisely gave the order to retire, as we were quite unsupported—but too late; the enemy's skirmishers had come up to the guns. However, five out of the six escaped; and one of our men, seeing the last, as was then supposed, certain to be taken, judiciously spiked it. The gun belonged to a division of our battery, to which was attached young Miller, one of our lieutenants; and poor Major Townsend, turning round his horse, seeing what was likely to occur, cried out, "You won't disgrace me." The words were hardly out of his mouth when a shell burst in among us, and one unfortunate fragment struck him on the head, and literally crushed it to pieces, of course killing him immediately. Miller drew his sword, and single-handed galloped his horse towards the gun, riding down one and cutting down a second Russian. He alone turned aside a dozen of the enemy, and we recovered the gun. Was not



this a most plucky thing to do? He returned with his gun, without having received even a scratch. Our poor fellows were dreadfully knocked about. We had twenty-three killed and wounded. We now retired beyond the hill, and, as I was walking my horse along, one of the officers of the horse artillery rode up to me and told me that the general was wounded. I, with him, immediately turned off, and found poor General Strangways lying on the ground, with his left leg shattered to atoms. He asked me who I was; and when I told him, said, "Now, remember, I die the death of a soldier." He was bleeding profusely, and I put a tourniquet on his leg, and got four of our men to carry him on a stretcher to the rear. He died very shortly, and never recovered the shock of the injury. I now returned to the battery, but before I arrived was again called on to see General Goldie, whom I found most fatally wounded. Leaving him, as nothing could be done in his case, I cantered up the hill on my way to the battery, and had the red stripe on my trowsers torn away by a shell, but most providentially I escaped unhurt. When I got to the battery I never saw anything like its condition. We had left our camp in the morning in the most complete order, but now how different!—our gallant head was gone, and many of our men and horses killed and wounded. I now heard of General Cathcart's death, and that of his aide-de-camp; likewise, that General Torrens and his aide-de-camp were wounded. The sight of the field was most fearful—far worse than that of Alma. We were now ordered to the rear, and the action still continued in the front. As to the termination of the battle, if you wish to know it look to the newspapers. Suffice to say we, of course, conquered. To-night there is something said of a storm of Sebastopol. I hope so; it may finish all for the winter. I must now conclude by saying I am quite well, and truly thankful for my fortunate escape. I saw E—, of the guards. He was slightly wounded in the foot, but nothing of any consequence.

The following interesting letter was from a sergeant in the 77th regiment:—

Camp before Sebastopol, Nov. 6th.

My dear Brother,—It is with feelings of the sincerest gratitude to an Almighty and merciful God that I am so long spared to write you these few lines. I owe much,

doubtless, to your prayers and those of your dear little ones, which I hope they will continue to offer to the Lord of mercy for me. Yesterday (Sunday), the 5th of November, was an awful day, and terribly so to the Russians. They advanced before daylight, and, under cover of the darkness, almost up to our lines before our pickets observed them. They attacked our right flank from the rear; of course, it was our most assailable point. Our poor picket fired on them, and kept them at bay for awhile, but, poor fellows, they were soon cut up. The firing of musketry is our alarm by day or night. The light division makes use of no bugle sounds. We turned out in an instant, being always dressed, and the whole division, led by General Brown, moved on smartly to our right, to relieve our second division, who were forced to bear the brunt against the whole Russian army; the foot artillery were also briskly on the spot and took position on the hills, from which place they told terribly on the enemy. About seven o'clock, A.M. (it might be a little more) our regiment drove up in line on the extreme left; the ground was thickly covered with brushwood, and there was a pretty thick fog, which prevented our seeing a powerful force of about 3,000 men, who almost completely surrounded our poor devoted regiment. We had only four companies of the regiment present at the engagement; the remainder were on picket, guarding the batteries and trenches we made round Sebastopol. Our four companies did not amount to over 300 men. General Buller exclaimed—"My God, we are surrounded!" He ordered a volley to be fired into them, and charged them with the bayonet, which was done in excellent style, and, together with charging, we cheered wildly and routed the cowardly Russians in disorder and confusion, inflicting a terrible chastisement on them in their flight. This piece of brilliant service saved the whole of our left flank from being turned, and being placed *hors de combat*. Our artillery secured that point for the remainder of the day. These, my dear brother, were awful moments. I knew not the moment I should fall, probably never to rise; but God protected me, and the guardianship of his Holy Mother shielded me in these trying dangers. Among those who were killed about this time was Captain Nicholson, of my company—one of the nicest gentlemen in the British army (he

leaves a wife and child to lament his loss: some scoundrel took a ring off his finger; this piece of paltry robbery has caused much pain in the regiment); and Mark Casteaux, whose relations are all, I believe, living in Galway. I am grieved for poor Mark, and particularly for his poor wife and two children, who are at the dépôt, and little know of their irreparable loss; if you are acquainted with any of his friends, be so good as to let them know. The engagement commenced between four and five o'clock, A.M., and continued with terrible energy until about five o'clock, P.M. Language fails me in attempting to describe to you this awful day: the enemy were to be seen, on the following day, in large heaps of killed and wounded. O, what a scene of carnage! Men, horses, guns, soldiers, wagons—all forming sickening heaps, on which I will not longer dwell. The number of the enemy is variously reported. I place but little confidence in camp reports; however, some say they numbered 50,000 infantry, and General England is reported to have said they had 100,000 men against us. This might be true, but I doubt it. In my opinion our force—that is, French and English—did not exceed 25,000 men of all arms. The loss of the allies I cannot state. I dare say it is pretty considerable; the 77th had nineteen killed and thirty-six wounded. We had, of course, only four companies in the field. The enemy, in killed and wounded, cannot be less than 8,000; probably much more. This is the fourth time they have attacked us from the rear, and were each time repulsed with great slaughter. Our French comrades fought bravely; they show little mercy to the Russians: nothing can exceed the cordiality of the friendship that exists between us every day in the camp, coming, as they say, to see "*Mon comrade Anglais*;" both armies detest the Turks; and now more than before, as, through their negligence and cowardice, they let themselves be surprised, and very nearly lost Balaklava. Some of their officers are, or were, tried by court-martial for this affair, and the whole Turkish force was brought alongside of us. They were under arms, looking on during the battle, but would not be permitted to fire a shot or give any assistance. They are this day assisting to bury the dead, the only duty they are fit for. We are still hammering at the walls of Sebastopol; this is the twenty-first day. I cannot say when we

will change the form of attack. We had General Brown twice wounded; generals Cathcart, Strangways, and Adams, killed; the latter, I believe, died of his wounds. There are some colonels killed and wounded—in fact, officers of all ranks, but I cannot at present say how many. We expect to have another battle, but we will keep battering the fortress, and wait their attack. I answered your letter announcing Mrs. Connor's departure about ten days since; let me know if you received it. I will be thankful if you will send me in an envelope the first account of this great battle that is published. Cut it out of the newspaper, and send it *via* France. Any letters or papers not sent this way are uncertain in their arrival, being a month, six weeks, and sometimes more, before arriving. Should the Almighty God spare me, I will write again when anything of importance occurs. Thanks be to Almighty God, I continue to enjoy good health. Diarrhoea and bowel complaint carry off a great many of the men. We came out 1,000 strong, now we scarcely number 600 men; indeed, they are so much debilitated, that when the amputation of a leg or an arm takes place, which is frequently done, in seven cases out of ten the patient dies from exhaustion.

J. CONNOR, sergeant, 77th regiment.

The following letter was from a surgeon in the camp before Sebastopol:—

Camp before Sebastopol, Nov. 8th.

Again I have to tell of the hard-fought battle-field, and of my preservation from its dangers. Praised be God, He has sheltered me once more under the protection of His guardian arm, so continually outstretched to save and defend me from all danger. Ere you receive this, the newspapers will have given you the intimation of the battle just fought, and of our success therein. Since the commencement of the campaign we have been thrice engaged in actual battle; and that of Inkermann has truly been terrible and sanguinary. Our gallant foe seems determined, at least on land, to test our strength, although by this time he must be well satisfied that English shot and steel are irresistible in opposition.

At about daybreak of the 5th the enemy was reported to be moving against us, the first intimation of which was the usual desultory firing from the English advanced pickets. Faneying for a while it was but an affair of outposts, I determined on lying



quietly and snugly in my tent for awhile; but had no sooner so determined than the booming of our field guns (of which a small number are always "ready," near to our most exposed position) warned me that it was desirable to turn out, the more so as there was heard in the distance a steady roll of musketry. The alarm was general through the whole allied camp, when, throwing aside slumber and blanket too, and without regarding my toilet (being at all times ready attired for action), I was quickly in the saddle, waiting my turn for duty.

In comparatively a short time our outposts were driven in, when column after column of the enemy came pouring over the hills which separate our lines from theirs. Soon all was bustle, though order prevailed intact, and quick as thought our troops were face to face with their adversaries. The advance of the enemy was so rapid we were taken entirely by surprise, so well had they planned and directed the attack, since their advanced troops were upon our very camp ere sufficient force could be brought up to oppose them. This latter, however, was soon remedied, for on came the artillery at a gallop, and were speedily followed by the infantry, who quickly formed, and were seen crowding the side and crest of the hill, when the fight soon wore the aspect of a real battle. My services were soon in requisition, when I made, as I thought, convenient arrangements for the wounded, but which I was compelled to abandon in the course of an hour, from the circumstance of solid shot and live shell falling thickly around me, so as to render my position anything but agreeable. I now fell back on my own camp, where, having a tent and all things handy, I established as comfortable a hospital as could be wished, and where I was soon in requisition by a host of applicants of all ranks, who had been sent to the rear for surgical aid. I was soon, however, again compelled to beat a retreat, the Russians having advanced their battalions into such a position that they regularly enfiladed our whole camp. It was well for the inmates of the tents that they had abandoned them so speedily, for the shells of the enemy blew them into shreds in a short time. The battle continued for hours, and we had been contending against five times our number, yet, happily, without our adversary obtaining command of our position, or most probably I should have a different tale to relate than the one

I am at the present moment so agreeably engaged in. As it was, the Russian columns were so strong and numerous, and, moreover, they fought so bravely and so well, that the issue at one period of the day was doubtful, for they charged our guns up to their very mouths, and, what is more, they rushed in and spiked some two or three of them, and bayoneted our gunners who were opposed to them. This arose in consequence of our force being so weak that we could not detach a sufficient number of infantry to protect the artillery, and, as the place where the battle happened was a hillside, covered with thick stunted brushwood, we could not "limber-up" and retire before they were among us. Their triumph, however, was but of short duration, for, on a regiment or two moving up, our brave gunners dashed in again, and had the good fortune to recover their guns without other aid than their own. This one fact will show how fiercely raged the battle, for when the enemy came to such close quarters as to get into hand-to-hand encounters with artillery, you can imagine that the "dogs of war" seemed indeed to be let loose, and that the "demon of strife" strode triumphantly along, gloating over the carnage his nature exults in. Dreadful indeed was the fight; far more severe than that of the Alma.

Our loss has been very sad; three general officers killed, and three others wounded; of other officers, thirty-two killed and seventy-nine wounded, so that 100 will not cover our loss. Our entire loss we can yet hardly estimate, though it is reported that 3,000 of our army are *hors de combat*. The whole of the English force engaged numbered 11,000, that of the French 6,000, of whom they lost about 600; but my own opinion is that both these latter numbers are magnified.

The strength of the Russians is supposed to have been 55,000, and, from the dead which strew the field, I should say there are, at the least, five of them to one of ours. Our proportion of loss of course exceeds that of the French, for they did not come up until a great deal of the hardest fighting had been done. They are gallant fellows, and right trusty friends they have proved themselves in the fight. As far as I can judge, we were in action about eight or nine hours, when we succeeded in driving our brave enemy from the field he had so dearly claimed as his own. We obtained a great number of prisoners, some ammunition wag-

gons, as also a vast amount of muskets, swords, &c.

Fighting is certainly most exciting work, but then the result—how dreadful! and how sickening the contemplation of the battle-field, although there is even a fascination—if I may so speak—in it, which curiously disposes one to examine it in all its dread details. There were to be seen hundreds of slain and wounded strewing the ground; where, in places, they were lying in heaps—English, French, and Russians—all slumbering in the friendship of death!

On the day following the battle, after taking care that my own men were properly provided for, I volunteered my services to the wounded Russians, when, having selected many of the most urgent cases, I was employed from morn to eve in relieving, as far as lay in my power, the sad sufferings of the maimed. It would appear strange to be told that extensive surgical operations, after most serious wounds received in battle, afforded mitigation from pain; but so it is; for how tranquil are those who at the moment have lost their limbs under the surgeon's knife, in comparison to what they were when lying unassisted and unprepared for in their wounded condition! Very many of the poor fellows manifested the greatest gratitude for the services I rendered them, seizing my hands and covering them with kisses, and, by their upward looks, implored the blessing of heaven on their benefactor. Alas! little do they know of the Englishman's heart, if they think he would do other than befriend those in suffering, whose miseries had been occasioned solely by him when pursuing the stern dictates of duty.

From information derived from the prisoners, we found that a large portion of the force we had been engaged with had only arrived the day previously from Silistria, and that they had been two months on their march from the principalities. In regard to the progress of the siege, it goes on but slowly, but, no doubt, surely. You ask me whether a certain amount of apprehension comes over one in going into action. Most certainly there does, and I believe the very bravest man who lives experiences such, although, of course, in different degrees; all that sort of thing soon wears off, when once the mind is employed, and you are prevented from dwelling upon the danger you are exposed to. He must, however, be a heartless being indeed, who can unmoved behold without awe the dread reality of war

—but I much question whether such a mortal exists. In answer to your inquiry respecting the locality of the surgeon in action, I may remark that, when there is only one attached to the battery, he is not expected to keep close up; but so soon as he sees the position it has taken, he should make arrangements as to where the wounded shall be brought, as well as where he is himself to be found. When the enemy is in force, it would be hard to say where one place was safer than another, since a variety of circumstances may alter the state of things, and hence it happens (unless a position be taken up at a most inconvenient and unreasonable distance from the great scene of operations), the surgeon cannot be said to be free from danger. Wherever duty calls him, there is his right position; yet let me entreat you to have no fear on my account, rather believing that the Almighty is continually mindful of those of his creatures who, with lively faith, wait on his providence for protection in the hour of trial and of danger.

The following is an extract of a letter from Sebastopol, dated November 6th, written by an officer of the 41st regiment, relative to the death of Lieutenant-colonel George Carpenter:—

Our poor colonel was shot in the thigh, and when down a Russian shot him in the back, clubbed his musket, and struck him on the mouth. These Russians are more barbarous than the Burmese, and it is but little quarter our men will give them the next time they meet, for they all vow a deadly vengeance, and it is not to be wondered at. But to the poor colonel. I saw death in his face when he was brought in at half-past twelve, and I told him I feared he would fight no more. He was perfectly resigned, and said he had made his peace with his Maker, and bade me tell his wife and son they were his last thoughts; thanked me for my kindness to him and attention to the sick; and from that time till his death, fifteen hours after, he thought and spoke only of his poor men. We buried him this morning. Poor old man! no one ever on a bed of down died a calmer death. I was not with him at the time, I am sorry to say; but he had some porter, and then said to his servant, "Cochrane, cover my head—I am going to sleep;" shook him by the hand, and wished him good-bye. A few minutes after he looked at him, and he was gone. At this time I went in and found him lying



on his side, with his hands in an attitude of prayer, his countenance calm and placid as a child's. I mourn him most sincerely, for we had lately been very much together, and were great friends. Cochrane's tears mingled with mine over his corpse, and all regret their gallant leader. I knew him sufficiently to appreciate his character; he was a fearless soldier and a kind-hearted man, and I am proud to have been considered by him as his friend.

It seemed as if the allies were to experience almost every variety of disaster in their expedition to the Crimea, and their siege of the terrible fortress of Sebastopol. Sickness, pestilence, battle, surprises, want of the necessaries and decencies of life; continued exposures to the bitterness of the weather, including cold, wet, and slush; and, though last not least, the spirits of the men often broken by deferred hopes ending continually in disappointment.

We have now to relate a calamity which, though of a different kind, fell almost as heavily upon the allies as the losses at Inkermann. There, at least, men died heroically, and in the arms of victory: in this disaster, brave men perished uselessly, and with them there sank into the raging sea treasures of enormous value—treasures which, under the circumstances, were beyond all price. About six o'clock on the morning of the 14th of November, the fleets and the camps were visited by one of those sudden and tremendous storms to which the Black Sea is subject. The tempest first swept over Constantinople, causing much damage to the loftier buildings, and hurling down three minarets of the mosque of Sultan Achmed. It then roared over the surging sea, and drove our vessels upon the rocky shore of the Crimea. The part of the coast near Balaklava is lined by rocks of the wildest description, some of which rise 700 feet above the sea. Such was the force of the waves that dashed against these rugged cliffs, that the spray actually overtopped them. Strong ships were torn from their anchorage, and men were disabled and blinded by the furious wind. Language is scarcely adequate to describe the horrors of this calamity, which smote both ships and camps like a shock of thunderbolts!

The hurricane blew home, or towards the land, and with such fury, that the oldest sailors said they had never before

been in such danger. At eight o'clock the ships began dragging at their anchors, and iron cables snapped like bands of rotten tow. Many crews, amid the mad howling of the wind and the roaring of the sea, were occupied in cutting away the masts of their ships, as a last and only hope of preservation. Those who neglected this precaution were the earliest victims to the demon storm. Thirty British and French vessels were wrecked, and half as many dismasted at Balaklava, and eighteen wrecked or dismasted at the mouth of the Katcha.

The first ship lost at Balaklava was the *Progress*, which was dashed upon the rocks shortly after nine o'clock. The doomed vessel immediately opened, and then fell into a thousand pieces. Many of the crew found an instant grave beneath the surging sea, and the remainder clinging to the sharp cliff, managed to draw themselves beyond the reach of the next wave, which otherwise would have hurled them back to destruction. The bark *Wanderer* was the next sacrifice. The irresistible sea hurled her against the rocks, and left her a mere mass of broken wreck, amidst which were human figures struggling desperately for life in the sea of foam. A Maltese brig was then driven on the fatal shore, and beaten into innumerable fragments. The *Resolute* and the *Kenilworth*—the former having on board 900 tons of gunpowder—shared the same fate, and were totally lost. The noble transport screw steamer, the *Prince*, a new vessel, of 2,700 tons, which had lately arrived, bringing with it the 46th regiment, all the winter clothing for the troops engaged in the siege, vast quantities of provisions, hospital stores, and ammunition, next met her fate. The loss of this splendid ship and the stores it contained—(valued at the enormous sum of £500,000; though Mr. Sidney Herbert declared in parliament that this was a gross exaggeration, and said he believed the value of the cargo to be not more than £185,000)—was a terrible calamity. With her was swallowed, to a considerable extent, the means of succouring our sick and wounded men at Scutari; the means of sustaining our suffering troops during the winter; and also the means of efficiently carrying on the siege. Fortunately the 46th regiment had been landed, but the crew and the stores remained on board. On the arrival of the *Prince* at Balaklava, the whole of her cable, from not being properly clinched, ran out while she

was attempting to anchor. By some mismanagement, a second cable shared the same fate.\* The vessel then steamed out while a third cable was got up from the hold, and with this she was brought-to, though with a smaller anchor than those she had lost. This answered until the morning of the 14th, when it proved utterly unable to hold the vessel. The crew cut away her masts and put on her steam: the attempt to escape from the fury of the storm was in vain; the wreck of the mizen-mast fouled the serew, and the noble ship became helpless. She approached the rocks, topped an enormous wave, and was dashed on the cliffs with such violence, that in about ten minutes there was scarcely a piece of her a yard long remaining. "She might," said a witness of the dreadful scene, "almost be said to go to powder." Of her unhappy crew of 150 men, only six were saved; of her cargo everything was lost. Unhappily, the medical stores, sent out to supply the deficiencies so justly and so loudly complained of, could not be landed at Seutari, because, by a strange negligence, they were stowed away beneath mountains of shot and shell.

Shortly after the destruction of the *Prince*, the *Kenilworth* and the *Rip Van Winkle* both grounded and went to pieces, and every one on board each of these ill-fated vessels perished. The *Wild Wave*, also, was shattered against the rocks, but, fortunately, her crew had deserted her before the gale reached its height, and had arrived safely in harbour. The *Marquis* and the *Mary Anne* were lost, and all on board perished. The *Pultowa* reached the harbour, but in a dismantled and sinking condition. The storm began to abate about noon, and in another hour had subsided considerably. Assistance was then rendered to the unhappy creatures who had survived the dangers of that dreadful morning, and were clinging desperately to the sharp rocks, and vainly striving to scale the heights. The officers and crews of the merchant vessels rendered most effective assistance, and succeeded in saving about fifty persons. The crews of the *Gertrude* and the *Tonning* displayed much humanity and courage in their exertions on the heights. Mr. Rivers, mate of the latter vessel, was swung down by a

rope as far as its length would permit, and alighted on a ledge of rock. Tying a small keg of rum, with which he was provided, to another rope, he lowered it into a cave in which the wretched mariners had taken refuge. It is needless to say how welcome was the cheering liquor to those drenched, chilled, and suffering men. Most of them were rescued that day, and the remainder the next. All were more or less bruised and exhausted.

Though the storm ceased in the afternoon, the sea still ran high, and the ships which had been spared presented a melancholy appearance. Most of them were dismantled or otherwise injured, except the *Vulcan*, which rode out the storm in safety. "No words," said a spectator, "can render justice to the fearful power of the wind. Old sea-captains, who have grown gray in their profession, state that never, save in the China seas, have they encountered so terrible a foe. That it was no customary storm was proved by the fact of trees of many years growth, standing on the quay, being laid low in with the ground. The spray was hurled over the topmasts of the vessels in the harbour, and fell like rain far up on the heights. Boats that touched the shore were overturned, and blown along the quay with great rapidity. In the town (of Balaklava) the roofs of the houses were blown off, and tiles were flying about like autumn leaves. Verandahs were torn away by the wind, which forced in whole panes of glass. At the post-office, a whole window-frame was carried off to a distance of above 200 yards, and, strange to say, was picked up uninjured."

The greater number of the allied vessels were stationed in the anchorage off the Kateha. There, five British transports—the *Pyrenees*, the *Ganges*, the *Tyrone*, the *Lord Raglan*, and the *Rodsley*—were totally lost, together with nine others, French and Turkish. The British transports were all first-class ships, and worth upwards of £15,000 a-piece. Her majesty's ship the *Sampson* fell foul of the transports *Pyrenees* and *Ganges*, and was dismantled by the collision. "In ten minutes," wrote an officer from on board one of her majesty's vessels, "they cleared from her, and there lay the bold, defiant little *Sampson*, shorn of all her beauty, with not an inch of anything standing except her funnels, her masts having all gone with one awful crash and fallen inboard. Her bowsprit was also broken short off, and

\* It was afterwards denied that the cables were not properly clinched, and asserted that the loss of the vessel was attributed to their being snapped by the violence of the storm.



she was left a complete wreck." The Turkish admiral lost two of his masts, and three French line-of-battle ships their rudders. Some damage was also done to the *London*. The Cossacks, ever at hand, soon discovered the disaster of the allies, and came to the shore to profit by it. In a few hours an officer of distinction arrived from Sebastopol in a carriage drawn by four grays. To his presence is doubtless to be attributed the comparatively humane treatment the shipwrecked mariners experienced from the masters of the cliffs, who might easily have destroyed them all had they been so disposed. The Russian officers, influenced, let us hope, by generous motives, came to the top of the cliffs, and raising their hats to the sufferers on board the ships, beckoned them to come on shore. Feelings of distrust, however, induced the seamen to decline the invitation.

The day after the storm, though the sea still ran very high, Commander Franklyn, the agent of transports, put off in a boat and reached the admiral's ship in safety. Captain Mitchell, of the *Queen*, requested and obtained permission to send assistance to the wrecks. A boat from the *Britannia* put off for the same purpose, but was nearly lost in the attempt. At the same time, an officer and boat's crew from the *Ville de Paris*, who nobly endeavoured to aid their compatriots, were driven on shore and made prisoners by the Russians. On Wednesday evening about forty or fifty men and two soldiers' wives were rescued from the wrecks and taken on board the *Queen*. The barbarous Cossacks on the beach, seeing a part of their expected booty slipping through their fingers, fired on the retreating boats, and a seaman was killed, the bullet which struck him having first passed through the bonnet of one of the women. The same evening the Cossacks fired a sharp volley upon a wreck to which twenty or thirty struggling wretches were desperately clinging. On Thursday morning great numbers of men were saved, and the number of lives lost off the Katcha were comparatively few. The men-of-war in this place rode out the storm with but trifling damage. This was attributed to their making periodical and careful scrutiny of their cables. The shore off the Katcha presented a melancholy appearance; it was strewn in every direction with fragments of wreck, casks, spars, and the bruised bodies of men and horses. Here and there, also, were to be seen prowling

parties of Cossacks searching for plunder. These wretches afterwards brought field-pieces to the coast and fired upon the wrecks. This was replied to by the *Firebrand* and the *Sampson*, who, whenever a group of eight or ten Cossacks were seen together, sent shot or shell amongst them, scattering them with amazing rapidity. A drosky, with two Russian gentlemen in it, drove down to the beach and came alongside a transport. They spoke to the crew with great civility, and, through the medium of a Swedish boy who understood what they said, invited them to come on shore. "We are," said they, "Christians, like yourselves, and we have hearts as well as Englishmen. Don't be drowned. Come on shore, and we'll treat you well." "What do they say?" inquired the mate of the boy. The latter immediately interpreted the Russian invitation. "Just tell them," continued the mariner, "to go to —, and be off out of that, or I'll make them." The Russians ceased their solicitations and went back to Sebastopol.

Eupatoria was regarded as a more dangerous anchorage than either Balaklava or the Katcha, and the results of the storm there were extremely disastrous. The following day sixteen wrecks were lying upon the sandy beach. The French line-of-battle ship, *Henri IV.*, a noble three-decker, was also wrecked there. While stranded on the shore the captain was compelled to fire upon a body of Cossacks, who advanced at full gallop to lay hands on the men of his wherry, which was left on shore and could not be got afloat. When the storm had subsided the Russians came galloping over the crest of the hill just outside the town, thinking they would find the batteries deserted and the men employed in assisting the wrecked mariners. The remorseless enemy brought up fourteen pieces of artillery, and opened fire at about a thousand yards from the batteries. They had miscalculated; their fire was returned with much spirit, and, after an hours cannonading, they were compelled to retire.

The following account of the wreck of the *Henri IV.* is by the Abbé Bertrand, chaplain to the unfortunate vessel:—

"Our magnificent ship was wrecked on the 14th, at six o'clock in the evening. The tempest commenced at seven in the morning, and, in spite of all our care, our activity, and our energy, we had to yield to its violence. Since our arrival in the bay of Eupa-

toria we had two anchors thrown out, because the approach of winter was felt, and it was necessary to guard against the bad weather. When the hurricane came on, the captain had out a third anchor and a fourth. We thought we should be able to resist. Alas, no! The *Henri IV.* was destined to share the fate of several other vessels that were hourly broken to pieces on the coast. What a terrible spectacle! The sea was furious, and bellowed so as to prevent us from hearing each other, and the ship groaned beneath the blows she received from it. The whole of the furniture was flung from one part to the other with the rapidity of a railroad. I had remained in the captain's cabin after breakfast, and while he was on the quarter-deck in order to direct the movements of the vessel, every article in the room was flung from one side to another, and for my own part I was near losing my senses. We resisted for a good while; though two of our chains had broken, we held on with two, and the wind began to calm down. But what a sad thing it was to see the beach, on which a dozen merchant vessels had been just dashed to pieces. Alas! such also was the fate reserved for us. About half-past five o'clock the captain and I were about to sit down to dinner, when all of a sudden we felt a shock, and a man rushed in and cried out, 'Captain, the two last chains have just been broken.' 'The two chains broken!' the captain said; 'impossible!' He went up on deck again, which he had only left five minutes before. It was but too true—the ship was on her beam-ends. There was no further hope; the sea and the wind were too violent for us to hope to get out to sea. We had only to resign ourselves to our fate. All that was left for us was to be thrown on that part of the coast where the bottom was sandy. You cannot have an idea of the anguish we all felt, expecting every moment the first shock when the ship touched the ground. We did feel the first shock, the second, the third, and yet the good ship held out. We were aground, but we knew not at what distance from the shore, as we were in darkness. The weather continued awful. At last the day dawned, and we found ourselves at 200 metres from the shore, and our ship had not a single drop of water in her hold. At some yards from us a Turkish vessel had been wrecked at eleven o'clock at night, three hours after us. She drove on a bank, which threw her on her side, and we saw the whole of the crew clinging to the

masts and shrouds, not being able to remain on the deck, which was completely under water. At last after a night passed in indescribable anguish, fearing each moment that the ship was breaking asunder, the day dawned, and we found ourselves so near land that, in the event of any great accident occurring, it would not be difficult to save ourselves. Fortunately, the ship is new, five years having scarcely elapsed since she was launched. We shall all be saved, as well as the stores. We are, however, on the enemy's coast, and the Cossacks, who crowded down to us in the morning, have been received with musketry. I do not think they will return in haste. Oh! that Sebastopol were once taken! Perhaps we are to remain here until the ship is got off, and she is so noble and so beautiful a vessel that it would be a pity to abandon her. For the present, however, we have nothing to fear."

The following is a list of the steam and sailing transports lost, &c., in the Black Sea during the gale of the 14th of November:—

Off Balaklava.—No. 107, the *Prince* (screw steamer), totally lost—one midshipman and seven men saved; No. 5, *Resolute* (ship), totally lost—magazine ship; No. 40, *Kenilworth* (ship), totally lost—empty horse-transport; No. 63, *Wild Wave* (ship), totally lost—one man saved; No. 82, *Rip Van Winkle* (ship), totally lost—empty horse-transport.

Off the Katcha.—No. 1, the *Pyrenees* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 20, *Ganges* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 37, *Rodsley* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 57, *Tyrone* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 89, *Lord Raglan* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport.

Off Eupatoria.—No. 3, *Her Majesty* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 53, *Asia* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 55, *Glendalough* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 61, *Harbinger* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 81, *Georgiana* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport.

Other wrecks and casualties at Balaklava.—No. 73, the *Melbourne* (steam-ship), lost her fore and mainmast; No. 2, *Mercia* (ship), dismasted; No. 16, *Lady Valiant* (ship), dismasted; No. 19, *Caduceus* (ship), dismasted; No. 21, *Pride of the Ocean* (ship), dismasted; No. 45, *Medora* (ship), dismasted; No. 88, *Sir R. Sale* (ship), dismasted; *Progress* (bark), totally lost—a



commissariat hired ship, with hay and barley; *Wanderer* (bark), totally lost—ditto with oats; *Pultowa* (bark), totally lost—ditto with biscuit; Maltese merchant brig totally lost.

The estimated loss of life in the crews at Balaklava is about 300 in number; at Eupatoria and off the Katcha the crews were mostly saved. The shipping and steamers at Balaklava have suffered considerably from collision.

We have now to record the effects of the hurricane on the allied camps near Sebastopol. To do so briefly would be unsatisfactory; to do so at length would be impossible without drawing largely upon the account by Mr. Russell, the special correspondent of the *Times*. We will therefore extract his picturesque and highly interesting account, which deserves a position in some more permanent place than the columns of a newspaper:—

"For about an hour I had been in a listless state between waking and sleeping, listening to the pelting of the rain against the fluttering canvas of the tent, or dodging the streams of water which flowed underneath it, saturating our blankets and collecting on the macintosh sheets in pools. The sound of the rain, its heavy beating on the earth, had become gradually swallowed up by the noise of the rushing of the wind over the common, and by the flapping of the tents as they rocked more violently beneath its force. Gradually the sides of the canvas, which were tucked in under big stones to secure them, began to rise and flutter, permitting the wind to enter playfully and drive before it sheets of rain right into one's face; the pegs began to indicate painful indecision and want of firmness of purpose. The glimpses afforded of the state of affairs outside, by the lifting of the tent walls, were little calculated to produce a spirit of resignation to the fate which threatened our frail shelter. The ground had lost its character of solidity, and pools of mud marked the horse and cattle tracks in front of the tents. Mud, and nothing but mud, flying before the wind and drifting as though it were rain, covered the face of the earth as far as it was visible. Meantime the storm fiend was coming, terrible and strong as when he smote the bark of the Ancient Mariner. At every fresh blast the pole of the tent played and bent like a salmon rod; the canvas tugged at the ropes to pull them up, and the pegs yielded gently. A start-

ling crack! I looked at my companions, who seemed determined to shut out all sound and sense by piling as much clothes as they could collect over their heads. A roar of wind, and the pole bent till the fatal 'crack' was heard again. 'Get up, doctor! up with you; E——, the tent is coming down!' The doctor rose from beneath his *tumulus* of clothes. Now, if there was anything in which the doctor put confidence more than another, it was his tent-pole. There was a decided bend in the middle of it; but he used to argue, on sound anatomical, mathematical, and physical principles, that the bend was a decided improvement, and he believed that no power of *Æolus* could ever shake it. He looked at the pole blandly, as he looks at all things, put his hand out, and shook it. 'Why, man,' said he reproachfully, 'it's all right—that pole would stand for ever,' and then he crouched down, and burrowed under his bedclothes. Scarcely had he given the last convulsive heave of the blankets which indicates perfect comfort and satisfaction, when a harsh screaming sound, increasing in vehemence as it approached, struck us with horror. As it passed along we heard the snapping of tent-poles and the sharp crack of timber and canvas. On it came, 'a mighty and a strong wind;' the pole broke off short in the middle, as if it were glass, and in an instant we were pressed down and half stifled by the heavy folds of the wet canvas, which beat us about the head with the greatest fury. Half breathless and blind, I struggled for the door. Such a sight as met the eye! The whole headquarters' camp was beaten flat to the earth, and the unhappy occupants were rushing through the mud in all directions in chase of their effects and clothes, or holding on by the walls of the enclosure as they strove to make their way to the roofless and windowless barns and stables for shelter. Three marquees alone had stood against the blast—General Estcourt's, Sir John Burgoyne's, and Major Pakenham's. The general had built a cunning wall of stones around his marquee, but ere noon it had fallen before the wind; and the major shared the same fate still earlier in the day. Next to our tent had been the marquee of Captain De Morel, aide-de-camp to the adjutant-general, Estcourt. It lay fluttering on the ground, and, as I looked, the canvas seemed animated by some great internal convulsion—a mimic volcano appeared to be opening be-

neath it, and its folds assumed the most fantastic shapes, tossing wildly about in the storm. The phenomenon was speedily accounted for by the apparition of the gallant owner fighting his way out desperately against the wind, which was bent on tearing his very scanty covering from his person; and at last he succeeded in making a bolt of it, and squattered through the mud to the huts. Dr. Hall's tent, close at hand, was levelled; and the principal medical officer of the British army might be seen, in an unusual state of perturbation, seeking for his garments ere he took to flight. Brigadier Esteourt, with mien for once disturbed, held on, as sailors say, 'like grim death to a backstay,' by one of the shrouds of his *marquee*. Captain Chetwode, in drawers and shirt, was tearing through the rain and through the dirt, like a maniac, after a cap which he fancied was his own, and which he found, after a desperate run, was his sergeant's. The air was filled with blankets, hats, great-coats, little coats, and even tables and chairs! Macintoshes, quilts, Indian-rubber tubs, bedclothes, sheets of tent canvas went whirling, like leaves in a gale, towards Sebastopol. The shingle roofs of the outhouses were torn away and scattered over the camp, and a portion of the roof of Lord Raglan's house was carried off to join them. The barns and commissariat sheds were laid bare at once. As instances of the force of the wind I may mention that large arabas, or waggons, which stood close to us, were overturned; that men and horses were knocked down and rolled over and over; that the ambulance waggons were turned topsy-turvy; and that a large and heavy table in Captain Chetwode's tent was lifted off the ground, whirled round and round, till the leaf flew off, and then came to mother earth deprived of a leg and seriously injured. The marines and rifles on the cliffs over Balaklava lost tents, clothes—everything; the storm tore them away over the face of the rock, and hurled them across the bay, and the men had to cling to the earth with all their might to avoid the same fate. But the scene which occurred here must be described separately. It forms a terrible picture; and the account of it, whenever it may be written, will form the most appalling chapter in the history of maritime disasters.

"Looking over towards the hill occupied by the second division, we could see that the blast had there been of equal violence.

The ridges, the plains, and undulating tracts between the ravines, so lately smiling in the autumn sun, with row after row of neat white tents, now lay bare and desolate, the surface turned into sticky mud as black as ink, and the discoloured canvas rolled up in heaps all over it. Right before us the camp of the *chasseurs d'Afrique* presented an appearance of equal desolation and misery. Their little *tentes d'abri* stood for a few minutes, but at last the poles snapped, and they were involved in the common ruin. The face of the country was covered with horses, which had torn away from the pickets. Nearly one-half of our cavalry horses broke loose. The French, flying for shelter, swarmed across the plains in all directions, seeking for the lee of old walls or banks for protection from the blast. Our men, more sullen and resolute, stood in front of their levelled tents, while wind and rain tore over them, or collected in groups before their late camps. Woe betide the Russians, had they come on that day; for, fiercer than the storm, and stronger than all its rage, the British soldier would have met and beaten their teeming battalions. The cry was all throughout this dreadful day, 'Let us get at the town; better far that we should have a rush at the batteries and be done with it than stand here to be beaten by the storm.' One regiment alone is said to have presented some instances of an unsoldierlike and disorderly disposition, and that is one some of whose officers have lately been much before the public. A few young recruits, fresh from the comforts of home, felt severely such a rude initiation into the realities of the profession, and seemed to think they could not be expected to go into the trenches in this bad weather; but they were soon shamed out of their unwillingness by the spirit of their comrades. Not to digress too much, and to return to the pleasant *coup d'œil* before us this morning, let the reader imagine the bleakest common in all England, the wettest bog in all Ireland, or the dreariest muir in all Scotland, overhung by leaden skies, black as ink and lashed by a tornado, sleet, snow, pelting drizzle, and rain—a few broken stone walls and roofless huts dotting it here and there, roads turned into torrents of mud or water across it, and then let him think of the condition in which men and horses must have been placed in such a spot on a November morning, suddenly deprived of their frail covering, and exposed to bitter



cold and wet, with empty stomachs, and not the remotest prospect of obtaining food or shelter till the storm ceased. Think of the men in the trenches, the covering parties, the patrols, and outlying pickets and sentries, who had passed the night in storm and darkness, and who returned to their camp only to find fires out and tents destroyed. These were men who dared not turn their backs for a moment, who could not blink their eyes, on whose vigilance the safety of our position depended, and many of whom had been for eight or ten hours in the rain and cold. These are trials which demand the exercise of the soldier's highest qualities. A benighted sportsman caught in a highland storm thinks no misery can exceed his own, as fagged, and drenched, and hungry he plods along the hill-side, and stumbles about in the dark towards some uncertain light; but he has no enemy worse than the wind and rain to face, and in the first hut he reaches repose and comfort await him. Our officers and soldiers, after a day like this, had to descend to the trenches again at night to look out for a crafty foe, to labour in the mire and ditches of the works—what fortitude and high courage to do all this without a murmur, and to bear such privations and hardships with unflinching resolution! But, meantime—for one's own experience gives the best idea of the sufferings of others—our tent is down; one by one we struggle out into the mud, and leave behind us all our little household gods, to fly before a pitiless blast which nearly carries us away to the side of a broken stone wall, behind which are cowering Zouaves, *chasseurs d'Afrique*, ambulance men, hussars, infantry men, officers, and horses. Major Blane, in a state of distress, is seen staggering from the ruins of his marquee, under a press of great-coat, across the camp, and bearing up for the shelter of Major Pakenham's hut. We hear that the hospital tents are all down, and that the sick have had to share the fate of the healthiest and most robust. On turning towards the ridge on which the large and imposing wooden structures built by the French for hospitals and storehouses were erected, a few scattered planks alone met the eye. The wounded of the 5th of November, who, to the number of several hundred, were in these buildings, had to bear the inclemency of the weather as well as they could. Several succumbed to its effects. In every direction fresh scenes

of wretchedness met the eye. The guard tents were down, the late occupants huddled together under the side of a barn, their arms covered with mud, lying where they had been thrown down from the 'pile' by the wind. The officers of the guard had fled to the commissariat stores near Lord Raglan's, and found there partial shelter. Inside the commissariat yard, over-turned carts, dead horses, and groups of shivering men were seen—not a tent standing. Mr. Cookesley had to take refuge among his stores, and was no doubt glad to find it, even amid salt pork and rum puncheons. Nearer to us hussar horses were dead and dying from the cold. With chattering teeth and shivering limbs each man looked at his neighbour. Lord Raglan's house, with the smoke of its fires steaming away from the chimneys, and its white walls standing out freshly against the black sky, was indeed 'the cynosure of neighbouring eyes.' Our generals' marquees were as incapable of resisting the hurricane as the bell-tents of the common soldiers. Lord Lucan was seen for hours sitting up to his knees in sludge amid the wreck of his establishment, meditative as Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. Lord Cardigan was sick on board his yacht in the harbour of Balaklava. Sir George Brown was lying wounded on board the *Agamemnon*, off Kamiesch Bay; Sir De Lacy Evans, sick and shaken, was on board the *Sanspareil*, in Balaklava. General Bentinck, wounded, was on board the *Caradoc*, at Constantinople, or on his way to England. The Duke of Cambridge, sick and depressed, was passing an anxious time of it in the *Retribution*, off Balaklava, in all the horrors of that dreadful scene at sea. But General Pennefather, Sir R. England, Sir J. Campbell, Brigadier Adams, Brigadier Buller—in fact, all the generals, and colonels, and officers in the field, were just as badly off as the meanest private. The only persons whose tents weathered the gale, as far as I could hear, were Mr. Romaine, deputy judge-advocate-general; Lieutenant-colonel Dickson, royal artillery; and Captain Woodford. The first had, however, pitched his tent cunningly within the four walls of an outhouse, and secured it by guys and subtle devices of stonework. They were hospitable spots, those tents—oases in the desert of wretchedness; many a poor half-frozen wanderer was indebted almost for life to the shelter he there received. While all this writing is going on, pray never lose

sight of the fact, as you sit over your snug coal-fires at home, that fuel is nearly all gone here, and that there are savage fights, even in fine weather, among the various domestics, for a bit of shaving or a fragment of brushwood. Never forget that all this time the storm is raging with increased violence, and that from half-past six o'clock till late in the day, it passed over the camp, with the fury of Azrael, vexing and buffeting every living thing and tearing to pieces all things inanimate. Now and then a cruel gleam of sunshine absolutely shot out of a rift in the walls of clouds and rendered the misery of the scene more striking. Gathered up as we were under the old wall, we could not but think with anxious hearts of our fleet at sea—of our transports off Balaklava and the Katcha—of the men in the trenches and on picket. Alas! we had too much reason for our anxiety.

"Towards ten o'clock matters were looking more hopeless and cheerless than ever, when a welcome invitation came through the storm for us to go over to the shelter of a well-protected tent. Our first duty was to aid the owner in securing the pole with 'a fish' of stout spars. Then we aided in passing out a stay from the top of the pole to the wall in front, and in a short time afterwards a cup of warm tea was set before each of us, provided by some inscrutable chymistry; and, with excellent ration biscuit and some butter, a delicious meal, as much needed as it was quite unexpected, was made by my friends and myself, embittered only by the ever-recurring reflection, 'God help us, what will become of the poor fellows in the trenches and on the hill!' And there we sat, thinking and talking of the soldiers and of the fleet, for hour after hour, while the wind and rain blew and fell, and gradually awakening to the full sense of the calamity with which Providence was pleased to visit us. But badly off as our men were, we knew that the Russians in the valley and up the hills must be far more miserable. At the best of times their black bread and rakee make a sorry meal. Our soldiers were tolerably certain of good biscuit, a bit of salt pork, and a double ration of excellent rum, and their coats and clothes are far stouter and more durable than those of the Muscovites. Towards twelve o'clock the wind, which had been blowing from the south-west, chopped round more to the west and became much colder. Sleet fell first, and then came a snowstorm, which clothed the desolate landscape in

white, till the tramp of men seamed it with trails of black mud. The mountain ranges 'assumed their winter garb.' French soldiers, in great depression of spirits, flocked about our head-quarters and displayed their stock of sorrows to us. Their tents were all down and blown away—no chance of recovering them; their bread was '*tout mouillé et gâté*,' their rations gone to the dogs. The African soldiers seemed particularly miserable. Poor fellows! several of them were found dead next morning outside the lines of our cavalry camp. We lost several men also. In the light division four men were 'starved to death' by the cold. Two men in the 7th fusiliers, one man in the 33rd, and one man of the 2nd battalion rifle brigade, were found dead. Two more of the same division have died since, and I fear nearly an equal number have perished in each of the other divisions. About forty of our horses also died from the cold and wet, and many will never recover that fatal day and night. But the day was going by, and there was no prospect of any abatement of the storm. At two o'clock, however, the wind went down a little, and the intervals between the blasts of the gale became more frequent and longer. We took advantage of one of these halcyon moments to trudge away to the wreck of the tent, and, having borrowed another pole, with the aid of a few men we got it up all muddy and filthy, and secured it as far as possible for the night; but it was evident that no dependence could be placed on its protection, and the floor was a mass of dirt and puddle, and the bed and clothes dripping wet. I mention my own tent only, because what was done in one case was done in others, and towards evening there were many tents repitched along the lines of our camps, though they were but sorry resting-places. Although the tents stood, they flapped about so much and admitted such quantities of snow, rain, and filth from outside, that it was quite out of the question to sleep in them. What was to be done? Suddenly it occurred to us that there might be room in the barn used as a stable for the horses of Lord Raglan's escort of the 8th hussars, and we at once waded across the sea of nastiness which lay between us and it, tacked against several gusts, fouled one or two soldiers in a different course, grappled with walls and angles of outhouses, nearly foundered in big horse-holes, bore sharp up round a corner, and anchored at once in the stable. What a scene it was! The officers of the escort were crouching



over some embers of a wood fire; along the walls were closely packed some thirty or forty horses and ponies, shivering with cold and kicking and biting with spite and bad humour. The hussars, in their long cloaks, stood looking gloomily on the flakes of snow which drifted in at the doorway or through the extensive apertures in the shingle roof. Soldiers of different regiments crowded about the warm corners, and Frenchmen of all arms and a few Turks, joined in the brotherhood of misery, lighted their pipes at the scanty fire and sat close for mutual comfort. The wind blew savagely through the roof and through chinks in the mud walls and window holes. The building was a mere shell, as dark as pitch, and smelt as it ought to do—an honest unmistakable stable—'improved' by a dense pack of moist and mouldy soldiers. And yet it seemed to us a palace! Life and joy were inside, though melancholy Frenchmen would insist on being pathetic over their own miseries—and, indeed, they were many and great—and after a time the eye made out the figures of men huddled up in blankets, lying along the wall. They were the sick, who had been in the hospital marquee, and who now lay moaning and sighing in the cold; but our men were kind to them, as they are always to the distressed, and not a pang of pain did they feel which care or consideration could dissipate. A staff officer, dripping with rain, came in to see if he could get any shelter for draughts of the 33rd and 41st regiments which had just been landed at Kamiesch, but he soon ascertained the hopelessness of his mission so far as our quarters were concerned. The men were packed into another shed 'like herrings in a barrel.' Having told us, 'There is terrible news from Balaklava; seven vessels lost, and a number on shore at the Katcha,' and thus made us more gloomy than ever, the officer went on his way, as well as he could, to look after his draughts. In the course of an hour an orderly was sent off to Balaklava with despatches from head-quarters, but, after being absent for three-quarters of an hour, the man returned fatigued and beaten, to say he could not get his horse to face the storm. In fact, it would have been all but impossible for man or beast to make headway through the hurricane. We sat in the dark till night

set in—not a soul could stir out. Nothing could be heard but the howling of the wind, the yelp of wild dogs driven into the enclosures, and the shrill neighings of terrified horses. At length a candle-end was stuck into a horn lantern, to keep it from the wind—a bit of ration pork and some rashers of ham, done over the wood fire, furnished an excellent dinner, which was followed by a glass or horn of hot water and rum—then a pipe, and, as it was cold and comfortless, we got to bed—a heap of hay on the stable floor, covered with our clothes, and thrown close to the heels of a playful gray mare who had strong antipathies to her neighbours, a mule and an Arab horse, and spent the night in attempting to kick in their ribs. Amid smells and with incidents impossible to describe or to allude to more nearly, we went to sleep in spite of a dispute between an Irish sergeant of hussars and a Yorkshire corporal of dragoons as to the comparative merits of light and heavy cavalry, with digressions respecting the capacity of English and Irish horseflesh, which, by the last we heard of them, seemed likely to be decided by a trial of physical strength on the part of the disputants. Throughout the day there had been very little firing from the Russian batteries—towards evening all was silent except the storm. In the middle of the night, however, we were all awoken by one of the most tremendous cannonades we had ever heard, and, after a time, the report of a rolling fire of musketry came down on the wind. Looking eagerly in the direction of the sound, we saw the flashes of the cannon through the chinks in the roof, each flash distinct by itself, just as a flash of lightning is seen in all its length and breadth through a crevice in a window-shutter. It was evident there was a sortie on the French lines. The cannonade lasted for half-an-hour, and gradually waxed fainter. In the morning we heard that the Russians had sallied out from their comfortable warm barracks on the French in the trenches, but that they had been received with an energy which quickly made them fly back again to the cover of their guns. It is said that the French actually got into a part of the Russian lines in chasing their troops back, and spiked some of the guns within an earthwork battery."







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